THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weekly
Benj. Franklin

Volume 196, Number 45

MAY 10, '24

5cts. THE COPY

Edwin Lefèvre—George Randolph Chester—Captain Dingle—Thomas McMorrow
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The Goodrich "55" tire is made full size to meet the wishes of the discriminating owner of a light car.

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Society Brand Clothes

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• • •

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"Why, Sally?"

"Oh, just because you were so beautiful! I hope I'll—oh, piffle! . . . Look here, there isn't a bit of soap in your bag."

"Yes, there is—down in the corner—a cake of Guest Ivory."

"Aha! So you use it, too!"

IVORY SOAP

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 10, 1924 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 45

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A NEWSPAPER man who had reformed introduced me to Mr. Lawrence Livingston, in order that I might write something about the foremost stock operator of the present day. Livingston stands exactly where the general public would give a great deal to stand—on that side of the stock market that experience tells you does not exist; which is, of course, the winning side. Livingston himself has repeatedly expressed his conviction that the game of stock speculation cannot be beaten. "You can make money in stocks at times, but no man living can beat the stock market," he asserts. He makes no bones about the number of times in his life that the market has bankrupted him. Even in these latter days of widely heralded triumphs he has to confess defeat every time that basic conditions are arrayed against his extraordinary manipulative skill, even when that same skill is backed both by millions of cash and by the willingness of professional traders to follow a winning leader. I refer to the not infrequent failure, under his management, of those pools whose members chose to believe in miracles by believing in Livingston's ability to do as they wished in any kind of market.

Since Livingston trades in stocks and is not a member of the New York Stock Exchange, he is really one of the public—Number One, if you will, but withal one of the millions who do their trading through stockbrokers. Strictly speaking, such a person, no matter what the magnitude of his operations may be, is undoubtedly in Wall Street. But, strictly speaking, he is not of Wall Street, nor is he always for Wall Street. Such a man is not the target of political bombs because he is not reckoned to be a part of the system; he is not one of the interests—that is, of the great bankers and the eleven hundred members of the New York Stock Exchange.

The Senior Partner of Bronson & Barnes

THE public's side is therefore the speculator's side. It was to show that side at its almost incredible best that the reminiscences of the most successful stock operator were published. How a man who was exceptionally endowed by Nature and by circumstances for playing the game learned what to do and why and particularly when, was told in the story of Larry Livingston's experiences.

The same former newspaperman who introduced me to Livingston brought John K. Wing and me together. It was not premeditated. It happened. Wing was the senior resident partner of Bronson & Barnes, a firm which has risen to the top rank of stock-commission houses in the past ten years—that is to say, since my own working days in Wall Street. Of course the prominence of the firm was not unfamiliar. I knew of its many successful promotions. But it was an old story to me—that rise of Wall Street firms that flourish for some years. Most of them, after a brief preëminence, fade.

The name John Wing meant nothing to me. It is one of the injustices of business life that the men at the head of important firms are not always recognizable by name by the public. Mr. J. P. Morgan, of J. P. Morgan & Co., does not have to explain who he is. But the head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. is neither a Kuhn nor a Loeb. Mr. John Wing, therefore, meant to me merely a still successful stockbroker, a partner in a Stock Exchange house which did a very large business. He was a young man—any man who is younger than you is a young man—with pleasant manners and an air of sincerity, good nature and gumption. The combination interested me. It meant the modern type of successful broker. Other times, other men. One always learns from men, because the easiest way for an oldster to keep up to date is by studying the men who lead. Things in general and the eternal verities in particular don't change from century to century. What changes is the point of view, the fashion, the easiest way; and that is what makes the difference.

Mr. Wing Makes a Suggestion

"I'VE wanted to meet you for years," he said, and the worst of it was that he quite obviously meant it. Then, as if he would fix the exact date, "Ever since I first read one of your stories."

"Do you remember the particular crime?" I asked guilefully. Sometimes people who tell you how much they've enjoyed your books make the mistake of giving the title of one written by some other great and flattered author.

"I was a clerk in Boston. It must be all of twenty years ago. It was the collection of your Wall Street stories. Since then I have read your articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, particularly the last series. The Livingston reminiscences," he finished in a tone of voice that made me say, "But?"

"But?" he repeated.

"But what is it that you object to in them?" I said encouragingly. I was used to having stock-commission brokers accuse me of frightening their customers out of the market by my constant harping on the unbeatability of the game.

"I don't object to anything in them. But I've often wanted to meet you to ask why you didn't write a series giving the other side."

"Oh," I said, "I see. I didn't know there was any side, so far as the public was concerned, excepting the side that I treated—the losing side. I have made many assertions and I have never had to take back any of them. If you want me to write about Wall Street winners I'll tell you that I take only typical cases. Of course individuals have made money, and some have even kept the money they have made, but such cases are the exceptions and have no real educational value. If you insist upon citing the cases of some of your customers who have made nice

profits, all I can say is that it proves nothing. And if you admit, as I suppose you will, that most commission-house customers lose money in the long run, I shall not get a thrill of discovery."

"I wasn't thinking of that," Wing said earnestly. "You attacked what ought to be attacked. You have warned the public against things that I am always warning our customers against. What I had in mind was that you show one side or phase of our business, and there is more than that one phase to it. When you prove that in Wall Street men who want to get something for nothing are bound to fail, you merely call attention to what happens in all businesses at all times and in all places. But the public, the great American public that reads the newspapers, is apt to take its point of view from the headlines. That is why it happens that Wall Street in the popular mind is not the meeting place of buyers and sellers of securities, and of borrowers and lenders of money, but a legalized gambling house where crooked roulette wheels run under the protection of bribed officers. Business men know better, and you know better, and thousands of professional men know better. But millions of all sorts and conditions of men do not know better."

"And what else?" I said encouragingly, because he wasn't whining, but speaking heatlessly.

"Well, your articles, which everybody knows are written by a man who knows Wall Street, do nothing to rectify that erroneous belief. And it is not only erroneous but unfair. I have heard you accused of being unfair, not once but many times."

"And do you yourself think the same thing?"

"Only to the extent that I think a man is unfair who writes the truth about one phase of a big business and says nothing about other equally important phases."

"And what is the phase that you have in mind that I have ignored?"

"The stockbroker of today," replied John K. Wing cheerfully.

I laughed. So did he. But his was obviously the amusement of a trained diplomat. At exactly the right time he became more serious, as befitted a judicial discussion, and went on:

"The trouble is that the public's Wall Street is in reality an old Wall Street. It became obsolete years ago. The Stock Exchange has not stood still any more than any other of our great business institutions. We do not tolerate today practices that were common a few years ago, but nobody seems to believe it. Losses sustained by ill-advised or greed-stricken or careless investors and speculators are blamed on Wall Street. There are crooks everywhere, but every stock swindler who happens to operate anywhere near Trinity Church is represented as being a typical Wall Street man. And of course all stockbrokers are Wall Street men."

The Brokers of Jay Gould's Day

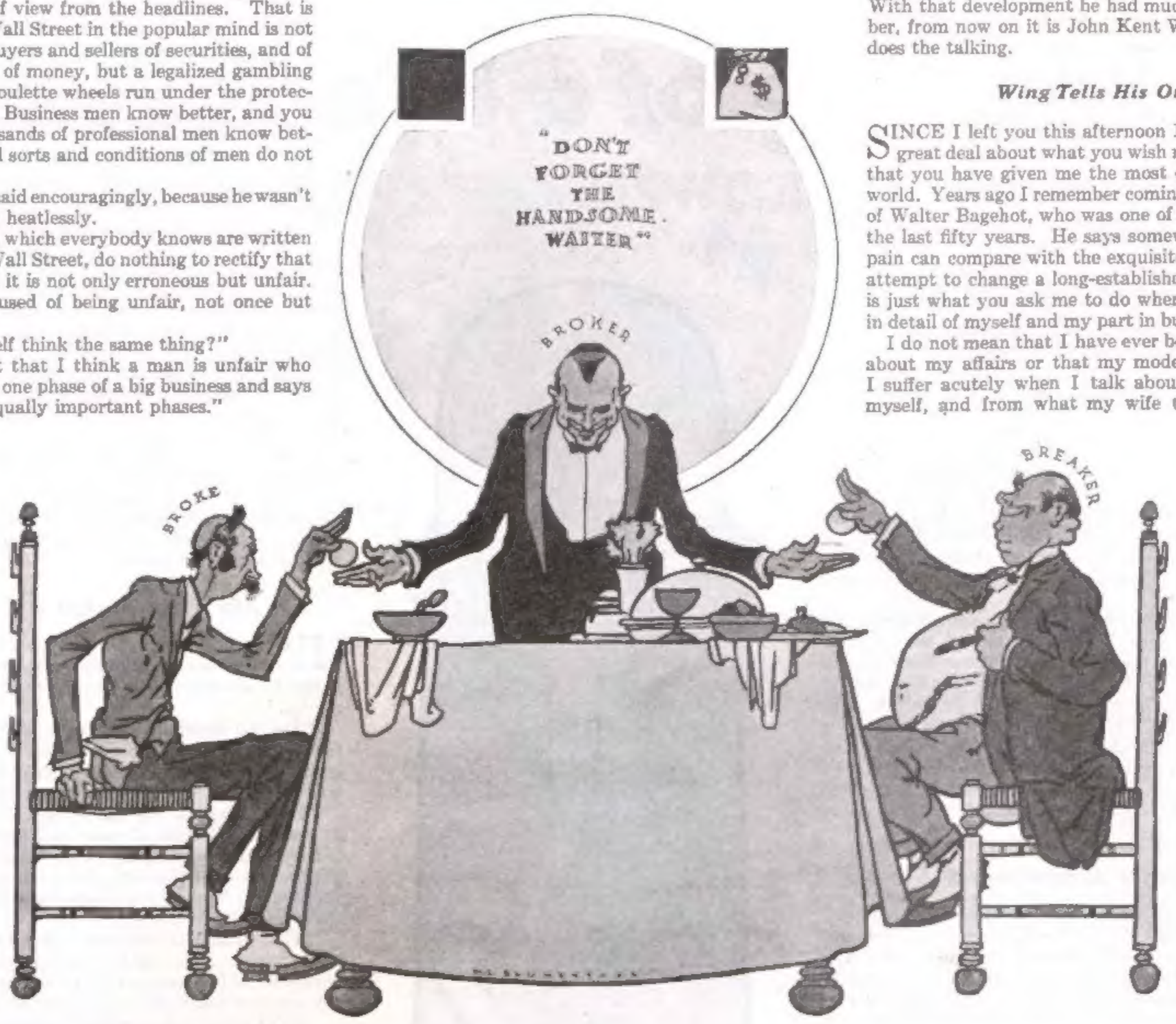
"YET it is only natural, as our country grows, that its affairs should be on a higher plane. But the public won't have it about Wall Street. The stockbroker is a stage type. He is the buccaneer of thirty or forty years ago."

"My articles," I objected, "deal with what doesn't change and therefore doesn't improve—with those desires that greed-stricken men permit themselves, no matter what new rules and regulations the New York Stock Exchange may make."

"I know it. Nevertheless, I think that the stockbroker has suffered because nobody writes of him as he is today. The same public that thrills over the romance of the building and operation of our railroads or industries does not accord any credit to Wall Street for the development that has made our country the wonder of the world. And yet where would our railroads and our industries be without the stockbroker?"

"The economic function of stock exchanges is well understood," I said soothingly. "I myself think you are unnecessarily agitated over a nonexistent injustice. The political demagogue doesn't jump on your class especially. He attacks all the 'haves.' They always will be fair targets for the envy of the 'have-nots.'"

"Yes, but nobody writes about the stockbroker of the vintage of 1924. It is always of the Jay Gould era. Now I have devoted my life to this business. I am proud of the firm of which I have the honor to be a partner. I am more thrilled by its record than by its financial success. We began thirty-odd years ago and we have seen the changes in the business. I would have you know that the reputable broker of thirty years ago was as scrupulously honest as he is today. But many raw practices were permitted. I am less interested in the past sins of my class than in their present virtues. What the broker of today stands for should be written up, if for no other reason than because it would be news to millions of people."



"You do a very large business, I understand," I said.

"We do our share," he admitted.

"How many commission houses do a larger business?" I asked.

"I don't keep the books of the other houses."

"Don't be so modest," I urged.

"Not many do more than we," was all he would admit.

"And you would like to see some articles about the modern stockbroker?"

"Very much."

"Then I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write the story of a brokerage house from its founding to today. But the form must be personal. Are you willing to do your share?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to print a panegyric of stockbrokers, but how one broker grew, and the business with him. I understand you came from the Boston office as a boy and built up an enormous business here. If you will make it a personal narrative, your autobiography, frankly and truthfully, I'll take it down. What it does for or against the reputation of stockbrokers I don't care. But it must show how you yourself pulled off your particular stunt; the stockbroker from the inside, what he did to make his millions, but no deliberate whitewashing and no premeditated propaganda. To do this you must tell your story without thinking how it is going to strike the public, or what it is going to do for anybody or any class; reminiscences, as if you were telling them to an intimate friend you had not seen in twenty years. Otherwise the modern stockbroker may remain an execrated pirate for all of me."

"I'll do it," he said simply. "I hate to talk of myself, but I want you to get the broker's business as it really is. Do you want me to start from the day I came to New York?"

"No, from the day you were born," I said. "Don't pick and choose your incidents. If you try to edit your own narrative as you go along, you will get neither an interesting nor a true picture. If you must think, just think aloud. And don't be afraid of indiscretions. In the first place, they help to vitalize the picture; and in the second, we can always omit them in the final copy. Suppose you come to my club tonight at eight?"

"Very well; or at my house," he said.

It occurred to me that he would be more himself in his own house, so I said, "At your house at eight tonight."

And that night, and many other nights in his own house, Wing told me how he became a broker, and how his firm became one of the most important in the United States. With that development he had much to do. And remember, from now on it is John Kent Wing, stockbroker, who does the talking.

Wing Tells His Own Story

SINCE I left you this afternoon I have been thinking a great deal about what you wish me to do. It strikes me that you have given me the most difficult task in all the world. Years ago I remember coming across an observation of Walter Bagehot, who was one of the acutest thinkers of the last fifty years. He says somewhere that no physical pain can compare with the exquisite agony entailed by an attempt to change a long-established mental habit. That is just what you ask me to do when you ask me to speak in detail of myself and my part in building up our business.

I do not mean that I have ever been especially secretive about my affairs or that my modesty goes so deep that I suffer acutely when I talk about myself. But I know myself, and from what my wife tells me I have never felt any need to dramatize my emotions or my efforts. I like men because I am healthy and normal, and because they like me. My business has always been with men, and my liking them and their liking me has helped me a great deal. After all, what I have to sell is service; therefore I myself am not one of my own customers, and therefore it is not commercially necessary for me to be interested in my non-business side. I am not inarticulate, but my business life has given me a fixed point of view. I look outward toward my customer, and not inward toward my ego.

I do not deny that in this broker's business of mine I have had to sell myself, of course. That is all anybody does in this world—exchange what he has for what he needs. This is at once the most and the best that he can do. When I say my job as a stockbroker is to sell service, I assure you I speak accurately and comprehensively. But that does not alter the fact that I cannot see any picturesqueness in either myself or my career. In my business of selling and buying securities, words have not had to have color and sparkle. I have been interested primarily in results, and in technic only as it helped me to obtain those results quickly and efficiently. I can't say that I have an artist's pride in what I've done, but I am glad to be able to say that I had a task to do which I've done as well as I could. My best is not so good as other men's, but after all it means just that to me—my best. I wish it were better; and that wish keeps me working just as hard and hopefully today as I did when I was a hundred-dollar-a-month clerk, with a record to make.

I can and do play; and more than that, I enjoy my playing. But no play gives me the pleasure that work does. I do not intend to kill myself working, because that is not only immoral but unbusinesslike. But I confess that it is in my work that I find my greatest enjoyment. My business is my favorite pastime. It is my pet diversion, as well as my bread and butter.

A man is put in this world to do his best, and his best, as a human being, consists of winning the good will of those among whom he lives. That isn't a copy-book maxim. It is the most desirable achievement, and that makes it the highest form of wisdom. The name he bears among his fellows is his real wealth. Surely no man in his senses can wish for riches if the price is to be known as a skunk. Well, in business the desire is the same. My dream is to

have everybody in the United States think as well of Bronson & Barnes as our own customers do, who have known us intimately for years.

The satisfaction of knowing that you have a big credit balance at the bank is not to be compared to the comfort of knowing that those with whom you do business respect and like you. What is it that enables my firm to do the large and profitable business that it does? Why, nothing but the way our customers feel toward us. That is what establishes our credit, and that credit enables us to do a many times larger business than if we could use only our actual capital. Mr. Barnes, our senior partner, remarked only last week that he plays business as he plays golf; he has to play with congenial people if he is to enjoy playing at all. We have a very nice set of customers. We enjoy them. And they? Well, they stick.

Achievement for Achievement's Sake

FOR a man who began by declaring that he didn't like to talk about himself, I am doing very well. I really meant that I should prefer to talk about my business rather than about myself. I am less interested in what I am than in what I do. I don't count; the business does. I must die; the business needn't. My concern, therefore, is with permanence—with my office. There were six men working there when I came. We have over three hundred now. That is something, isn't it? The fact, I mean. It was brought about by being on the job all the time. Maybe we were lucky, but I want to tell you that I don't believe in luck. It is a rhetorical device we use to explain what came easier than we expected. Hard work, pride in that work, and the desire to build up a sound, useful and pleasant business is what the partners contributed. And the investment is paying dividends. Why shouldn't it?

I've been in Wall Street twenty-five out of my forty-eight years, and I have known more or less intimately nearly all the financiers and industrial magnates of this generation. I can truthfully say that in not one instance did the desire to make money constitute the chief incentive of any of these men. It was the doing of the thing they loved to do—achievement, accomplishment—that made them what they were. That they, in due time, put in a bill for services rendered, and that the fee asked was large, is true in some instances, though not in all. They worked in as altruistic a spirit as a virtuoso or a great artist works.

Did Kreisler acquire his technic primarily because he wanted to ask high prices for his recitals? In Wall Street or in industry the big men also have always worked for two rewards—the joy of doing, and the dollars and cents.

I can hear the laughter of your readers. But if they will take the trouble to think, they will see that there is no reason why a business man should not feel about his business as an artist does about his art.

I am sure I am boring you, but this leopard cannot change his spots. Possibly you might edit them out of him. At all events, what I am anxious to do is to show that we stockbrokers really earn our fees. I propose to describe the way we do business today and, for purposes of comparison, the way it used to be done.

Be patient! Bear in mind that the twentieth century cannot be as candid as the sixteenth century. Benvenuto Cellini wouldn't write his autobiography today quite as frankly as he did. We are more civilized or more reticent. I cannot escape the fear that if I talk exclusively of myself—I! I! I! I!—I must convey an impression of egoism, which will really do me an injustice. But here goes.

My name is John Kent Wing. I am New England on both sides. Nothing else. The first Wing came over the same year that Harvard College was founded. That is as far back as my family goes in America. No Mayflower passengers in my genealogy. The first American Wing bought a farm in 1636, in Cambridge. It was directly opposite the Harvard gate. The farm has long since changed its function. A part of it became the graveyard of the Unitarian Church. Lots of Wings are buried there.

The first American Kent—my mother's family—was a minister who labored in Sandville, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. His wife, Deborah, bore him two sons, John and Henry. The first Wing also had a son named John. Lots of Johns in our family. I would have you bear in mind that my forbears were not only New Englanders but Unitarians. They ran to school-teaching and the ministry. They worked hard from necessity and a sense of duty, and they lived clean, lean lives and duly sent their children to school and college. I am the seventh generation of Wing to go to Harvard.

My grandfather was an exception to the Harvard habit. He went to West Point. His father was a minister, but he and his congregation were not in accord, and rather than yield he pulled up stakes. He went to Maine. There he taught school, and there his son—my grandfather—married the daughter of the squire. He was a leather merchant and shipowner, the squire was. Kindly note the ingenious combination which enabled him to keep his feet on terra firma in his tannery, and at the same time to gratify his love of adventure through his ships. He made both his business and his favorite sport pay dividends.

My grandfather went to West Point and was graduated in the late 30's or early 40's. He was assigned to the corps of engineers, and was detailed to go to Mobile, Alabama. There were no railroads in those days. Why he didn't go by water from New York or Baltimore I don't know, but the story is that he walked from Washington to Mobile. Every time I go South I think of the old gentleman and his hike. He served in the Mexican War, and then he resigned from the army and went back to Maine. There he went into the one business that looked both good and big to him—timberlands. In due time he became the squire to his fellow townsmen.

That was a long time ago, when lumber wasn't so scarce as it is today; but he had the vision and the love of the woods, and he bought thousands upon thousands of acres of land, because of the virgin pine or spruce or hemlock that grew upon it. Most of it he got for ten or fifteen cents an acre. For some of it he paid as much as one dollar; but not very much, because there was so much land to be had at the lower price. He would buy for a mere song square miles of timberlands, vast tracts with lakes and mountains on them, domains that ran clear down to the coast. He knew the land was cheap, so he'd buy and cut the timber; or sell at a profit and move on.

Old-Time Lumber Kings

LIKE so many of the old Maine men, he unfalteringly followed the timber. His quest took him to Pennsylvania and later to Michigan, always following the timber. His son, my father, also followed the timber. It took him as far south as the Gulf—Louisiana—and as far west as the Pacific Ocean—California It was in the blood of those Maine men. But I am not trying to give you the romance of the lumber industry or the tragedy of our unscientific destruction of forests, but merely a part of my family history. There has always been big money in timberlands in this country. Few people here in the East knew old Weyerhaeuser, but Western bankers used to assert that he was a richer man than John D. Rockefeller, and it was all in timberlands. And then consider the Michigan lumber millionaires—dozens of them.

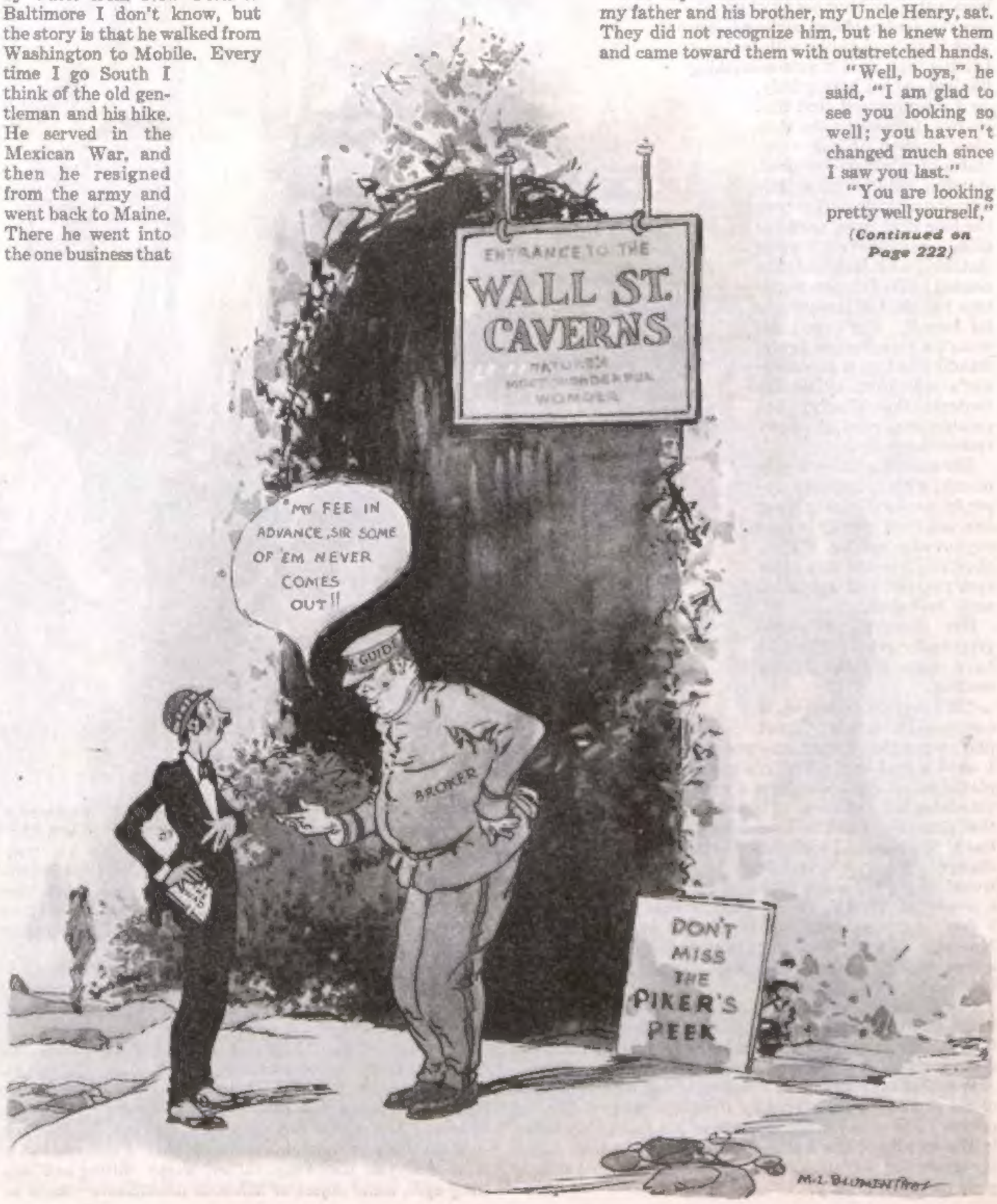
My grandfather died in 1868, and my father kept on. During the panic of 1873 my father was home in Maine. He wasn't particularly hard hit, but money was very tight and there was no telling when or how the panic would end, nor what might happen to anybody before it ran its course.

One day a man walked into the office where my father and his brother, my Uncle Henry, sat. They did not recognize him, but he knew them and came toward them with outstretched hands.

"Well, boys," he said, "I am glad to see you looking so well; you haven't changed much since I saw you last."

"You are looking pretty well yourself,"

(Continued on Page 222)



WITH THIS RING

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THERE was a tray of rings in the pawnbroker's window. He didn't, of course, call himself a pawnbroker; he called himself a loan office. But there you were! A rose by any other name, preserving a remarkable similarity of odor; a sow's ear, congenitally incapable of becoming a silk purse.

The window was small and grimy; cluttered up, so to speak, with a number of things, like the kingly world of R. L. S. Guns there were—several of them; watches, a thick and tarnished output; flutes, at least one; a baby's silver cup; a lady's—presumably—golden vanity; earrings by the sirenic score; fraternal charms on pursy chains; a cameo with a broken nose; a bacchic flask of beaten and slightly dented silver; also, and as has been said, a tray of rings.

It was the rings Lila Kemp had an eye on. One ring, in especial, a slim frail band of platinum, carved in a design of orange blossoms; the sort of ring one sees alluringly advertised in connection with the month of June and the holy estate of matrimony; an aristocratic gewgaw to be knocking about in a pawnbroker's window between yellowish diamonds and yellower pearls, cheek by jowl with synthetic rubies set in ten-carat gold, and emeralds, not so synthetic, set in no gold at all.

Lila regarded it gravely, as if it were a spool of Number 60 white cotton she contemplated adding to her work basket; wistfully, with her heart beating high, as if it were something life had denied her; grimly, as if she proposed, and that shortly, to remedy the deficiency herself. All of which states of mind she endured, standing with her nice little navy-blue hat drawn low over her long dark eyes, with her slim gray-gloved hands clutching a bit feverishly the beaded folds of the steel-and-blue bag she had lately made for herself. She hoped she wasn't a conspicuous figure, standing before a pawnbroker's window, eying its contents thus closely; but conspicuous or not, she stood there—doggedly.

Her mouth, a rather lovely mouth, with a haughty upper lip, a not so haughty lower one, set itself primly in case anyone were looking. Which, obviously, no one was. Her eyes yearned and appraised and—hesitated.

Her thoughts, if stenographically rendered, might have made slightly chaotic reading.

"It's very good-looking, of course—imitation, most likely—not that it matters—yes, it does! I want a real one! And it's got to be platinum. A gold one dates a woman—antedates her—at once. Platinum, with that orange-blossom design. Everybody has it. Quite safe. I could have the initials changed. Sure to have initials in it—they all do. This would be a good place to buy it in. I simply can't go to a jeweler's! They'd wonder why the man wasn't doing it. I don't suppose pawnbrokers wonder about—anything. No—this is a piece of luck, my dear—your happening across it in a window, this way. Duck in and buy it before anyone comes along!"

She cast a furtive glance to left and right. Not that she knew many people in the city, but Columbia wasn't so fearfully far away. Others besides herself might have run down for a day's shopping.

Was that man across the street watching her? The slant of his profile was like Tommy Hardin's—rather. No—of course Tommy never got away from his cashier's window in the middle of the week—and besides—the man across the street had only stopped to light a cigarette; had already gone on again briskly.

"I Have a Feeling You're Getting Ready to Start Something." She Flung a Sharp Glance Straight Into Lila's Eyes—Sharp But Amazingly Friendly. "Stop Me if You Object to My Saying So"

This woman, coming down the block. Was her brown coat-suit familiar? It couldn't be Myra Field—how absurd!—of course it couldn't. Hadn't Lila, on her way to the train that morning, seen Myra in a starchy bungalow apron, watering sweet peas?

Neither Tommy—inquisitive, friendly, gossipy Tommy—nor Myra, with her nose for news, her tongue for scandal. Neither Tommy nor Myra nor any other of Lila's childhood friends.

Very well, then. Columbia was safely at a distance. Columbia could by no possibility know what Lila was at the moment about to do! It was in any case none of Columbia's business; but that wouldn't dampen Columbia's interest. Lila Kemp buying a wedding ring.

What couldn't Columbia make of that! Faint and far, a hum of myriad bees—say, rather, wasps—lifting and settling upon some object of delicious disturbance—came to Lila's ears. She shivered a little and smiled a little.

"Walk around the block and come back!" prompted her subconscious, wheedlingly.

"You've been around the block twice already, my dear," decided Lila's awakening will; "besides which, you are due for that fitting in half an hour; and your train goes at three."

Lila's neat gray shoes took her smartly in at the pawnshop door. Her fingers gripped the edge of the dusty counter as she presently inquired of the baldly beaming individual who rose from a seat behind it, "May I look at that tray of rings that is in your window? There is one there that interests me."

One there that interested her! One there that sent little quivers of excitement over her: curious little tremors of emotion, rippling to the tips of her fingers and toes!

She watched with outward calm veneering inward turmoil, while the elderly pawnbroker withdrew from his cache in the window the once-velvet-lined tray containing the gaud of her desire.

He paused to finger the dingily shining lot with a caressing digit and thumb, and Lila's heart shook within her. Perhaps he was going to take the bit of platinum out. Perhaps it was exhibited by mistake.

She repeated with dignity, "There is one there I should like to see; it looks as if it might be a scarab."

Of course a wedding ring does not look in the least like a scarab; although they are sometimes supposed to possess, in common, one attribute, the pleasing trick of longevity; but Lila had no idea of showing her hand too abruptly—demanding at the start the trifle of pallid metal and graven bud over which, however shyly, she was yearning.

So she turned about with a meditative air, with head on one side and eyes intelligently narrowed, a thing which she selected from the heap before her; surveyed it from every angle; ultimately scorned it.

"Ah," she murmured, "I see it's only a bit of turquoise matrix, not a scarab at all!"

The rather horny fingers received back the turquoise matrix with a delicate and deprecatory gesture.

"Lady," he protested resignedly, "did I say it was?"

Lila reassured him hurriedly, "Oh, no; it was my own silly mistake, entirely! Entirely my own mistake. You have a number of very nice rings here, haven't you?" She hovered with chilly touch above diamond and pearl, doubtful gem in doubtfuller setting.

"A bargain, lady, if you are looking for bargains; a very neat ring for a lady!"

She had hovered indiscreetly long above a sickish slab of opal hugged by murky brilliants.

"No, I don't so much care for that," said Lila judicially. Panic seized her. Why haggle until someone else came into the shop and she dared not touch her quarry? Speed was the thing—speed and decision. She observed clearly, "It was really a scarab I wanted. I'm sorry to have troubled you." Then on the brink of hypocritical preparation for departure, "Why—this is a wedding ring—isn't it? How quaint! I didn't suppose people ever brought—those—to a place—like this."

"You'd be surprised," returned the merchant of lost joys morosely.

"Such a nice new one too!" pursued Lila.

Scenting a final chance, he recommended it earnestly. "Platinum is very stylish for wedding rings, lady. You won't do no better than that! And orange blossoms's a very popular design."

Lila's smile flickered in spite of her. "It doesn't seem to have been so awfully popular with whoever sold you this."

"All marriages ain't made in heaven," replied the crafty salesman; "but that ain't sayin' yours won't be, miss."

Did she fancy a delicate leer on his bearded lips? Lila crimsoned gorgeously from the wave of her soft bronze hair to the roll of her white organdie collar. She turned the subject abruptly.

"You couldn't say who sold it to you?"

"No, lady"—with imperishable patience. "If I could remember all the people that comes into this shop ——"

"Of course not! I hope you don't attempt to." Too much nervousness in that.

"I don't get you, lady."

"I mean," said Lila with the gentlest suggestion of sympathy imaginable—"I mean I can see you're a very busy person, and of course you don't waste your time remembering unimportant details. Besides—I'd rather not know—about—the former owner. It might be too—discouraging. Are there initials inside?"

"Nothin' we can't take out while you wait, lady."

"Poor little ring!" sighed Lila on a wave of feminine bitterness.

She turned the circlet tenderly, read aloud its spidery inner legend with a hush in her voice: "J. D. to L. H. June 2, 1920. Amor."

"Name of a place, I think," supplied the bald one amiably.

"Others have thought so before you," murmured Lila.

A touch of superstitious awe crisped her hold of the ring. "J. D. to L. H." J. D. John? Jerry? No, something solid and reliable—something stolid yet prosperous. Jerome? No; James. Duggan? Danby? Dinkins? James Dinkins? Oh, impossible! Out of the air she caught a combination, simple yet pleasing. Duval—James Duval! Exactly right! L. H.? The H didn't matter, of course—the submerged maiden name—the forgotten patronymic. June 2, 1920—three years ago—not bad! And Amor—priceless, that was all! She hadn't dared hope for anything so exquisitely adjustable.

"Was you thinkin' of takin' it, lady?" inquired a voice through the fog of her musings.

"How much?" asked Lila, returning to reality.

Ensued a short but spirited argument over prices. The loan broker seeing in Lila's twilight eyes how badly she wanted his property, not unnaturally soared a bit. Platinum, he said was dear—oh, very dear; and that orange-blossom design—awful popular.

"On the other hand," said Lila, trying not to show that she meant to have the thing at any price, "very few people buy wedding rings in pawnshops."

"You'd be surprised!" said the merchant once more—leering, oh, unmistakably! He offered, wooing indecision, "Thirty dollars—and not a cent less.

"Twenty—and that's as high as I'll go," said Lila coldly.

They compromised suddenly and overwhelmingly on twenty-five because a shadow darkened the door and Lila thought she was about to have a fellow customer.

"Lady, shall I take out the letterin'?" asked the vender at last, Lila's five dear fives in his pocket.

"Thank you, it will do very well as it is," said Lila.

She walked out of the shop with a box in her purse, the ring inside the box, J. D. and L. H. still amorously within the ring—and triumph in the lift of a blue-hatted head.

"That's that!" said Lila to herself. She proceeded to her fitting with an outrageous sense of invincibility. The ring, in a way, had been the largest lion in the road.

Well—the ring was accomplished! Let the fitter disappoint Miss Kemp of the new beige suit if she dared.

II

BUT a fitter, for once, hadn't dared. The new beige suit was ready. More, a fitting room was vacant, and Lila had only to shed her dark blue frock, with its organdie collar and cuffs, shed her little blue hat, and stand five minutes' waiting; a slim, flushed, eager thing in a flesh-colored shift.

"Miss Kelly," a glib saleswoman had promised, "will be here at once!"

Miss Kelly was the fitter. She wore a smart black gown herself, and carried pins in her pocket instead of her mouth, which alone proclaimed her extraordinary. Her black hair followed the mode of the moment, and her healthy close-grained skin bore with distinct effect a touch of rouge, no more.

"Good afternoon!" she said brightly as the curtains of the fitting room fell to, behind her purposeful entrance. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"Only a matter of five minutes," said Lila sweetly.

"I like to be exactly on time," said Miss Kelly. "Pride myself on it. This shan't occur again. Now—how about the suit? Suppose we slip it on. I think you're going to be pleased."

Lila was pleased; more, she was startled. The beige suit became her as its sheath becomes a lily.

"You look a good five years younger in it," commented Miss Kelly briskly. "You look about twenty-four."

"I'm twenty-eight," said Lila, watching her with catlike acuteness to get her reaction to the fact.

"And you'd begun to dress it, hadn't you?" said Miss Kelly with a chuckle. "Mistake—great mistake. With your figure—and your hair—you could stay twenty-four—oh, for years yet! Dark eyes, y'see—they don't fade the way blue ones do. Then red hair ——"

"Oh, would you call my hair red?" demanded Lila delightedly.

"Give it a strong henna rinse every other week and Saint Peter himself couldn't call it anything else," said Miss Kelly coolly. She added, squinting at Lila's head as an artist squints at a canvas, "You ought to wear it off the forehead—you've got a lovely forehead—kind of low and Greek."

"Do you think so?" breathed Lila hungrily.

"Look at the Venus in any art-store window!" Miss Kelly pointed out. "However, off the forehead is as far as I'd go after Venus; pull it over your ears then, soft, but not too loose, and a close soft knot at the back of the neck." She added impartially, "You've got the nose for it, and just enough chin. Too much chin on a woman is bad. It throws a scare into a man before she opens her mouth."

Lila laughed suddenly and adorably, with a flash of even white teeth and the flicker of a dimple near her lips.

"You'll never throw a scare into any man that way!" Miss Kelly assured her. "How do you do it? I've known women'd pawn their souls for an effect like that. Well, what kind of a blouse were you planning to use with this?"

"What would you say?" Lila deferred to the oracle.

"We've got some sweet stuff in handmade blouses—just a bit of fluff in the front. I'll be back," said Miss Kelly, and disappeared.

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"I Suppose That There Were Orchids in Your Wedding Bouquet, and That's Why You Feel That Way About Them"

THE MEDITERRANEAN SOUTH

By LOTHROP STODDARD

ONE of the most widespread errors which exist today is the belief in a Latin race. The traditional idea is that Southwestern Europe is Latin; that France, Italy, Spain and Portugal are sister nations inhabited by peoples of kindred blood. This idea has, to be sure, strongly influenced the course of European politics on many occasions; and yet it is a delusion. The truth of the matter is that there is no such thing as a Latin race, but that, on the contrary, the so-called Latin peoples differ widely from one another in racial make-up. In a previous article we observed the racially composite character of France. In the present article we shall examine the racial make-ups of Italy, Spain and Portugal, and shall note the practical consequences.

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Fascisti Leaders, and Enthusiasts, Swearing Faith to Italy at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Rome

Viewing these countries from the racial angle, the first thing that strikes our notice is the fact that in all three countries a large proportion of the population belongs to the Mediterranean race—the slender, dark-complexioned stock which thousands of years ago occupied the lands bordering the Mediterranean Sea and has ever since remained the most numerous element in those regions. However, we should note two things: In the first place, we must not confuse the terms "Mediterranean" and "Latin"; in the second place, we must realize that the original Mediterranean stock has been greatly modified during its long history, so that it has come to vary widely at different times and in different places.

Racial Differences

LOOSE usage of the words "Mediterranean" and "Latin" has caused endless confusion, and the distinction between the meaning of the two terms must be clearly understood before the actual state of affairs in Southwestern Europe can be appreciated. The term "Mediterranean" has a purely racial meaning and refers, as already stated, to the slender, dark-complexioned stock which, in very ancient times, settled the lands about the Mediterranean Sea and also pushed northward across France to the British Isles, where it still survives, especially in Wales and Ireland. The word "Latin," on the other hand, is not a racial but a historical and cultural term harking back to Roman days. Central Italy was the Roman homeland, and with the growth of Roman power the Latin language and Latin culture spread over Southwestern Europe. Not merely all Italy, but also France, Spain and Portugal were thoroughly Latinized, and today the peoples of those countries speak tongues and possess cultures alike derived from the old Latin source.

Unquestionably these similar languages and cultures are ties making for sympathetic understanding among the Southwest European peoples. And yet their significance must not be overestimated. History proves conclusively that such ties do not bind beyond a certain degree unless reënforced by the subtler yet closer tie of kindred blood. That is the reason why observers who disregard the racial factor are so continually fooled. Judged merely by speech and culture, the peoples of Southwestern Europe seem well fitted for close and harmonious association. Accordingly, political prophets have often preached the doctrine of Latin fraternity and have advocated Pan-Latinism—in other words, a league of Latin peoples.

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A Street Scene in Naples

And yet despite all such eloquent preaching Pan-Latinism just doesn't take place. The reason, of course, is that the doctrine is based on a delusion—the delusion of confusing likeness in speech and manners with kinship in blood. The peoples of Southwestern Europe differ from one another in racial make-up far more widely than is usually imagined, and these racial differences largely counteract the ties of culture and speech.

Whoever gets to know the Latin peoples well discovers one thing as curious as it is significant. This is the fact that the more these peoples are thrown together, the less they like one another. So long as their contacts are merely superficial, so long as they exchange courtesies or read one another's books, a feeling of friendly similarity tends to arise. But let them come into intimate contact, and the chances are that they will quickly and instinctively discover marked temperamental differences which will be more apt to drive them apart than to draw them together. This is particularly the case with Frenchmen and their southern neighbors. But it is also true in lesser degree as between Italians and Spaniards, and even as between Spaniards and Portuguese. In every case a study of the facts will bring to light differences in racial make-up which account for the temperamental differences that exist between the so-called Latin peoples.

United Italy

OF COURSE, the presence of a large Mediterranean element in the populations of Italy, Spain and Portugal creates between those peoples a blood relationship which is almost wholly absent as between them and the French, who are mainly Alpine or Nordic in race, with very little Mediterranean blood. In this basic sense, therefore, Italy, Spain and Portugal can be considered as forming a block of kindred peoples which may be classed together as the Mediterranean South of Europe. However, as already remarked, these three peoples are racially much less alike than they superficially appear, and a just estimate of their respective situations can be gained only by viewing them separately, as we will now undertake to do.

Italy is by far the most important nation in Southern Europe. The medieval might of Spain has long passed, while the short-lived glory of Portugal is but a dim memory. Italy, however, recently emerged from centuries of eclipse, has forged her political unity, increased her material prosperity, and today displays a spontaneous vigor which augurs well for her future.

The long peninsula of Italy juts out from the mass of Continental Europe far to the southward, bestriding the waters of the Mediterranean Sea and through its island appendage of Sicily almost touching North Africa. Italy is long and narrow in shape, its fancied resemblance to a jack boot being a geographical commonplace. Including its island dependencies, Sicily and Sardinia, Italy's area is

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Socialism Makes its Bow to the British Empire—By F. Britten Austin

THE Moscow Pravda recently published an article entitled Thirty Days That Did Not Shake the World. It was a review of the first month's activities of the British Labor Government, and its tone, as may be gathered from its title, was one of angry disappointment. That British revolution, which, if it ever happens, will indeed shake the world, has not yet erupted in the cataclysmic red fire so ardently longed and plotted for by the Bolshevik apostles of anarchy. The volcano, if volcano it is, is still strangely—to them, exasperatingly—quiet; and the rest of the world observes, with a mildly cynical amusement, the British standard bearers of revolution hastily pulling on their most respectable coats, cramming the red flag into their pockets and desperately explaining to an unconvinced British Empire that they are the most harmless fellows imaginable.

"Socialism?" they say. "Oh, well, really, socialism, you know"—a shrug of the shoulders—"it's hardly practical politics, is it?" While every now and then they whisper behind their hands in a stage-aside to the more impatient of those 4,000,000 socialist voters who believed their leaders really meant what they said in the brave old days of Down With Capitalism! Down With the British Empire! Up the Rebels! —"Shut up, you fools! You'll spoil the show! Do you want to get us turned out?"

The Only Two Men Working at the West India Docks

And the British Empire, which after all is characterized by a considerable amount of horse sense, sits neither applauding nor hurling the missiles it fingers in its pockets. It has seen quite a few strange spectacles in its time, and it waits for the plot of this one to develop. It knows perfectly well that this is only the preliminary bow of the latest company of performers.

But if, as the Pravda complains, the first month of the first British Socialist Government did not shake the world, if up to date its performance has been one rather of comedy than the immediate tragedy a large percentage of Britishers expected would commence on that fateful January seventeenth—yet already, in its short tenure of office, tendencies have manifested themselves that are significantly symptomatic of the future. If one thing is certain it is that the curtain has gone up on a new epoch for the British Empire. It has entered on a new period of internal stress and strain that will be characterized by steep fluctuations of the will to power—even of the will to survive—in its controlling nerve center. For this first British Socialist Government will assuredly not be the last.

The theoretic principle of possible socialist governments has been definitely established. The kind of socialism which the British people will, even temporarily, tolerate has yet to be decided. It is a curious and not easily explicable fact that the holding of the socialist creed—ultimately a specific matter of economics—imbues the holder with a violent hostility to whatever country he may happen to belong to. Except that possibly both are manifestations of an underlying tendency to collective suicide—a mass neurosis produced by an overdeveloped civilization—the causal nexus between these apparently quite independent phenomena is not easy to discover. Yet so it is.

French communists and socialists are pro-German; the Italian reds, not having an enemy of their country to side with, were at least bitterly anti-Italian; only Germany is perhaps for the moment an exception, though at the end of the war her socialists were the best friends of the Allies. During the war a large majority of the British socialists and of the present socialist government—were not only antiwar but helped Germany all they could. One of the first acts of the new socialist members of Parliament was to give a banquet in the House of Commons itself at which all present, guests and hosts alike, had at some time or other been in prison—mostly for wartime antipatriotic offenses.

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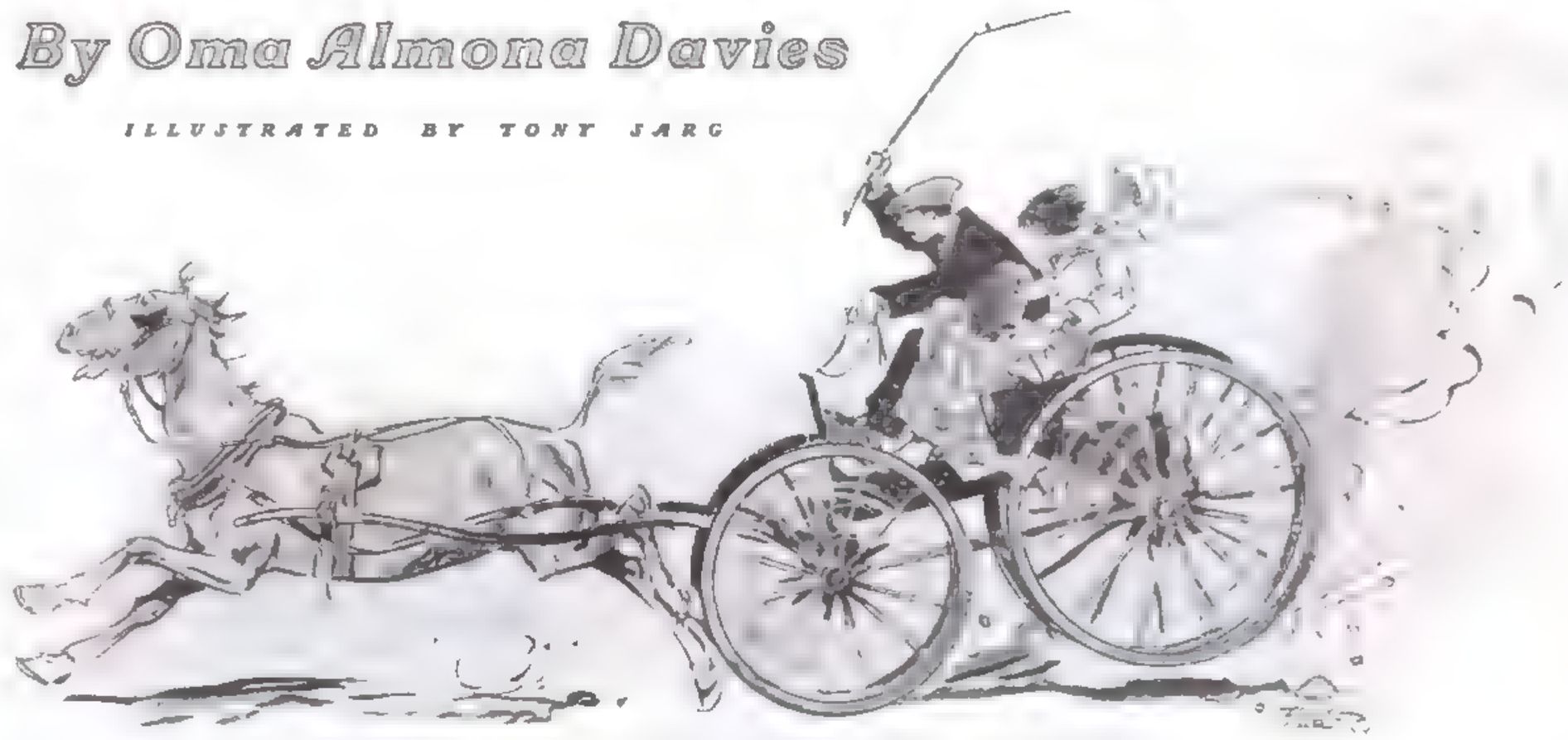
A Road at the West India Docks Which is Usually Packed With Wagons Loading Cargo

A RING WITH RUBIES AT

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Old Bess Flipped Backward an Outraged Ear and Lunged Into a Resentful Canter

ELISHA MAICE was on his way to kill the Hepple girl. His thoughts were as fiery as his hair, as deep as his blue, green-flecked eyes, as purposeful as the forward jut of his chin.

In amorphous hunch upon the seat of the top buggy, he pestered the horse's rump with an ineffectual peach shoot while he passionately reviewed the previous half hour of his history. The galling thing was, of course, that he had been yanked upward by the neck scruff at the momentous instant in which he had decided his financial destiny.

For there he had been, a half hour before, with elbows taut upon the warm kitchen table, a fifteen-year-old man with twelve dollars and seventy-five cents banked in canvas bag upon his bosom, in travail as to whether he would become a cattle king or a hog baron. There had he been when he had rendered final decision in favor of the barony, the superior eagerness of the hog tribe to reproduce its own being the unanswerable argument in its favor. It had been at that climactic moment that Adam had leaped in, ox goad in fist, eyes wild.

"The bull's outbusted the hind fence! You got to make me an errant. Make quick now!"

And as the potential baron, with hogs teeming by the thousand about him, had sat staring, he had been dragged from his chair, hoisted across the freezing ruts of the barnyard and dumped over the wheel into the top buggy.

"You got to git my girl from Schindler's to Hoopstetter's! Make hurry quick! And you fix a dates fur me—you tell her I'm a-settin' up Saturday night agin!"

Oh, Elisha had protested at mention of the Hepple girl of course! He had started to kick out of the buggy. But Adam had plastered his eighteen-year spread of hand against Elisha's middle and had pasted him against the seat again.

Mrs. Hoopstetter, With Hairpin Antennæ Emerging From the Black Coil Upon the Top of Her Head

"Dast you! And you take good care to my girl or I'll ——" And then, because he was Adam, and Elisha's mother as well as his brother, he had grinned, rammed a huge paw into his pocket and had flung a dime upon the buggy seat. Then he had run, gripping his ox goad and hallooing to their father, who was already lunging toward the far end of the field.

In the clear flame of his anger against Adam, the bull and the Hepple girl, Elisha saw the problem of his life distinctly. His problem was to put into word and into action the fact that he was a man. Never before had he objected to being Adam's younger brother—being anything to Adam had been enough. But now that he was being dragged into entangling alliances with Adam's sticky girls, the relationship, as such, must cease

Here he was on his way—on Adam's way—to the Hepple girl. He had to get her from her Schindler uncle in the village to her Hoopstetter uncle in the country. Why couldn't Adam have let Schindler get her to Hoopstetter? And, back of all that, what did she want to come visiting around Buthouse County for anyway? If she was in a factory in the city, why didn't she stay factor-ing then?

A groan escaped him as he beheld the red top of the Schindler house above its fir hedge.

From Schindlers of assorted sizes and sexes who swarmed into the side yard emerged finally the Hepple girl. She was supported toward the vehicle by a slender male Schindler with thin damp-looking hair. Supported is a carelessly chosen word, however; the young man's legs seemed scarcely adequate to support his own frame—they gave the impression of being just on the point of swaying from beneath him. He nested his twiglike fingers about the girl's elbow and she sprang lightly into the seat beside Elisha.

"This here's Adam's brother, ain't? This here's Elijah Maice, Herbie."

The Herbie young man flicked an eyelash toward Elisha.

"Elijah, huh? Well, don't let his ravens get you anyway! And don't go forgetting your little city cousin while you're out there among the hog raisers!"

"Oh, ain't you awful?" giggled the Hepple girl.

"Gid dup!" shouted Elisha.

"Ain't he awful yet?" The Hepple girl was the twitchy kind. She twitched at her glove, at a magazine, at the lap-robe. "We ain't relationed together. He just plagues me. He's Uncle Jacob's nephew, and I'm Aunt Mat's niece."

Elisha spat.

"Course he's high educated that way. He's got a decree, or whatever, at the law. He's the leading and only lawyer at Heitwille a'ready."

From the corner of his eye Elisha appraised that she was thin enough to be bounced out by a sizable rut. Suppose he maneuvered the wheels at just the right angle—she wouldn't land hard, there wasn't enough to her. Even if he did finally go back for her—if he did—the breath might be jolted out of her so that she'd be quiet anyway. He could see her sitting there by the side of the road.

What he really did see at that moment was another appraising eye. Upon him! A gray eye with an astonishingly black pupil. A pupil astonishingly penetrating!

He raised the reins high and slapped them down mercilessly. Old Bess flipped backward an outraged ear and lunged into a resentful canter. The Hepple girl bounced forward, then back—and settled closer to Elisha.

"Ain't it kind o' crispy though, now the sun's gettin' ready to set on us?"

Elisha heaved violently to his own corner. He felt the black pupils again turning toward him.

"It wonders me still," pursued the Hepple girl, and her voice was soft now in meditation; "I thought Adam was sayin' where he had a little brother. And here you're a man a'ready. That does now make a supprise fur me."

"Huh?" Elisha snorted, and was immediately sorry. He had made an iron resolution to suffer in silence his three miles of humiliation.

"Yes, I would guess anyhow! But mebbe he was playin' off a joke on me. Or else, was you, mebbe, his big brother?"

"He ain't got but one," grunted Elisha. He surreptitiously glanced down the length of his arm, flexed its muscles. His secret shame had always been that he was not huge, like Adam!

"Nowme, I'm so runty that way," sighed his companion.

"You are that," muttered Elisha.

"Course a body can't help fur their size. But I guess that's why I always take to big men mebbe." Elisha shuddered. "Well, and women too. Aunt Mat always says, 'My, I wisht if I wasn't more'n two hunert, so I could be stylish like you,' she says. But I say back always, 'Well, what does it fetch to be stylish? Look oncet at Cousin Herbie. He might be stylish, but he's awful skinny. Them kind don't make nothing with me. I like fur to see 'em heartier and more, now, comfortable lookin',' I says. 'Comfort yet is what makes with me,' I says."

He Lunged Into a Run, the Aroused Hoopstetter Hounds in Full Yelp Behind Him

Elisha looked down distrustfully at an extremely pointed shoe slanted upward from beneath the robe. His companion immediately gave a wrenlike nod.

"I know. It looks some squinchy. But it ain't. I'm just natured to that shape a'ready."

Elisha again went sharply in search of his breath. What was this he had in the buggy with him anyway? He had never seen such swift reaction, such uncanny divination. He had always thought you had to tell a girl anything twice over before she got it. And here, almost before he had a thought, she was expressing it for him! And that foot now—was it possible that a woman's foot really did grow into a point? Could it be that a girl did quicken into some strange new thing somewhere along? That she wasn't just a meager edition of a man, weaker in both mind and body?

He squared heavily about and looked full at the Hepple girl. She twitched lightly about and looked full at him. Her eyelashes rayed out, very black and very long; their tips seemed caught together by twos and threes—caught together—caught —— He gasped; his foot jerked heavily upward as though from some entanglement. The jerk pried loose his eyes.

He wouldn't look at her again. What was the matter with him? A rein dropped from his demoralized fingers. He swooped after it. And as he came up, something slowly pushed his head around so that he looked at her again. Her eyes were still upon him. Her very soft, very red lips parted slowly, slowly curved.

He definitely clutched at anger. He grabbed the peach shoot and sliced blindly. It broke over the dashboard, dangled. He hurled it away and hissed wrathfully after it.

"What you intrusted in?"

Should he answer her?

"Poland Chinas," he grudged.

"Me too! I do now take to them Oriental things till it is somepun suppriaing. My, ain't you up-to-the-minute though?"

"Pigs!" shouted Elisha. "Hogs! Boars!" She was a dopple after all! Didn't even know Poland Chinas!

She considered. Then she gazed at him, gently forgiving.

"To be sure, pigs. Polish Chinas. But they come from China first off. And if they come from China, they're what you call it Oriental, ain't not?"

Each hair upon Elisha's head rose in fiery curiosity. "China, still? From acrost the oceans over?"

The Hepple girl nodded decisively. "In such ships oncet."

Elisha pondered this revelation of porcine genealogy. The girl gave a little sigh.

"But, anyways, what does it make? This here is what makes with me: Fur to find somebody where has the same intrusts like what I have a'ready. I do, now, take to such little pigs. I can't otherwise help fur it. And I would bet, now, you've decided to go into pigs!"

Breath-taking! Elisha leaned back somewhat weakly.

"Well, anyway," he admitted, "I took the prize for Juniors at the Grange two months back a'ready. Two-hunert-and-sixty-pound shoat. Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars still!" gasped his companion. "Since I am born a'ready, I ain't hearing of nothing so intrusting!" She snuggled closer.

Elisha tipped his cap rakishly. He tossed off, "That ain't nothing. I'll git mebbe twenty, twenty-five, more on her yet. Till it comes next week, pop will be loadin' stock fur the market onto a box car, and I'll be a-fetchin' off my share alongside the other—the other men."

Then said the Hepple girl an amazing thing. "Before ever you was turnin' in at Schindler's, I seen it at you. Yes I seen it at you where you was one of the money men of Buthouse County a'ready."

And she wasn't joking! He swung upon her quickly to catch her. She was gazing up at him as innocently as a babe, and as helplessly, as helplessly. Her lips were parted as in breathless adoration, her eyes upturned deep pools, into which one might slip—or plunge ——

"Whoa!" yelled Elisha, and subdued his steed from a gentle trot to a walk. "Whoa, anyway! What do youse want to make such hurry fur?"

His left side was growing very warm; oh, very! The girl had looked bony, but she wasn't. She flanked him closely, softly, like such a hot-water bottle; or, no, hotter, hotter, like one them mustard plasters now. His heart thump-thumped, thump-thumped. She lay against his heart! He had a sudden conviction, all pain, all pleasure, that he could not move if he tried! He was terrified, he was paralyzed; he had never been so desperately happy in his life.

As though soft veils had been laid over his ears, he heard her voice coming up, coming up, as though from far below: "Yes, well. I guess I would up and give it away if I would ever get such a ten dollars. Yes, I guess I would go to work and make some such inwestment at friendship, like I read off somewheres. And that would be awful silly, ain't?"

"Yes," agreed Elisha hoarsely.

Elisha, in fact, was in mood to agree with everybody. A half hour later when Mrs. Hoopstetter swam into the periphery of his bedazzled vision, he agreed with her. Mrs. Hoopstetter, with hairpin antennæ emerging from the black coil upon the top of her head, her rounding form incased in black calico with red polka dots, bore an unmistakable resemblance to a potato bug as she ambled toward them from her kitchen door.

"Well, was this, now, Cory Hepple? Ain't you growed though, since you was a baby a'ready? And if this here ain't Elisha a-fetchin' you! Come insides and set along fur supper, Elisha. The Wieners is all made and the coffee's on the boil."

Still later he agreed with Cora Hepple when she indicated that he was to sit down beside her upon the settee and to devour with her the magazine which she had carried from the Schindlers'.

The name of the publication as it was emblazoned above a polychrome pirate rampant upon its cover was Up to the Minute; and its date was the month previous.

That Miss Hepple was a devotee of literature might have been inferred from the general indication of wear and tear upon the publication; but she disclaimed any tendencies in this direction when Elisha cast a gloomy eye upon it and gloomily shook his head in answer to her question.

"Nor me neither," she confessed promptly. "I ain't addicted to readin' off just one word and then another. That there's a waste of time, ain't? But I do sometimes go to work and read what it makes at the adwertisements. Now, fur instinc', it wouldn't wonder me none if we was to run into some such pigs over behind."

Fascinating as were pigs, however, they were not so fascinating to Elisha at that moment as the fingers which were flying in search of them. The lamplight coruscated over the nails which tipped them like they were—well, like they were freshly shellacked, now. He drew his brows as he gazed from them to his own, dull and spatulate, and finally queried bluntly: "What is it at them? Warnish or whatever?"

She looked up at him inquiringly, then laughed softly, tipping up one shoulder, then the other.

"Oh, I'm just natured that way at the nails. It's fierce, ain't not?"

"Yes," breathed Elisha. Pointed feet—shining nails. He slid from her. And why not? It is an awesome experience to discover a new creation.

She uttered a sharp exclamation, laid the magazine flat upon her knees and placed five of her amazing finger nails upon her heart.

"Och, my! That there makes me dizzy at the head! Why, it's just what I been always dreaming about!"

Elisha looked down at the page. He saw nothing remarkable. "It ain't nothing but a ring," he said.

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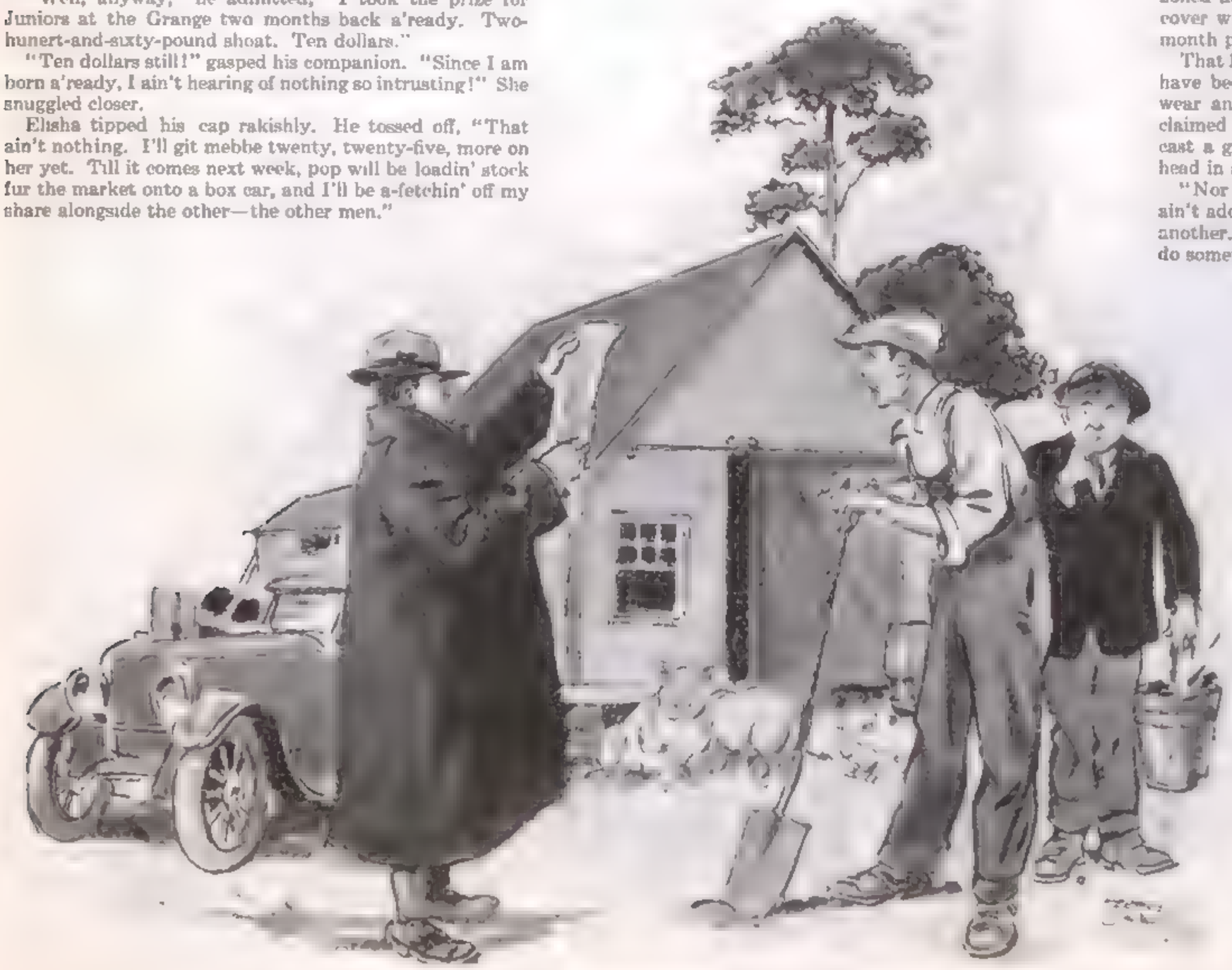
He Ran Along by the Side of the Moving Train, Screaming Incoherence



"I Have Here a Certain Legal Doktment Which Authorizes Me to Replevy Two Certain Properties"

THE CIRCLE

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

ONE of the differences which are supposed to distinguish man from animal is his ability to communicate experience. Each generation of puppies must learn from the beginning as though there had never been any puppies before in the world, while man ——

Jordan was twenty-five when in 1902 his wife presented him with a son. This new responsibility he took seriously, because he was at that time getting something of a perspective on his own life. It was too soon for him to call himself a failure, but he was already beginning to doubt if he had it in him to be a brilliant success. Something of the influence of his college life hung over him—that influence which had kept him in the large middle group that occupies the grand stand at all the games and on class day parades around the yard cheering the old buildings at the command of the class officers. He had drifted into this same middle group when he entered the insurance business with one of the big New York companies. Here he had remained.

In the meanwhile he had married a quiet, retiring, wholesome sort of girl who thought he was wonderful. Inspired by her ideal, he had actually tried to prove that he was by investing a legacy he received from an aunt in various enterprises that looked big—that might have become big had not in every case something unexpected happened. His first venture was a copper mine in Mexico where millions of pounds of ore had been plotted out, but where also a revolution had been plotted that the New York office did not sufficiently take into account. For a while a realty company promised well; but, as it turned out, promises in the form of notes due forced it into bankruptcy. Then he invested in an automatic weaver which was to put all ordinary looms out of business and might have succeeded in so doing had the company been able to procure more capital in addition to the five thousand dollars that Jordan and a few others contributed.

The legacy being by that time exhausted, Jordan settled down to his own business. The wisdom of this course was justified by the pretty ten-thousand-dollar house at Oakdale which was already partly paid for when Edward, Jr., was born.

But from that point on it became increasingly difficult to meet the quarterly installments, although Jordan worked harder than ever. For one thing, he found it necessary to add several new items to his budget. Until then it had not occurred to him to apply insurance arguments to himself, but one day he studied a company blotter from this new angle.

"You are protecting your wife and child now," it read, "but what will happen in case of your death?"

Death—a word of ghastly significance! Under the cloak of life he had been preaching its imminence to others quite as though he himself were immune. Yet he could quote figures that told with certainty how rapidly mortality percentages jumped, and with them—a still more convincing index—the rate of insurance. Within twenty-four hours he sent in his own application for fifteen thousand and waited nervously for the report of the examining physician. He passed the physical test without any trouble and that night announced this fact to Alice as though by divine intervention he had secured an extension of his lease of life.

"They say I'm sound as a nut," he informed her.

"Why, Ed, of course you're sound as a nut. What made you think you weren't?"

"You can never tell." He added proudly, as though this were something to anticipate, "If I step out now you'll have fifteen thousand dollars in cash, besides your interest in the house."

Frightened, she crept nearer and twined her arms about his neck. Ever since the baby was born she had been quite foolishly sentimental over her husband.

"Not all the money in the world would make up for losing you," she said.

"There's the boy. You must consider him."

"He needs you even more than I do," she declared.

Jordan kissed her hair and patted her shoulder.

"I'm not planning to cash in right away," he assured her. "But of course ——"

"Don't!" she stopped him. "There's something creepy about insurance."

She was glad that, on this particular day, she had gone to the trouble of making his favorite dessert of custard pie, when, with the many things she found to do for the baby, she had been tempted to get along with something simpler. Sitting opposite him that evening, she thought he looked even handsomer than usual. It was a peculiar fact that of all the people who knew him, she was the only one who thought of him as good-looking. He was of average height and carried himself well, but to select for description separate features would be dangerous. However, if he did not possess much classical beauty, his general effect was pleasing enough. His hair was more light than dark, his face somewhat thin, his nose and mouth large, his eyes brown, and all these features taken together with their various curves and angles and planes produced an agreeable expression of intelligence.

Moreover, and what to her mind was more important, they distinguished Ed Jordan in some subtle way from all the rest of mankind.

What she meant at this time when she called him handsome was probably the reflection of that new enthusiasm which had dominated him ever since the birth of the boy. Even when the little thing was no more than a bundle of immaculate flannel wrappings tied up in odds and ends of pink ribbons, with nothing more showing than what looked to be the florid face of a diminutive old man rather the worse for toddy, he declared the child revealed all the earmarks of a leader.

"Look at the way he doubles up his fist!" he exclaimed when that fist was no larger than his own thumb nail. "No one is going to get the best of him."

That same evening, while eating his custard pie, he broke out with a new idea.

"What we must do next is to lay aside enough to cover his college expenses," he declared.

"His college expenses?" she laughed. "Why, he can't even talk!"

"Not yet," admitted Jordan. "But I heard him practicing the other day. Some fine morning he'll surprise you by saying 'Hello.'"

"I'd like to keep him a baby a little while," she said anxiously.

"He has a long way to go, and the sooner he gets started the better," Jordan declared.

He himself had started too late. He was not telling this to Alice or to anyone else in the world; but looking back, he realized now all the opportunities he had let slip. Young Hitchcock, who had come into the office within a year, fresh from Harvard, woke him up to this. Alert, confident, ambitious, with a host of friends made through his athletic activities, the youngster had already sold a half million dollars' worth of insurance. Furthermore, he was not spoiled by his success. When Jordan, as an older man and a fellow alumnus, congratulated him on the paragraph of commendation given him in the company bulletin, Hitchcock looked embarrassed.

"Guess I've just had beginner's luck," he answered modestly.

"Not by a jugful," answered Jordan. "There's no luck in this business."

Then, as though to change the subject, Hitchcock said, "You're going up to the football dinner tonight of course."

"What football dinner?" asked Jordan.

"At the Harvard Club. Aren't you a member?"

"No."

"Gee, you ought to join! If you haven't anything on, why don't you come with me tonight? There'll be a lot of men there you know. You were '99, weren't you?"

"Yes," admitted Jordan, although for a moment he had to stop and think. Harvard meant no more to him today than if he had never spent four years there. Even as an undergraduate, he had not known twenty men, and since then he had not seen five of these. He was inclined to refuse the invitation, but Hitchcock hardly gave him an opportunity.

"I'll phone Randy and reserve a seat for you. He's a good scout and will crowd us in somewhere. You won't have to change your clothes."

Jordan went along, although he was not sure whether to be glad or sorry. However, Hitchcock did the honors handsomely and introduced him to a dozen athletic heroes past and present who to him had never been anything more than names. They greeted him cordially, but they slapped Doc Hitchcock, as they called him, on the back and tried to drag him off to a place at the head table.

"No," he reminded them. "I'm with Jordan."

But even though Hitchcock sat by the side of Jordan with the crowd at the long table, men spied him out and leaned forward to call a greeting. Then in the middle of the formal

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"He's Just Bullheaded Enough to Go Ahead and Get Married Next," He Growled

BELOW LAY HOLLYWOOD

"I'm Not Going to Quarrel With You, Meg, But if You Take This Movie Engagement You'll Never be Able to Say That I Consented"

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BELOW lay Hollywood. Aloft nestled Peace, sweet and pretty, placidly hatching her eggs and brooding down on the motion-picture industry, where all was well. True, every little producer, distributor and exhibitor was striving voraciously to gobble up some other producer, distributor or exhibitor, and so fatten big; while the big ones were straining by night and by day, by might and by main, to become bigger by the same gastronomic strategy.

True, Isidor Iskovitch, one of the biggest, a magnate still quite young to be the proprietor of five enormous producing plants and an enormous distributing organization, sat hunched with his heels on the rung of his chair, his elbows on his knees and his pointed chin in his hands, a flat-chested, hollow-stomached, bony-shanked figure with five sharp creases between his eyes, a crease for each plant; and he stared moodily out over his big main production lot, bestrewn with painted palaces and teeming with painted puppets, with no other thought on his mind than how to accomplish the doom of Roabert, of the Roabert-Pinnacle, and Klekoff, of the Klekoff-Pinnacle—Klekoff particularly—both of whom had endeavored these many years to slash a keen snickersnee across the Adam's apple of Isidor.

True, Klekoff, the mighty Klekoff, stood in the little inner office of the Pinnacle's West Coast studios with a shaft of sunlight gleaming on his scarlet hair, and his mind occupied with no more uncheerful prospect than how to slip the stiletto of commercial annihilation into the aforesaid Isidor; ditto his aforetime partner, the aforesaid Roabert, still half owner of the Pinnacle distribution.

True, Roabert sat in the mahogany-paneled inner office of the Pinnacle's East Coast studios, a little man with his shaggy eyebrows drawn in concentration and the rest of his expression concealed by his stubby gray beard as he pondered profoundly on the problem of how to slide the skids of oblivion under Klekoff—furthermore, Isidor.

True, the members of the executive board of the Excelsior Distributing Corporation, a compactly organized body of exhibitors scattered throughout the United States, packed fiercely their traveling bags for the semiannual board meeting at Hollywood, and, wherever they were, thirsted unanimously for the incarnadine trickle in the flaccid veins of one Lucius Piltz, who had rendered them no longer a mutually profiting corporation like the majestic Federal Reserve Films, with its satisfied franchise holders and subfranchise holders, but had rendered them bond-slaves to their contracts and his profits.

True, the aforesaid Lucius Piltz, president and general manager of the Excelsior, an extremely short and extremely round man with a perfectly spherical head, the back of which glistened silvery white with his close-cropped hair and the front of which expressed dissatisfaction with everything, was distinctly aggrieved as he left his Long Island estate for his semiannual pilgrimage to Hollywood—and justly aggrieved; for as he rolled down his stately avenue of poplars in his spotless purple limousine—liveried chauffeur and footman ahead, liveried chauffeur and footman on the bright-blue brougham behind, in which were the secretary and the stenographer and the valet of Lucius—he looked across with scowling covetousness at the Hinkey estate, now for sale, but which he could not afford to join to his almost royal domain because he had already skimmed so thoroughly the cream that rose to the top of the Excelsior that what was left was but a watery blue.

The semiannual pilgrimage to Hollywood came to an abrupt stop. The gates at the railroad crossing were down—that daily aggravation.

"Hello there, Lucius!" came a cheery voice; and glancing out at the open car that had drawn up beside him, Mr. Piltz beheld little old David Schusshel, the former proprietor of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, a beam of great happiness in his benevolent yellow eye and entirely surrounded by a bevy of youth and beauty such as one might expect to find in the highest-priced and speediest car ever imported. Mr. Piltz suffered with an excruciating twinge of envy. David Schusshel was retired, worth millions—nobody knew how many. Anyhow, he'd sold the M. P. C. for twelve million, and had been rich before. Maybe he hadn't been paid for the M. P. C.! Piltz let down a window.

"Hello, David! How's business?"

"Rotten," was the jovial return. "We lost nine thousand dollars yesterday; but today we got a tip on a sausage they call Salami, and we're on our way out to the track to get a profit on the week."

"Oh," grunted Lucius, beginning to lose hope. "I meant the picture business."

"I don't know there is a picture business," boasted David, for whom time seemed to have turned backward, his cheeks were so ruddy and his eyes so bright. "Izzy paid off the last of his notes a couple of months ago."

"Humph!" Then, "Iskovitch's business is top-heavy, I guess."

"Sure it is!" And now the old man's laugh was exultant. "He's getting top-heavy with money, that boy, and I hope he don't stop till he gobbles up all you fellows, Lucius. I owe a lot to Izzy. He made me rich by buying out my business and letting me retire; because a man is never rich until he has time to enjoy his money. Why don't you retire also, Lucius, and try it?"

This last as the gates raised and the imported speed car darted ahead, its bevy tooting horns at Lucius and waving gay pennants; also leaving him eaten with envy and griping with greed—for he was at the wrong end of the picture business. The Excelsior was only a distributing concern. David Schusshel had been a producer, with his own

distribution, and look at David! Rolling in wealth! Izzy Iskovitch, who had started in with David as a poor boy without a nickel, was also a producer-distributor, and look at him now! Rolling in wealth! Just beyond the tracks were the Pinnacle billboards, devoted to the Roabert-Pinnacle and the Klekoff-Pinnacle productions. Producer-distributors both, and look at them! Rolling in wealth! While Piltz—Lucius Piltz, who distributed annually through the Excelsior as many millions of dollars' worth of motion pictures as Iskovitch or as the Pinnacle, more than either Roabert or Klekoff singly—was struggling along on a mere pittance of a hundred thousand dollars a year—on the books—or scarcely three hundred thousand a year all told! And there seethed round and round a beaten track inside the spherical head of Lucius desires for further lacteal pillage of the Excelsior that, if he were to put them into execution, would throw the business into a snarling, yelping, gnashing pack, and devil help the maimed.

Nevertheless, all was quiescent, almost somnolent, in cinema circles; and Peace, sweet and pretty, yawned and sat placidly hatching, wondering idly why Nature, the brute, in her so-called survival of the fittest, should have given such preference to those creatures with the sharpest fangs and the strongest claws, so that, though the gentle dodo and the harmless dinosaur have long since passed out of mythology, the snarling wolf and the hissing snake are still with us, unaltered through the ages.

Suddenly the bird of peace ruffled her feathers uneasily, as if scenting from afar a change; and at that moment Margaret Keats walked off the stage of the Van Twiller Theater in New York amidst the tremendous applause following her great moment in the first act of The Savage Within, and hurrying back to the star dressing room said as she flounced through the door, "There's no use in our quarreling about it, Zeke. I have made up my mind that I'm going to sign."

Ezekiel Ahrenz, sitting fat and round in the armchair that had sagged beneath his occasional weight these many years, pursed his thick lips on his cigar and glared at her, but said nothing as she rushed to her mirror and began making herself pallid for her tragic next entrance; and she talked while she worked.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars a week, Zeke! As much in ten weeks as you pay me in a year, even when we have a successful play like this. It's too much money! I haven't any right to refuse it. I won't always be young."

He looked at her youthful figure, at the graceful turn of her slender neck, at her waves of shining brown hair and the brown eyes that sparkled back at him from the mirror; but he did not smile. Margaret Keats had been fourteen years in the business, starting at fifteen, which made her twenty-nine—just in the prime of her beauty and charm; but the veteran showman knew a pathetic lot of old character women who had once been charming and beautiful, and who had not established an old-age fund when they might have.

"I'm not going to quarrel with you, Meg"—and his voice was remarkably soft and well-tempered for the heavy timbre of it—"but if you take this movie engagement you'll never be able to say that I consented, because you'll want to blame it on somebody before you get through." His voice rose. His normal instincts were reasserting themselves. "You've done business with me ten years. I made you, and you have a right to listen to me. You take a vacation and rest up before we open in September. Stay away from those Hollywood highbinders!" His round chest stuck out and his big voice was booming now, and the stage manager, on his way back, hastily closed the door to the corridor for fear some of the off-stage lines would get into the play. "You take it from me! They'd cheat their own grandmothers, contract or no contract!"

A knock on the door. The stage manager stuck in his tousled head.

"Beg your pardon, governor. Mr. Muffle to see you, Miss Keats."

Margaret gave a swift glance at the little clock on her dresser and touched up an eyebrow.

"He may come in, Joe."

She turned inquiringly to Ezekiel Ahrenz, but there was no trace of an intention in him to go. He even set himself more solidly in the sagging armchair in the corner, dropped his cigar stump into the fire pail hanging conveniently near, closed his lips firmly around another cigar and lit it. Margaret smiled, then she rose to greet Mr. Muffle, a medium-sized man with smooth clothes over a rough frame, and an eye that looked straight into any other human eye to show his unimpeachable integrity. He nodded ingratiatingly to Ahrenz, who grunted, then he turned suavely to Margaret. "I've brought the contract, with all the little modifications you suggested."

"Let me see that contract!" boomed Zeke; and rising nimbly for so heavy a man he took possession of it. "Believe me, James A. Muffle, I'm here to see that Meg gets hers!"

"There'll be no difficulty about that, Mr. Ahrenz." Muffle was not insulted, for Zeke Ahrenz owned property that any man in the industry would swallow poison to get, and send for a stomach pump. "I'm going to make this business so satisfactory to her that you will be willing, I hope, to discuss with me the production of your plays. The Savage Within would be worth ——"

Then She Sank Limply into His Arms. She Had Fainted. "Hot Dog!" Said Izzy Iskovitch as His Body Automatically Shifted to Support the Unexpected Weight

"Oh, would it? Well, Muffle, if any of you motion-picture buzzards get hold of this play, or any of the hundred hits produced by me, it will be because my executors disregard my instructions. . . . Say, where's that Excelsior release mentioned in this contract?"

"Why, Mr. Piltz ——"

"Go get it!"

The czar of the business was chewing his cigar. It was the habit of a lifetime with him that when he ordered anybody to get something they had to go get it.

"I must say, Mr. Ahrenz, that you're very unreasonable," protested Muffle, losing a trace of his suavity. "After all, you know, you have no legal right to butt into this thing. I came here to do business with Miss Keats, and not with you."

"Say, whose theater is this?"

"Zeke"—Margaret's eyes were beginning to snap—"if you order Mr. Muffle ——"

A peremptory knock on the door.

"Cue coming, Miss Keats!"

Like a fire horse jumping for the harness, the actress automatically swung through that door, and an instant later walked slowly on the stage, her face pallid and her eyes hollow.

When Lucius Piltz stopped at the palatial headquarters of the Excelsior for his rush of last-minute business, the first man admitted to the long perspective of the private office, at the end of which Lucius sat like a round little lump of royalty, was James A. Muffle.

"Where's that release? Ahrenz won't let Keats sign without it."

"The crab!" said Piltz. "What's he doing in this anyhow?"

"Exercising his grouch. Say, somebody in the picture business must have stung Uncle Zeke good and plenty!"

"Yes?"

And as Piltz drew the release from his desk and uncapped his fountain pen there came a most peculiar grin on his hemispherical countenance, a grin that seemed to shrivel rather than expand him. It tightened his eyes and it pinched his wide lips and it put wrinkles on the bridge of his bulbous nose. Muffle, watching that expressive countenance, made a hasty but a correct guess.

"Well, Piltz, if you're the particular buzzard he means when he damns us all, don't you try to do any business with that bird on his roost or you'll find your toes in a crack!"

"Look at me! I'm fat, ain't I? And I've been hearing threats like that all my life. . . . Say, Muffle, is that contract with the Velours Pictures, Incorporated?"

"No; the basic contract is with me as agent, with the right to contract, and the obligation to contract Margaret Keats at twenty-five hundred dollars a week for a minimun of ten weeks; and it includes a contract with the Velours Pictures Company, Incorporated—not Velours Pictures, Incorporated."

"Oh, yes—oh, yes." Piltz still held his pen suspended. "Is the money up in the Velours Pictures Company, Incorporated?"

"No; I haven't lost a dollar of my own in ten years. The money is up in the Velours Pictures, Incorporated. The Velours Pictures Company, Incorporated, which is contracting with Keats, hasn't a nickel, except as it has funds advanced to it from the other company to meet its current obligations."

"Oh, well, the way you got it fixed it's all right." Lucius signed the Excelsior contract to distribute the Velours Pictures Company's production, The Broken Reed, starring Margaret Keats, put up his fountain pen and pushed the release over to Muffle. "If anything happens it'll be easy to make a change."

"Change? What do you mean—change?" And James bent on Lucius an extremely penetrating glance due to the fact that these two had been in close business connection for many years. "Say, are you framing something on me, Piltz? If you are, I give you fair warning to restrain yourself. The split you're now getting out of what the Excelsior pays is all I'll stand for. I've got Keats, and I'm going to have eighty thousand out of her for myself or I'll bite you."

A wince of pain amid Piltz's discontent. Eighty thousand dollars—for Muffle!

"I got to leave for my train in twenty minutes," he said in sudden irritation, and rang for his next appointment.

Muffle hurried back to the Van Twiller Theater, and the aigrette on the head of Peace bristled straight up as Margaret Keats signed the contract that took eighty thousand dollars right out of Lucius Piltz's pocket before it got in, since, not being a producer yet, he was allowing Muffle to make all that money—maybe! Peace tried to coo reassuringly to the motion-picture industry, but there was a sudden crack in her voice and the coo turned into a caw.

II

BELOW lay Hollywood, spread out in vast flatness like some eerie midnight garden of Christmas candles twinkling away in rows on rows to illumitable perspective; on the terraced street, 'twixt vista and star-dotted sky, a life-or-death struggle, a man's figure running away into the darkness, then a terrified woman screaming scream on scream as she raised up from her inspection of a thing prone on the ground; then a man's irritable tones:

"You know, Miss Keats, your voice won't register, and you may as well save your throat."

"But, Mr. Lyon, I simply can't get any feeling that I'm screaming if I don't use my voice! It seems artificial, cold, unconvincing; it takes all the emotion out of me—what

little I am able to retain through these unending rehearsals and retakes."

"Oh, yes, I've no doubt," returned the director, Leon Lyon, famous throughout Hollywood for his testy temperament, and for his genius, which could be relied on to do everything exactly the opposite from the way one would expect it to be done, thus stamping him with originality. Even his preternaturally long upper lip, designed for a thickly rolling mustache, sported two tiny triangular dabs. "But if you will just imagine that you have lost your voice, Miss Keats, and are trying to scream, you can secure exactly the same expression. Now watch me." And he did a job of silent screaming that would have awakened the dead in any deaf-and-dumb graveyard

Margaret looked at him in wonder, but she did not laugh.

"Suppose, however, that I must scream at this point. Suppose I can't make it seem real in any other way—what difference does it make?"

"What difference?" And Leon gave the well-known gesture of tearing his hair, although without losing any. "It disturbs me! It throws me out! It destroys my construction of those emotions I propose to portray through the medium of your countenance and body. And while we are on this subject, Miss Keats, I must call your attention to the fact that as you bend over your dead husband you seem to register horror rather than fear. You don't comprehend the character. This timid, shrinking creature ——"

"Oh, just a minute, please!" Margaret stiffened perceptibly. This was too much. "You must not tell me the character of this woman. I played Mary Tremont over five hundred performances, and it was the part that brought me into prominence. I really must insist that I know this character through and through."

"And I must insist that I am the only one here who understands this character as it is being developed by me. There are not to be five hundred performances of this play; there is to be but one. That one must be inspirational, and I am the inspiration. Mary Tremont shrinks with fear."

"I won't I won't ——"

But Margaret Keats faltered and her words died down, for if she insisted on playing the part as she knew it she might make herself utterly foolish, because the intervening scenes over which she had no control would probably give the lie to anything she did. She was helpless and alone. Back of the lights were her enemies, the regular screen crowd, between whom and the stage-trained actors there is an impassable barrier. Back of them, vaguely discernible in the dimness except where their stupid faces protruded into the lighted circle, was her audience, which had toiled up the terrace, attracted by the lights, and they had only curiosity, not interest. They were numb and cold, and as she thought of those surges of applause that so spurred her on the stage she was heartsick. Beaten and bitter, she stepped back to the retaining wall of the terrace to wait for her cue, where she was startled by a voice out of the darkness.

"Hello, Meg."

It was a tall, slender fellow with gray hair and the pouched eyes and seamed face of age but the poise and carriage of youth. Something familiar about the face, and yet ——

"Why, Jim Graves!" She caught his hands swiftly. They had worked in stock together.

"I didn't think you'd remember me," he said, highly pleased that the years had not changed him so much. "I heard you were in town and I meant to look you up. How do you like the pictures?"

"Oh, they're dreadful, Jim—simply dreadful! I don't see how you ever stand it!"

"No?" And he laughed. "Meg, do you see this recklessly illuminated Spanish Gothic edifice just above us? Dennis Doone's. All paid. That renowned juvenile is holding his tin wedding tonight, and we neighbors each brought him a funnel. This terrace has been dubbed the Iskovitch Subdivision of Cinema Hill. That miniature pink castle next door belongs to Prudence Joy; the impulsive red one on the other side is Dixie Day's; the baby-blue one is Dorcas Sinclair's; my shack is just on the bend there; ashes of orchid, I call it, but Hilary Wells says it's faded prunes. Mine, however, Meg mine! And I own a walnut grove, and have money in the bank. So, you see, my dear, that if you look at it right the movies may be rather artistic—for the actor."

There were sudden hysterical howls of laughter from the recklessly illuminated Spanish Gothic abode. Jim looked over at Margaret's director. Leon had succumbed to a sudden inspiration for a close-up of Mary Tremont's husband, choking.

"He'll be twenty minutes on that," said Jim; and taking her arm, he trotted her up the steps and into the long, low, cryptic dining room, where they stopped abruptly, for a show was in progress. A plump and hearty young woman in a green-and-orange-striped evening gown, none other than Dixie Day, the renowned comedienne of the Iskovitch outfit, was giving a most amazing juggling exhibition for the edification of the dinner party, which had scattered back well out of the way of her art.

"Your attention, good pee-pul! We finish with the imperiled feat of keeping the remaining three chipped soup platters, two cracked tea plates, and one mended fish bier, in the air at one and the same gul-lor-rious time whilst the artist parakeets on one toe. Whoops!" Whereupon, seizing these articles en masse from the two half-hysterical, tow-headed youngsters of the host and hostess, the juggleress tossed up the china with splendid abandon and stood with triumph while the dishes crashed to the tiled floor and sent their pieces clinking among the other briar-rose-decorated débris; all to the strangling delight of the guests, though the hostess, pretty and housewifely Mrs. Doone, did betray a trace of concern in her hilarity over Dixie's prodigality with porcelain. The company seemed to enjoy that concern, too, especially when Dixie turned on the lady of the house with "Now, Nellie Doone, no more shall you serve this illustrious stellar outfit on your old weather-beaten crockery. Bring on the hidden hamper, Harry!"

Then flat-faced Harry Simmons, the renowned G. M. of the Iskovitch outfit, appeared from the pantry, dragging an immense wicker hamper. The lid was thrown open, and

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"I Don't Know!" She Shrieked. "Mr. Lyon and I Had Just Arrived and Mr. Muffle Had Just Come In. I—— Oh, It's Dreadful!"

Mr. Pethick Pays a Dividend

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

UP TO sixty a week, and his own car," muttered William McKinley McCann. He narrowed his blue eyes at a young man who sat at the wheel of a throbbing flivver on the New York-New Jersey ferryboat. "And I knew him when he could double his fortune any day by finding half a dollar! Now look at him. How do they do it?"

He pondered his friend's success in life. How had Eddie Butler done it? William McKinley McCann was only a deck hand on a ferryboat, but he was serious-minded and bent on improving himself He was properly rancorous; lives of great men reminded him that he too should be up and doing, pursuing, achieving; he was twenty-two years old, and he felt that his day was passing

"Lively with that gate!"

"Keep your clothes on," murmured William, looking up at the wheelhouse, whence the cry had issued. That was the captain, up there. Much the captain cared whether William made a success in life or not; if the captain had his way William would give all his attention to the piffling business of being a deck hand. The captain was a stout and red-faced man who was the reverse of inspiring; a fellow couldn't do the necessary planning and forward looking with that captain around; if that captain had been master of the canal boat for which James Abram Garfield was a tow boy he would surely have shattered the future President's dreams by shouting at him "Hey, you, Garfield, lively with that mule!" With ostentatious slowness, withstanding the concentrated frown of the captain, William lifted the long iron gate and permitted two hundred foot passengers and thirty-five automobiles to depart into New Jersey. William followed the procession; his lunch hour had come.

William Knew That Mr. Pethick Was Not Quite Comfortable There; a Wind of Bitter Cold Was Blowing Down the Hudson Valley and Whipping Mr. Pethick's Flowing Garments About Him

He lunched in the White Wagon, which stood in a vacant lot off the River Road between the new dry dock and a coal depot; he sat between a motorman of the Public Service Company and a Swedish sailor from a steamer lying off the near-by sugar refinery. When he had swallowed the last baked bean and polished his plate with the last sliver of bread, he went across to Spadoni's barber shop to improve the rest of his hour with social intercourse. The crowd hung out in Spadoni's; there were four pool tables in the back room.

Jerry Hanavan entered Spadoni's; Jerry was another young man who had succeeded in life and who was looked up to. Jerry had been a car checker in the neighboring freight yard, and had been just an ordinary fellow until he learned how to beat the horses. He wore a fur coat and a diamond ring, and when he counted his money it was a sight to behold. He had so much money that it wasn't worth his while to bet it directly any more; he booked bets now, and he would take a bet of one hundred dollars without turning a hair, only asking an hour or two in which to write it off. "Want a piece of that?" asked Spadoni, poising a razor and looking at William

"I'll take two dollars of it," said William, handing over the money with an effort at casualness.

"Twenty to win on Best Foot Forward in the Third at Tia Juana," said Spadoni, giving twenty dollars to Jerry.

"Smart boy," said Spadoni when Jerry had left.

"I'll say "

"Wish I had his money."

"Jerry Hanavan? Say, I knew him when he didn't have a dime. Yes, sir; I knew him when he didn't have a dollar."

"I knew him when he had a dollar of mine. Some job to get it back from him too. He was always panhandling, Jerry was "

"It isn't what they used to be; it's what they are today " said Spadoni. "He got a barrel of money now. Smart boy!"

"Wonder how he did it," said William, still striving to analyze success.

"How did he do it?" said Spadoni. "By betting his money right; that's how. Took a chance."

After betting his two dollars on Best Foot Forward, William was at once assailed by doubt, but no great part of his discomfort could be allotted to a sense of wrongdoing. His worry was all for his two dollars. He knew that gambling was proscribed by state law, but it was not proscribed by the group to which he belonged, and William was loyal to his group. It is a bold and independent man bold in goodness or bold in wickedness—who rejects the ways of his group and strikes out for himself. As William's group was composed of broadly honest and workaday young fellows, a sense of the folly of gambling would eventually become a part of the group consciousness—say, in fifteen or twenty years. The group would then be composed of staid and hard-headed citizens of lawmaking rank; if they had gained wisdom with the years they would seek principally to hasten the educative process which had worked so slowly though so certainly upon themselves; they would not stop at issuing flats, since flats in themselves are challenges to reason and provocative to the human instinct for proving all things and holding fast to that only which is proved good. William had very little background; his ethical training had stopped far short of hair splitting, and was confined to a few principles thrashed into him by his downright and heavy-handed father, who was a common laborer in the Sugar House. William obeyed the Ten Commandments as his father understood them; he had his father's hatred of idleness in the face of need—there was an eleventh commandment; he had also his father's longing to make a lot of money and have done with work. William distrusted work as a means to success in life; many people made money without work or with mighty little of it. How did they do it? What trick had they? Ah, if he knew! By taking chances, Spadoni said; and others said

William had taken some appalling chances. He had a broken nose as the result of trying his luck in the prize ring He was not brutal; his imagination had been inflamed by newspaper stories of million-dollar purses, and he deliberately tried himself out to see if he was of million-dollar caliber; he was a well-built boy, and had won a reputation in the local Y for cleverness with his hands. He would try everything once His nose had been set well in the local hospital, and was, if anything, of more distinction now, but it whistled when he breathed hard through it. And he was beginning to doubt that he would ever make a dashing racetrack man; he couldn't make this venture self-supporting, although he played no horses that didn't promise to pay ten to one. Having little power of ratiocination, he learned only by experience, and painfully; but he learned, and he had about decided to take Jennie's advice and cut the ponies out

He met Jennie now outside Spadoni's She was going back to Keever's bakery, where she was employed as a saleslady

"Hello, Jennie," he said, grinning.

"Hello, Will," she said. And then she looked shrewdly at him and said, "What have you been up to?"

There was the terror and the fascination of Jennie; she could always tell when he'd been up to something. As soon as he grinned she knew. Nobody else could read him like that. He couldn't lie to her; he had tried to, and it was no use. He could make up a corking story, good enough for anybody, but as soon as he looked into Jennie's gray eyes he had to grin, and she knew.

The power resided in her eyes; otherwise she was a stoutly built girl of nineteen, with round face and lumpy features; this description is furnished without help from William McK. McCann, who had never looked at her observingly.

"You've been betting on a race," she said.

"Honest, Jennie "

"Kindly keep your hands to yourself, Mr. McCann," she said, walking swiftly away

"Oh, listen, Jennie!"

"Did you" she demanded, facing him.

"Well, I just took one more chance."

"One too many," she said, starting off again. "I'm through with you, now and forever."

"Let me talk to you, Jennie, will you?"

"Will you ever do it again?"

"Why, of course not, Jennie."

"I will take one more chance on you," she said warningly. "Just one more chance!" And she let him walk beside her to the bakery.

"After supper, Jennie?" he said. "There's a new movie up on the hill."

"It's a date," she said, giving him a look out of her gray eyes which should serve to keep him faithful until they met again. He hurried back to the ferry.

The early afternoon hours were slack, and William got through them without doing much work. He didn't look for work; there were three other deck hands on the boat, and it seemed to William that three hands should do easily what was to be done, if they were at all smart about it. William lounged in the men's cabin, thinking, trying to plot some scheme to make a lot of money, reading discarded newspapers and magazines. His reading was mostly of lines under pictures; he was an impatient reader. His adolescence had synchronized with the phenomenal growth of the motion-picture industry, and, too, with the rise or discovery of illiteracy as a national problem. The generation preceding William's had found its vicarious adventure in half-dime novels and nickel libraries, and, if it acquired false notions of the American Indian and of the winning of the West, it learned at least to read nimbly in order to keep on the jump with its white chiefs and old trappers; but William and his contemporaries got their misinformation from the movies, and without benefit of clergy.

William leafed over a magazine he found in the cabin; this was a periodical of immense circulation, conducted by a gentleman who had a genius for the commonplace. He looked at the illustrations to an article entitled What I Talk to My Neighbor About Over the Fence; and those to an article entitled Which Side of Your Face Do You Shave First? and those to a success story by the maker of a famous soothing syrup. William leafed over into the advertising pages, and there he saw this challenge:

DO YOU WANT RICHES LOVE SUCCESS?

He halted, staring at the page. Why, those were precisely the things he wanted! By what uncanny power had this far-away advertiser guessed his most secret thoughts? But there was the advertiser's picture beside the letterpress—the picture of a man with clenched jaw, every hair on end with personal magnetism, eyes blazing straight at William, rigid arm pointing between William's eyes. And there in plain print was the message that pointing typified:

THIS MEANS YOU, YOUNG MAN!

It meant William; there was no blinking that. If the picture had reached out and poked that accusing finger into William's eye he could not have been more discriminatingly singled out.

"Get away," grumbled William, moving his head. But he spelled his way on:

Are you dissatisfied? Are you sick and tired of hard work? Have you plodded along on a miserable salary long enough? Do you want a big auto and to be dressed like a king, a big house, and the passionate affection of a beautiful woman?

Hard work, young man, never got you anything, and never will.

I can positively teach you in Fifteen Minutes the Esoteric Law by which Success is conquered. More amusing than Fiction! Napoleon used this law, and you know what he did. Rockefeller used this law, and you wish you had his money. Valentine Bolognese, the great Movie Star, uses this law every day in the week, and he has the girls crying for him like babies. You can do what these men did. I don't care if you're as thick as Webster's dictionary; I don't care if you're as old as Methusalah's big brother, or as ugly as a bill collector. You can do it. You can! Send Two Dollars.

"Get away!" said William again.

But the picture wouldn't get away. William turned back to it several times, against his will; and there was the advertiser yet, looking him straight in the eye as an honest man always does. And William had still two dollars. The secret of Napoleon and of Rockefeller and of Valentine Bolognese would be cheap at the price. Provided, of course, that the advertiser knew the secret and would part with it. William read the message again, looking for any evidence of self-distrust, looking for any artful qualification of the enticing offer. But no, not a qualm, not a joker.

"They wouldn't let him print it if it wasn't so, would they?" he argued with himself. He had much faith in this magazine; it always talked common sense, and never above his head. He had read in other numbers of it, discarded in the men's cabin, Why Two-Dollar Bills are Considered Unlucky, Why Flies Won't Alight on Blue Paint, Why You Digest Your Dinner and Not Your Stomach—all such as that. He had read in it about James Abram Garfield, who was once a tow boy on a canal boat and who was the first President of the United States from Cuyahoga County, Ohio. No, they wouldn't let him print it.

"What have you been up to?" demanded Jennie that evening. "You keep giggling and wriggling until I can't watch the picture."

"Never you mind," said William. "You'll find out fast enough. Say, Jennie, supposing I got to be a big man with all kinds of money—you'd be surprised, wouldn't you, hey?"

"No, I wouldn't, Will. You are going to be a big man and have all kinds of money some day. Of course you are!"

"Jennie, do you know how Napoleon got to be such a big man?"

"No. And I don't know why Charlotte Russe is such a sweet girl either. Don't be always making silly jokes, Will. Napoleon is not a man, but a cake."

"You never heard of Napoleon, Jennie?"

"Go on and tell me my business."

"Do you know how Valentine Bolognese gets the girls daffy?"

"They are not. I'm not. I hate those foreigners. Will, I often thought you'd make a nice movie actor. You got lots nicer eyes than any of them."

"I ain't quite made up my mind about a career yet," he said. "I'm making inquiries right now. But you can bet I'm not going to stay on that old double-ender in the river. Not much. Never you mind now."

Two days later William received through the United States mail, second-class, a paper-covered booklet of forty-eight pages, this in exchange for his two dollars. It was entitled:

THE ESOTERIC LAW
AURAL, VISUAL, TACTILE
BY
PROFESSOR MICAH PFAFF
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF SUCCESS
SUCCESSOR

When the morning rush was over, William settled down in the men's cabin for a spell of reading. He plunged determinedly into the foreword:

Reader, you have a Subconscious Mind. This book will explain to you the laws of that Subconscious Mind. When you

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"You Got Expensive Tastes, Young Fellow. It's Worth Five Thousand Dollars to Take a Look at Mr. Pethick"

Glimpses of Our Government

Toilers by Land and Sea

By William C. Redfield

EVERY human organization that has lasted long acquires something like personality. It develops habits of thinking peculiar to itself and in time builds up more or less definite traditions. My department was as a whole too new in 1913 for this process to have become visible, but some of the old services within it not only preserved traditions but showed interesting expressions of individual service life. Some of these appear in the way the ships of our maritime services are named. The vessels of the Coast and Geodetic Survey usually bear names that suggest the duties of their service, as Surveyor, Explorer, Pathfinder and Guide. The Fisheries ships are named from aquatic birds; so we have Albatross, Gannet and Fish Hawk, even Phalarope and Halcyon, which last pair have caused searchings of many minds to find the birds they indicate. We get into another atmosphere with the Lighthouse fleet, for there we are among trees and shrubs and flowers and even smaller plants. The names contrast picturesquely with the adventurous work the ships have to do. We find Columbine and Tulip, Cedar and Cypress, Marigold and Magnolia, Fern and Pansy, and many other fragrant titles. There is a rumor that the Anemone loses her identity at times in a three-syllable pronunciation, as if it were spelled Annymoan, and there is a clear departure from form in the surviving name John Rodgers—no flower about that. But Orchid and Daisy go far to restore the balance, and those of us who do not recognize Kukui may at least assume that it has a floral origin.

Point Judith Light. Above—The Explorer, in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Service

Keeping the Buoys in Order

THESE ships and the officers and crews who man them are our modern toilers of the sea, and sometimes it is true that they rest not day or night. The Lighthouse ships form the only means of communication between the stations and lightships all along our coasts and their bases of supply. Everything, from fuel and oil to sheets and pillowcases, ginghams and coffee mills for keepers' families, has to be transported by the tenders, as they are called; and as light stations are put in dangerous places and not set in quiet nooks or placid waters, this task of supplying often calls for daring seamanship in handling steamers and for expert management of smaller boats.

Another part of their work, however, makes even greater drafts upon the resources of courage and skill which distinguish the entire personnel of this marine force. There are all sorts and conditions of buoys, which are often set in places where access is, to say the least, uncomfortable. Sometimes it is worse than that. I have looked down from the prow of the Hibiscus upon a rock which was directly below and unpleasantly near. But that was on a quiet day. Not all days are quiet, and when lighted buoys are extinguished or other buoys go astray from accident or storm, there can be no delay about replacing them. The duty of the tender's crew is then in its intensity like that of city firemen, save that the foe to be fought is the water.

The Tulip is moving eastward up Long Island Sound in the fall with a cargo of coal and supplies. She has upon her steel deck forward a couple of large buoys. The service calls them tall nuns. They are twenty-nine feet long, five feet through and weigh nearly four tons each. At the side against the bulwarks, reaching a little aft, lie spar buoys of different lengths, the largest, an iron one, fully fifty feet long. Just before time for leaving port, word came that the lighted buoy off Point Judith must be replaced. The ship, therefore, runs into New London, leaves the two nuns and takes on board a new gas buoy of the largest size as a substitute for it. Seen from a passing ship, a gas buoy does not seem large, but here, lashed firmly in place on the Tulip's forward deck, it is a monster sixty feet long, weighing twenty tons. Few are so large—only this one at the entrance of Narragansett Bay, and one other outside the Ambrose Channel—but many are over forty feet long.

The waters near Point Judith are not noted for repose, as many know to their discomfort. Our men call it disrespectfully Point Jude, but experience has taught them it is no place for carelessness. As the ship approaches the anchored buoy she has come to remove, it is seen to be thrashing about in so vigorous a fashion as to be a most unpleasant neighbor. We who are mere spectators, but who know that in some way that mass of steel which is tossing there must be picked up, hoisted on board and detached from its heavy anchor, are conscious of thrills at the approaching struggle. We wonder at the quiet, matter-of-fact behavior of the officers and at the unconcern among the men. The captain takes the wheel; the chief officer is in charge upon the main deck. The ship is slowly, gently, fearlessly brought close to that pitching, rolling bulk; and just as she is about to hit, at the very moment before the expected contact, a man jumps upon the buoy, and as it rolls away, there he is, clinging with hands and feet to its upper iron frame. The ship draws off a bit, and from the far end of its ponderous outreaching forward boom the falls descend over and upon the man who is out there riding the buoy alone. They swing like a mighty pendulum, but come at last within his reach; he grasps the heavy steel hooks at the end of the falls and places them within the projecting eyes or grips that are fixed for that purpose on the buoy, and signals to hoist.

As the mass rises and the ship draws close, hands are extended to him and he jumps aboard, while the vessel lists with the weight she is lifting. You see now why her sides are armored, as steel rubs on steel until the huge thing is hoisted clear and gently placed on deck. Its anchor cable is strongly lashed lest it run away, and its heavy fastenings are detached from the old buoy and firmly fixed to the new one. This last is lifted carefully to the ship's side, all stand clear, and over it goes with a mighty splash, while the massive anchor cable roars overboard, snapping as it goes the snubbing ties which keep it under control. The ship backs away—her present task is done.

The Lighthouse Inspector's Job

THIS hasty sketch of what, after all, is part of the day's work gives but a glimpse of labors in which the safety first is that of the public, and the safety of the servant of that public is necessarily secondary. Yet such are the results of discipline and seamanship that bad accidents are rare. We lost a good man, the first officer of the Hibiscus, by the explosion of a gas buoy of a type long ago discarded.

The Lighthouse Service was divided for administration into nineteen districts, each under an officer then designated as inspector. Consider for a moment what was required of these officers. Each had under his care government property to the average value of $3,000,000; he directed the movements of a fleet of seven vessels covering an average coast line of 1000 miles. Under his control were several hundred employes, and he was responsible for the maintenance of more than 700 aids to navigation. His disbursements averaged more than $300,000 annually. He was responsible for the management of light stations and vessels, fog signals, construction of new aids, repairs to all

lighthouse craft and equipment; for the distribution of supplies and the efficiency of personnel. He was required to have technical knowledge of the work of his service, business ability for the economical handling of engineering and administrative work, vigilance for the protection of navigation, practical experience in many branches of engineering and nautical knowledge. Responsible initiative was necessary, because he had often to act in emergencies hundreds of miles distant from headquarters and must coöperate with citizens and local officers in the efficient management of a personnel scattered in isolated places. For these services the inspectors in eighteen out of nineteen districts were paid, when I assumed office, and, I am sorry to say, for several years thereafter, $2400 per annum. One received $3600 per annum. There was at that time no provision for retirement.

I was personally acquainted with every member of this force. Millions of people and their property were safeguarded through their efficient labors. They bore heavy responsibilities and made large expenditures, and they were miserably underpaid. I esteemed it one of my greatest privileges to bring these men personally before committees of Congress where they might speak for themselves and be instrumental in securing a retirement system for the field force and an increase in the compensation of the eighteen inspectors to $3000 per annum, with the more correct designation of superintendent of lighthouses. At the same time provision was made for raising the pay of lighthouse keepers and for increasing their ration allowance, together with the payment of travel and subsistence expenses for teachers to instruct the children of lighthouse keepers.

The Lighthouse Tender, Crocus, Ice-Coated at Her Dock

False Economy

IT WILL illustrate government processes to know what this involved. There was no doubt as to the facts; they were never seriously questioned. They were published in seven successive reports of the Lighthouse Service, in three reports of the Secretary of Commerce, including in 1917 a special appendix on the subject; there were eight separate hearings before House committees and two before Senate committees before the result was reached. It took more or less of my time and thought for five years. It was not until after four separate bills had failed that a fifth one succeeded. There could hardly be a more flagrant example of dilatory government action in dealing with a condition that was clear and in which both the human and public factors involved required that simple justice be done. Any such course in corporation practice would spell ruin. It is only because the Government cannot fail in the business sense that such methods are not destructive. The supposed saving arising from paying pitiful salaries is swept out of sight by the indirect costs involved in such treatment of faithful men. I have often wondered why it took so long to get costly faults in government workings corrected when there was no dispute about the facts. Perhaps this incident will throw light on it: When I was Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn, many years ago, I called the attention of a municipal law official to the fact that one of his rulings would cripple my work. He replied, "I am not responsible for the results of my decisions." He dealt with principles, not practice. Most of our legislators are lawyers, and perhaps they suffer from the same limitations as my former colleague. Certainly most of them know little of the practical workings of government forces, and they show far more interest in some investigation than in conditions which affect the lives and property of thousands.

Anyone who has occasion to examine with care the full roster of the employes of a large government department must be surprised at the varied employments which are required to do its regular work. Clerks, of course, one expects, and a supervising staff with the messengers, drivers, janitors, watchmen, porters, scrubwomen, and other useful workers like them upon whose fidelity so much depends. But these are only a part of the list; there are sea captains, mates, boatswains, sailors, steam engineers and firemen, stewards and cooks, all the groups necessary to operate 140 vessels of many kinds on our lakes, rivers and seas. To these add computers; rodmen; draftsmen; lithographers; cartographers; machinists; glass blowers; blacksmiths; instrument makers; workers in copper, brass, bronze, iron and alloys; scientific workers of many kinds; experts in navigation, in textiles, rubber, leather, paper, cement and radio; metallurgists; chemists; physicists radio engineers, geodetic and electrical engineers, statisticians biologists, fish culturists, naval architects; photographers; lens makers; gauge testers students of tongues and tariffs, accountants; physicians; teachers inspectors; potters; woodworkers; storekeepers; lightkeepers; fur wardens, and so on. The list might be extended to the men who examine boiler plate; who were observers of magnetic changes; who tested ships' chronometers or navigated great ocean liners; to the commercial investigators in distant lands and the attaché helping in London by intimate counsels to win the war. It would range from the scientist studying steel rails to the crew of the Nantucket Lightship. Even this is but a partial statement of our regular staff and does not include contractors' forces or specialists called in for unusual needs. The list might be greatly extended if it were selected from a department such as Agriculture, War or Navy. Probably almost every pursuit, profession or occupation known to man is followed in the regular work of the Government of the United States. I remember that we had to have a petrographer, and at first I did not know what that word meant. In another case we required a fish pathologist and strove long in vain to get the money for his salary. It was easier to obtain an appropriation to employ him when we called him a fish doctor.

The Commerce Department Staff

THE entire force of the Department of Commerce, in field and office, at home and abroad, including temporary and permanent staff, ran from a minimum of 9000 to a maximum in the decennial census period of more than 20,000. The number varied with the seasons because of the outdoor construction always proceeding. The regular force may be set at 10,000. Of this, the Lighthouse Service was more than half. There were no notable differences in size among the other bureaus. The Census added several thousand clerks in decennial periods; Standards rose to 1000 during the war. The Navigation Bureau had the smallest force.

Much has been said about a clean sweep of offices by an incoming Administration, and that process still has advocates. No such course was ever suggested to me. On the contrary, my hands were left free to arrange my more personal staff—the chiefs of services—as I desired. First and foremost I welcomed as my Assistant Secretary Edwin F. Sweet, my associate in Congress, then and now my honored friend. He assumed his duties on March 18, 1913, and remained in faithful and fruitful service until after the close of President Wilson's Administration. Four services were left

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The Albatross, Belonging to the Bureau of Fisheries

DADDY DEFRIES

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Clipper Looked Into the Wind's Eye While Her Crew Toiled Heroically in the Pouring Seas at the Bows to Secure the Jib Boom So That Their Ship Might Speed Again

DADDY DEFRIES whistled. The cheery, musical swish of salt water on scrubbed planks, the soft pad-pad of leathery bare feet among the brooms, abruptly ceased. Twenty able seamen, four boys, a bulbous-nosed bos'n, a round-shouldered sailmaker, a dyspeptic carpenter and a lithe young second mate turned to stare aft, expecting some order to follow that whistle. A thin, bald, sharkish-looking cook poked an unwashed head out of the galley door to look, too, for Daddy Defries was rarely known to whistle.

But this whistle appeared to be in no manner connected with ship's work. It went on, on and on until it grew by straggly stages into a recognizable tune.

"Carry on, there, carry on!" roared the second mate with hearty vigor. He dashed a brimming bucket of water among the bare feet and the deck scrubbing proceeded.

Daddy Defries walked the spotless poop of the China clipper Wavecrest, apparently all unconscious that he was filling the sunlit dawn with melody. His body was that of a strong, sober man. It was sturdily set upon two straight, springy legs. His large head had root in a powerful neck which was as smooth and graceful as a girl's. From any angle he looked mature. He had the head of a thinker, the carriage of a methodical man. But a good look at his face was needed in order to realize how perfectly his lifetime nickname fitted him.

He remembered being called Daddy the first day he entered a little boy's school. Before that he was uncertain. But at least then, and ever since. He had been a quiet, solemn, yet whimsical little fellow, always ready to help, rarely laughing, never taking offense. When specially pleased, he possessed the rarest, most priceless of slow, wreathing, scarcely breaking smiles that lighted up his sober, strong face as the gray winter sea is lighted up by a vagrant sunbeam stealing through a rift in a snow-pregnant sky.

He still had that smile. It lighted up his face now, and he whistled with rising shrillness as he continued his walk, twenty paces, turn, twenty paces, turn, forward to the poop ladder and aft to the wheel. His ship was a picture of clean efficiency. A few hundred yards away, riding like the Wavecrest in the yellow waters of the Fu-chau anchorage, the Seahorse looked for all the world to be a reflection of the Wavecrest. The ships belonged to one owner, and had come from one builder's yard.

Daddy Defries could smile at the Seahorse, because most of her smartness had grown under his own painstaking hands. He had recently been first mate of her. But chief cause of his smile was the fact that, unexpectedly, he had been taken from the Seahorse and put in command of the Wavecreat. His officers and men had not yet become used to him. Everybody had heard of Daddy Defries. None thought of him as a frivolous man, a whistling master mariner. Most masters and mates were likely to use a whistle to call attention; few whistled as a habit. That was a habit frowned upon at sea except in certain circumstances.

But a master may do no wrong. If Daddy wanted to whistle, who might stop him?

So he whistled gayly. The anchorage, the comprador's buildings, the far shore, the ships—all were touched with the magic of the morning. A glowing blue sky seemed immensely remote overhead. There was the freshest of breezes blowing down the river, yet it had no suspicion of a sting in it even at that early morning hour. The world was very good indeed. Daddy Defries would scarcely have surprised himself had he suddenly found himself dancing a hornpipe.

All of which would seem to suggest that in such a sobersides there might be yet another cause for exhilaration. There was. He paused in his turning occasionally to gaze shoreward through his binoculars, and at last his whistle was cut short. His face went gray and he gulped as if something had gripped at his heart. Something had. The grayness passed swiftly and his smile stole back; but now there was no lightness in it, only a deep, awed reverence. He set down his binoculars, but he had seen what he sought. He could wait for the rest.

On the near shore a tall, elderly man had appeared, coming from citywards in a victoria. A girl was with him—a slender, black-haired slip of a girl in a bathing suit, all laughter and light. As she reached the river bank, she tossed a silken cloak over the man's arm, darted like a sea bird into the water and began to swim strongly across the tide.

Daddy could only watch her for a very few moments. He knew that Helen Mackey, spoiled, wholly bewitching daughter of the old martinet who owned the Wavecrest and the Seahorse, could outswim many a timid shoal-water fish; but that morning swim always gave Daddy the chilly shivers. He never stayed to see it through to the end. Even this morning, when his table was set for breakfast with seats for Captain Mackey and Helen as guests, Daddy Defries could not stay on deck to follow that outward swim. The girl was accompanied by her father in his comprador's boat, and presumably as safe as she would be in the boat. It made no difference to Daddy. Daddy was in love.

There was another reason this morning for Daddy's hurrying below. It was the turn of the Wavecrest truly to entertain owner and daughter for breakfast while the day's work was discussed. Turn and turn about they made it, those two ships. The captain of the ship not entertaining went aboard the other ship for breakfast always, and the plan of work was gone over. But Daddy Defries, immediately upon getting command, had bravely demanded of the grim old shipowner the privilege of asking his daughter to be a sailor's bride—which surprised nobody more than Daddy Defries.

The late master of the Wavecrest had quit his command after pressing a suit that had been so sharply turned down as to seem to make the air smoke; and to those who knew the gentle, unassertive character of Daddy Defries, that ought to have been hint enough to Daddy—particularly in view of the fact that Capt. Dominic Ruath, of the Seahorse, was known to be an ardent aspirant for Helen's hand and the prospect of ownership of the two fine clippers. Ruath was as big, assertive, noisy and predominant as Defries was apparently small, retiring, quiet and unassuming. Nevertheless, this particular breakfast had been laid out with a view. Daddy Defries was a whole man despite his exterior; he had a man's heart and a man's courage. He desired the woman of his choice, and would have her or know a reason utterly incontrovertible. He smiled, that slowly breaking, wonderfully warming, whimsical smile, as he carefully readjusted the knot of his tie. Looking into the mirror, he was not so unappetizing as to cause guests to delay breakfast. Before he was aware of it, looking there at his reflection in the glass, touching here, adjusting there, pulling down the lapel of his pongee coat after all, time had flown beyond all reason.

"Don't see nobody, sir," said his steward softly through the aperture of the hooked door. "It's ten minutes past."

"Don't hurry, steward, don't hurry," said Daddy, suddenly in panic, but hiding it from his man. "Didn't Captain Mackey say he'd be late?"

"No, sir, he didn't," replied the steward stoutly. "And the eggs is hard-boiled now, sir."

When the cabin clock pointed to half an hour after breakfast time, and a hungry mate and a famished second mate made pointed entries and exits about the saloon, Daddy Defries at last forced himself to go on deck again. He glanced around. Never before, in all her daily swims, had Helen taken more than thirty-five minutes to swim out to the ship, and that was when she stopped to unpin the wings of some predatory Chinaman's decoy duck. Now the blue-streaked yellow water lay bare of boat or swimmer. Daddy gasped. He glanced all around, dumbly. Lastly, taking his glasses, he discovered the very boat he sought. None could fail to distinguish that pulling boat of old Mackey's. And Daddy found it. It lay to a long painter at the stern of the Seahorse, Capt. Dominic Ruath's ship, the ship of his one rival in love, as he had for years been in his profession.

Daddy Defries went slowly to the saloon. He told the steward to serve breakfast. It was the most silent meal ever eaten in the memories of any of the three men eating it, and Daddy Defries had ever been a silent man. When breakfast was over—and that was very quickly, indeed—two wondering, grinning officers returned to their duties and Daddy Defries prepared to go ashore. He was as near anger as he had ever been.

"Beef wins!" he muttered, sending a bitter glance across to the Seahorse. "Beef! How can any girl choose to be a cow? Beats me!"

That breakfast had meant much to him. He was to get his answer then. Not from Helen—oh, no! Daddy was not that fast a worker. But old Captain Mackey had promised to tell him whether he might be acceptable as a son-in-law, assuming that he had a chance with Helen.

"She's like the rest," Daddy mused. "Ruath has the size and the noise and made himself heard while I was just a chief mate. She'll be the clapper to a big drum if she takes ——"

"Captain Mackey's boat coming over, sir," reported Mr. Goodwin, the capable young second mate.

Daddy glanced across the river and saw the boat nearing his ship. He had been gray and drawn and disappointed; but that gentle, slow, fine smile stole over his curiously old face now. In all that boat's full company he saw only one figure, and that was a slender slip of a black-haired girl, sitting between a tall, gray man and a big, dark animal of a man. The black-haired girl waved an eager arm toward Daddy's ship, and Daddy pulled his tie and coat straight before the skylight glass. Who cared about a spoiled breakfast anyhow?

The boat was alongside, and a silent greeting passed between Capt. Dominic Ruath and Mr. Tubbs, chief mate of Daddy's ship. Old Captain Mackey climbed the accommodation ladder, disdaining a helping hand. Captain Ruath assisted Helen. She told him she could manage

Then, reaching up a hand, she cried, "Daddy Defries, pull me up!"

Daddy wrenched his thoughts back from their woolgathering, reached down and pulled her strongly and steadily aboard, his grave old face a rich pink, his eyes misty with pride and his sturdy heart pounding tremendously. Captain Mackey, behind him, grunted.

"H-r-r-mph! Such nonsense!" he growled. "Daddy! Child, remember you are a young lady now!"

Helen laughed merrily, winked at Daddy Defries and made an impudent grimace at Ruath, who appeared offended.

"Daddy Mackey," she cried, "please permit your young-lady daughter to remain a child as long as she can. It's much more fun, isn't it, Daddy Defries? Don't frown at me, Captain Ruath! You're not my guardy!"

"Not yet, Helen," smiled Ruath; but it wasn't a nice smile.

Daddy Defries soon learned the reason why his breakfast had not attracted his expected guests. Helen told him vivaciously, with little restless gestures, her bright eyes darting from face to face, around and over the ships and the anchorage with never-fading interest.

"I struck something with my knee," she said. "While I floated, trying to ease the numbness caused by the blow, I got way downstream and into an undertow that carried me out into midriver. Dad's boat was quite far away, and I was in trouble really. But Toby jumped over from a nice float and helped me until the boat came ——"

"Helped you! He saved your life!" cried Captain Mackey. "You ought to learn a lesson from this, young lady"

"Who is Toby?" asked Daddy Defries.

His face had gone gray again during the recital. His eyes never left Helen's animated face.

"Oh, Toby? Toby is the man who helped me. It's the only name he would give," the girl laughed.

"If he'd come aboard here, I could give him ——"

"You couldn't give him a thing, Daddy Defries. He's a river tramp, and not much different from a coolie to look at; but he's white. Dad offered him a reward, but ——"

"Don't worry about Toby," put in Captain Mackey. "Ruath found him a berth in the Seahorse. We'll look after him. Never mind him now, Defries. Sorry we kept you waiting for breakfast though. When we got to Helen we were too near to the Seahorse to put back here. The girl was in bad shape for a minute or two."

"I wanted to speak about Helen, sir," said Daddy Defries bravely, with a glance of doubt at Ruath, who was talking loudly and dictatorially to the girl. The old gentleman frowned, biting on his lip.

"As well now as ever, I suppose," he returned gruffly. He made no lead for Daddy though.

"Your answer, Captain Mackey?" hinted Daddy. "I want to ask Helen to — "

"Yes, yes! I know. We spoke of that." Old Mackey's tone was constrained. He glanced always toward the big, assertive, loud captain of the Seahorse, who towered over the slim figure of his daughter like a real protector. Daddy Defries certainly did not compare very well outwardly with Dominic Ruath. "I understand your wish, Defries, and you have my good will But the fact is Captain Ruath has asked me the same question and besides, Helen may not want to marry anybody"

"I'll take my own chance on both scores, sir. Have I your permission?" persisted Daddy doggedly.

Mackey seemed unable to speak his mind. He glanced at the girl, at the two captains, at the two splendid clippers they sailed for his interest. There was little doubt but that his sheer man's leanings were toward the big, loud Ruath rather than the quiet, almost colorless Defries. Ruath was a first-rate seaman; he possessed every physical attribute, including courage, that goes to make a fine sailorman. But Defries was just as good, in a quieter way. Had he not been, he would never have attained command of one of Mackey's ships. Both were good men, capable men. One of them would serve as well as the other if it ever came to a question of handling ships' business, and that really was the vital matter with old Mackey. He had yearnings. He was a decent enough parent; but he did rather expect Helen to marry soon and bring him a son-in-law able to carry on the business and permit him to retire. And he had the very human weakness of appraising men by bulk, in the absence of better credentials.

"Look here," he said presently, "let this rest until lunch. . . . You're ready for sea, aren't you?"

"Except for clearing, sir. The steward would like to know, too, if you and Miss Helen are sailing home with us or with Captain Ruath."

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The Seahorse Was Sailing Direct on Her Course, Carrying Studding Sails, Foaming Through the Seas Like a Live Thing

THE THIRD DEGREE

By George S. Dougherty

Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, New York Police Department

THE third-degree method of enforcing confessions from prisoners suspected of crimes is as old as the world. It was practiced for many hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, and has continued down through the centuries ever since.

One of the greatest third-degree artists known to the world's history was Nero.

Spanish Inquisition methods, consisting of the most barbaric tortures, application of red-hot irons to the body, forcing suspects to drink melted metals, and the like, are matters of history. In the Tower of London, in civilized England, there is still on exhibition an instrument, or machine, which was used to extract confessions—the greatest third-degree machine I have ever seen. The victim's feet were fastened to one end of the machine, his hands to the other, and by a system of cranking, his body was gradually pulled apart. If he was asked a question and refused to reply satisfactorily to it, the machine would be put in operation and gradually stretched his upper and lower limbs. This was continued until it became so painful that the victim usually confessed, whether innocent or guilty. In many instances the tortures inflicted upon the prisoner were so severe that he frequently confessed to the crime he was charged with, although innocent of it.

The Doge's Palace, Grand Canal, Venice

In ancient days it was customary to place in various public positions information boxes, so constructed that whatever was deposited could not be removed except by the collector. A citizen who possessed information incriminating anyone, or who for any reason desired anonymously to injure any person, could secretly deposit in these public information boxes accusations which invariably resulted in arrest, detention and inquisition.

Medieval Methods

IN THE Doge's Palace in Venice, where the information-box system was for years in vogue, every known method of torture was used to extract confessions from the accused. These boxes were modeled after a lion's head, which is part of the emblem of St. Mark's. The informations were inserted by conspirators and false accusers in the lion's mouth and dropped to a considerable depth, so that they could not be stealthily removed by anyone. Although most of the accusations were anonymous, the accused was nevertheless immediately arrested, efforts made to extort confessions from him, and, whether innocent or guilty, he was punished according to the humor of the Doge who tried him.

If the accused had money, all of it was taken from him, or one ear would be ordered severed, or a sentence of imprisonment given in a dungeon underneath the palace. Sometimes, in extreme cases, the accused would be beheaded, weights fastened to his body and this slid from the dungeon into the canal. The guillotine and the door leading to the canal through which the dead bodies were slid are still in evidence and may be seen by tourists.

No matter where one travels, in any part of the world, there are always exhibited instruments of torture which were used to extract confessions from the accused. It seems to be a mania with some public officials, especially in Europe, to exhibit and explain these various machines of torture.

In Germany every place I went they insisted on showing me the ax used to behead murderers and the block to which the murderer was strapped to be beheaded. In France they delight in showing the guillotine. There is no place in the world where the guillotine has been used so frequently as there. Practically every execution in France is a public one, outside of the courthouse or prison. Anyone who rises early enough can witness a beheading.

Parents of the lower type—hot-tempered, senseless fathers and mothers—are in many cases the originators of the passionate, infuriated third degree, inflicting it upon their offspring. The son is suspected of untruthfulness or the commission of a crime. He is summoned to a room alone by the father, who begins his examination by slapping or punching the boy in the face to take the nerve out of him.

"If you don't tell me the truth, it's more of that you'll get, and plenty more!" shouts the father. "I'll beat you within an inch of your life!"

The lad confesses. Most times he is guilty, but sometimes innocent, and confesses to avoid further thrashing. The same occurs with the mother and daughter. Consequently, some officers of the law resorted to these practices with similar results, only the assaults were usually more ferocious, administered on the body where the marks would not be observed.

A Corner of the Tower of London

As civilization advances, the third degree decreases. Not many years ago, in the larger police departments of the world, prisoners were abused and ill treated in the effort to secure confessions from them. In murder cases the suspect was forced to remain for a long period in a room in the presence of the deceased; or blood from the body of the deceased or part of the clothing of the deceased was put on or near the person of the accused in the effort to extract a confession. Various other kinds of tortures were resorted to. There is no more cowardly practice than that of endeavoring to force a confession by assault or any other torturous methods from a prisoner after he is under arrest charged with crime, because he is practically defenseless, and in this age this practice is prohibited.

The inquisitor should be fairly certain from all the facts and circumstances surrounding a crime that the defendant is guilty, or has a guilty knowledge of it, before accusing him. The law must be served, but such methods are not justifiable. It is most atrocious to accuse an innocent person of a crime. In fact, this sort of performance is seldom resorted to except by amateur, conscienceless examiners or by inflated police officials devoid of reasoning power. I recall a man of this type who accused nearly every person arraigned before him of committing many crimes he was not concerned in.

The Headquarters Line-Up

IT WAS not an uncommon occurrence with some public officials in years gone by to endeavor to procure confessions by assaulting and abusing prisoners. This was particularly so in crimes of violence or where policemen or detectives were murdered, mortally wounded or assaulted in the performance of their duty. These assaults upon prisoners were usually made by subordinates to curry favor with their superiors; but this practice during the last decade has been discontinued, because in many instances the prisoners revealed what transpired, and because examinations to obtain confessions are now intelligently conducted.

In the larger cities, if the prisoner has a previous criminal record it is soon discovered from his finger prints and Bertillon measurements. In the morning he goes to the line-up and is placed on a stage in the presence of hundreds of masked detectives. The details of the crime he is arrested for—when and where—and his criminal record are announced. The assembled detectives are asked if any of them recognize the prisoner. Up goes a hand. The masked detective tells what he knows about the prisoner. Up goes another, and so on until he is disposed of. Having a number of masked bulls giving the prisoner the once-over and telling what they know about him tends to diminish his courage. Besides, being under arrest is a mighty uncomfortable position to be in, especially if guilty of a crime. Human nature is pretty sturdy, but a pair of steel bracelets removes a lot of the romance from the average criminal. The arrest, the bracelets, a night in a cell and the line-up have their peculiar effect on the prisoner's nerve—if he is guilty. If innocent, it doesn't even faze him. He is a good subject to work on just after he comes from the line-up or after he is held by the magistrate. He begins to see the handwriting on the wall.

Nowadays the prisoner is informed of his rights and told that any statement made by him of an incriminating nature can be used against him as evidence. His statements are taken by a stenographer in the presence of other witnesses.

There are few cases, if any, in past years that resulted in conviction where the confession was irregularly obtained. The present-day third degree is more or less a battle of wits between the inquisitor and the accused. Lasting sometimes for a long period, and frequently a test between a strong-willed, clear-headed, powerful police official and a weak-minded prisoner, it sometimes results in the accused confessing to the crime when he did not commit it. There are

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POISON GAS

By George Oliver Gillingham

QUEER-LOOKING plant, that!" The traveler beheld spread out before him a vast and miscellaneous assortment of buildings fronting the Pennsylvania Railroad some twenty miles north of Baltimore

"Oh, that," responded his seat companion, in turn glancing out of the window—"that's Edgewood Arsenal the Government's fifty million-dollar war plant that never turned out any gas."

"You mean poison gas?" inquired the other with awakening interest.

"Yep!"

"That was hellish stuff, now, wasn't it?" rejoined the first speaker, prompted to revive a conversation that had been lagging since the race track at Havre de Grace had melted into the landscape.

His companion, a former service man, agreed. "One of my old buddies is in a bad way out West—the result of gassing, you know. I see by the papers that General Butler is using it to rout thugs in his drive to clean up Philadelphia; and," he continued, indicating a press dispatch he had been reading, "it says here that Nevada employs it in executing criminals."

"But that isn't the worst of it," was the response; "I understand our Army has invented a new liquid gas so powerful that one or two drops will wipe out a whole town or a regiment."

The other admitted hearing similar rumors. There was momentary silence.

When the Wind is Right, Smoke Candles Can be Touched Off to Screen Troop Movements. The Fumes, if Carried to the Opposing Trenches, Will Also Produce Coughing. This Effect, Though, Is But Temporary; No Permanent Injury Results

A Sinister Understanding?

"I CAN'T understand how, if we are a party to a treaty to ban gas in war, our Government can continue to experiment with and develop new gases," remarked one.

"But that treaty is only a blind, another scrap of paper," readily explained the other; "all big nations are secretly carrying on the same work. It isn't possible to drop war's newest and best weapon, I understand that the only reason the Washington Disarmament Conference put a ban on gas was to appease humanitarians, especially women, who had been protesting against this form of warfare. The agreement exists only on paper; that was understood by the nations when they signed up."

"In that case, then, we may expect the next war to be more horrible than any other?"

"It will be more scientific, if that's what you mean," was the answer. "Wholesale destruction will be accomplished by pressing buttons that will shower death in new and strange forms on an unseen enemy."

And so the conversation continued until new interests engaged the attention of the two passengers. Yet this is a fair sample of the general mind and attitude toward chemical warfare. There is a popular but erroneous idea that the ban on noxious gases adopted at the Washington Conference is now in effect. Now, more than two years after the pact was drawn up and signed, people read newspaper reports of the establishment of a chemical warfare service in the Italian Army; the erection of a poison-gas plant at San Fernando de Jarama, Spain; the use of gas shells by the Spanish forces on the Moroccan front, and by both factions in the Mexican revolution; the employment of gas bombs in the struggle in China; the training of a gas and flame section of the Russian Soviet Army; development by the Germans of a new gas that will penetrate all masks; the improvement of masks and chemical warfare apparatus by the United States Army; experiments with a gas-spraying airplane by our aviation service, and —— But enough! Like the travelers mentioned, many people also are inquiring: "Is the treaty prohibiting gas, then, just another scrap of paper?"

Not in Force

SO MUCH has been said and written concerning the treaty limiting naval armaments that the public has lost sight of or has been misled on certain other features of the Washington Conference. The naval pact is only one of many issues involved. Some persons think that the mere formality of signing made all treaties operative; they lost sight of the fact that action by the delegates was conditional on subsequent approval by their respective governments. On the other hand, there were those who interpreted official announcement that the fifth and last signatory power had ratified the naval disarmament pact as a blanket statement covering all agreements arrived at during that memorable session.

As far as the treaty banning "the breath of death" is concerned, though it was formally approved and signed by delegates representing the five countries participating in the conference, only four of these nations have since ratified the pact. Consequently, its provisions are not now in force and, judging from present indications, are not likely to be. Persistent refusal by a single government to indorse the action of its emissaries at that session dooms this particular pact to the scrap heap. To all intents and purposes, the object of the agreement has failed.

Here is an instance where a minority can render null and void the purpose of a majority. It illustrates one of the chief difficulties encountered in striving for amicable international relations through treaties. A treaty may be signed by duly accredited representatives under one political administration, but in the interim another faction may succeed to power and thwart the policies of its predecessor. This explains the present status of

A Battery of Livens Projectors Ready to Belch the "Breath of Death" on a German Position. The Projectors are Wired Up in a Series of Six or More and are Discharged Electrically With a Mine-Blasting Apparatus

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Edward and the Glass Slipper

"Paris is So Lovely Now!" Continued Madge. "It's Really the One Place in the World to Live. It Spoils One for Any Other City"

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

OF ALL the American expatriates congregated in Paris that December—and with the French franc worth less than one round American nickel, they were many—there was probably not one more bored or disillusioned with life than Edward Frederick Innis.

He lay, stretched out on the blue-and-silver chaise longue in that perfect little gray-and-silver boudoir of his mother's apartment on Avenue Montaigne, watching her pack, and listlessly, from time to time, raising a slender ivory cigarette holder to his lips, as though its weight were exhausting him.

Madge Innis was not in the least bored; as she lifted each additional sheaf of frothy lingerie from the stack on the bed and deposited it in one of the drawers of the fawn-colored leather wardrobe trunk her vivacity increased; her white arms flashed ceaselessly, the scarlet chiffon sleeves of her negligee dripping from them, as moss drips from jungle trees.

"If only Fred hadn't chosen this day—of all days—to arrive in Paris!" she said, and paused a moment in her packing, lips compressed as she regarded an evening cloak, its stiff brocaded folds making a splash of color on the gray taffeta covering of her bed. "I think I'll fold that and put it in a drawer; it crushes my evening gowns."

Her son did not bother to answer either of these remarks, but his bored blue eyes followed her graceful figure as she subdued the awkward folds of the cloak into a smooth bundle, with quick expert fingers.

"It's like Fred, though," she continued. "American business methods, I suppose. He might at least have cabled that he was coming. But I shall not alter my plans. We'll dine with him tonight—and the Lord knows that's enough of a sisterly act—on one's last night in Paris!"

Edward continued to watch her in silence, and Madge Innis, busied now with the complexities of arranging her gowns on the enameled hangers of the trunk, was silent too.

"Manufactures shoes or something, doesn't he?" Edward spoke at last. His voice was strangely at variance with his appearance; it was deep and alive, engagingly boyish.

Madge nodded. "Millions of them. Millions of dollars too." She laughed shortly, and involuntarily her hand went up to the too short string of small but perfect pearls which encircled her white throat. "Oh, it doesn't do us any harm to be nice to the old thing. He doesn't like me and I don't like him, but no one can say he hasn't been generous."

Conversation lapsed, and the thought of millions of dollars held both their minds. Madge Innis and her son did not have millions of dollars. If they had lived in their native America it would hardly have been thousands. But Madge was clever, and since the death of her husband, Frederick Innis' brother, in the first year of the war, she had led her son gayly from country to country, in the trail of that heterogeneous caravan who follow the exchange. Since 1914, when Edward was twelve years old, they had lived—or stopped—in seven different European countries; the boy had acquired early an almost uncanny cleverness at mathematics, through translating marks into francs, and shillings into lire, with the relative position of that dollar whose form was so unfamiliar to him, but whose actuality controlled his very life, never far in his thoughts. It was a joy that now they were wealthy in the France which Madge so loved; they were even looking forward to a little baccarat at Cannes that week. And if they should win —— But Madge was too wise actually to count upon such a possibility.

Edward noticed a constrained excitement in her manner as she dressed to receive her brother-in-law; her conversation seemed deliberate in intention of hiding it, and he watched her speculatively. For his own part, this meeting with the only other relative he had in the world did not so much as ripple the surface of his boredom. He had not seen his Uncle Frederick since he was a small—an exceedingly small—boy, but he knew precisely what to expect. A wealthy shoe manufacturer from Brockland; he had seen dozens of them, all over Europe, made, perhaps, in the likeness of God, but particularly of one another. Of course Uncle Fred had one distinction—he might leave in his place, when he departed, a check which would increase their capacity for pleasure that winter; it might mean, even, a few weeks at St. Moritz after Cannes had become boresome. Perhaps Capri. But it mattered so little.

"Do I look all right, Edward?"

There was no surprise in the eyes he lifted to Madge; with Edward it was always as though an impermeable exterior coating held every emotion below the surface. He inspected his mother, from her smart patent-leather slippers to the beautifully waved hair, gleaming silver above the pink of her complexion. He nodded.

Yet even after Uncle Fred's arrival, when a quick glance had assured Edward that his appearance, manner and speech were all that he had expected in the manufacturer, the subdued excitement in his mother's manner continued to beat upon his senses like a sharp rain.

"I want to talk to your mother for a bit, Edward," Uncle Fred said to him when they returned to the apartment after dinner.

It was almost the first direct speech between uncle and nephew—Madge had been chattering steadily—yet Edward

had not been unconscious of the scrutiny of those blue Innis eyes beneath long gray brows, nor of the accompanying flash of his mother's gaze to her brother-in-law's face.

Edward rose and bowed.

"Why don't you go down to Lola's and say good-by for us?" Madge suggested.

His uncle held out his hand, and again Edward met that searching gaze squarely. He smiled. His uncle was a harmless old fellow, rather charming, in a way

"Good night, sir."

It was after midnight when he returned to the apartment; as he expected, Frederick Innis had gone, but Madge was sitting at her desk, round chin resting on the palms of her hands, eyes thoughtful.

"Well, that duty done?" he asked her, smiling. "Off for the Midi?" The contrast between his Uncle Fred, typifying the country and people to whom he belonged by birth, and the gayly cosmopolitan though American-born group at Lola Winship's, had raised his spirits.

Madge looked at him. "Sit down, Edward. I want to talk to you."

There was something subtly different in his mother's speech as she talked; twice he noticed the use of actual Americanisms, homely New-England phrases that he had not heard on her lips since he was a small boy. Clearly Madge Innis was excited.

It appeared that Frederick Innis had not come to Europe for sight-seeing. His voyage had been twofold: It had been commanded by his doctor, but even in advance of that its purpose had been to renew acquaintance with his brother's son, his only nephew.

"It's difficult for us to comprehend," said Madge slowly, "but he really loves that shoe factory of his, Edward. It was his father's before him—your grandfather's—and his father's before that. It's his life!" She paused, looked down at her slim hands, which rested quiescent on her black velvet lap. Edward was on the point of asking her to spare him his antecedents, when she resumed softly, "His doctors are giving him a year at the most—to live, you know. He has no children, no one at all. And ——" Madge Innis stopped short, and a flush crept up over her cheeks.

Her son dropped his eyes.

"You Mean He Wants Me to Run His Shoe Factory for Him?"

"He wants you to go back to the States with him, Edward."

Edward had opened his cigarette case; he fitted a cigarette deliberately into the holder, lighted it, puffed, waited, trying to break down his mother's sudden silence.

Then he said, "You mean he wants me to run his shoe factory for him?"

Unexpectedly Madge Innis laughed. She laughed until tears came into her eyes.

"I rather doubt that, my dear," she said. "He may want to try you out as an errand boy, but I don't believe Fred would sign over the factory to you at once!"

Edward flushed. "I meant eventually, of course," he said.

Madge's laughter left her abruptly. She nodded. "He didn't say that, but—listen, Edward!" She leaned toward him, dark eyes searching his face. "He's an old man and a sick one. He isn't going to live very long. I'd never in the world let you go with him if I thought there was a possibility of your turning into a business man. No amount of money is worth that, and you know it as well as I do. But it won't last for more than a year. And after that ——"

She had been very delicate, but she did not have to finish her sentence. Her "after that" trembled with unspoken meaning, hope.

"You mean—you do want me to go to the States with him? To Brockland?"

"It isn't exactly that I want you to. I don't. But you're bored, anyway. It won't do you any harm to see for yourself what America's like. Brockland's a good example of it. And ——"

She was grateful that Edward's eyes checked her from going further. It was additional proof of his tact, his sophistication, that there had been no necessity for mentioning so sordid a thing as money—for even millions are sordid, when you haven't them, and are planning to get them.

Edward walked to the window and looked up the street to the dark clusters of trees and blurred gas lights that was the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. Then he thought of America, the place where everyone consumed eggs and pie and broiled fish at breakfast, where the women all wore thin little brown tails of fur about their throats and walked with long strides, where the men talked continuously of business. America, where he had been born twenty-two years before, where his almost forgotten father lay buried, and his mother had been a girl. He thought of the guests that evening at Lola Winship's, and of the American tourists he had been encountering for ten years, tourists who invariably thought him English and whom he never bothered to contradict. And he felt a sudden strong curiosity about the shoe factory, the shoe factory which, indirectly, through his grandfather, and his father, who had eluded its grasp, was paying for this very apartment. A piquant thought!

It is a curious fact that when Edward Innis turned back to his mother, shrugged his shoulders slightly and smiled, the thought of millions of dollars had not even entered his head.

It was dusk when they reached the outskirts of Brockland, in Frederick Innis' limousine, which had met them in Boston. They had planned, on the boat, to spend several days in the city, but the midwinter Atlantic had received them none too graciously, and by the time they docked, two days later, the old man was tired and longing for the quiet of his home.

Frederick Innis leaned back against his cushions and dozed, while his nephew sat erect, surveying with curious eyes the New England country from which his ancestors had sprung. The rolling fields were frosted with white snow; early in their drive it had sparkled like cloth of silver beneath the light of a cold winter sun, but now it lay like a pale coverlet beneath a gray ceiling, a drowsy gray sky which had begun silently to let fall additional tons of the heavy flakes. To Edward the landscape was fascinatingly foreign; irregular stone walls wandered in zigzag lines up hills and down hollows, seemingly shutting out nothing, inclosing nothing; houses, wooden house after wooden house, sat on their pocket-handkerchief lawns, facing the road, and serenely receiving the white downfall which incrusted their cupolas, dripped from their eaves and shutters.

An electric trolley clanged into sight; Frederick Innis awoke, blinked, and smiled at his nephew.

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"Your—Your Middle Name Isn't Cinderella, Is It?" He Demanded

SELLING ISN'T EVERYTHING

By J. R. Sprague

I HAD gone to the office of the big wholesale-merchandise firm on lower Broadway, New York, to transact some business with the firm's credit manager.

He was busy when I arrived, sitting at his desk in his little railed-in office in earnest conference with a young man. I sat down to wait my turn; from the scraps of conversation that came to me I learned that the young man was about to open a retail store in his home town in West Virginia and had come to New York to arrange for his supplies of merchandise.

He was not a young man whom one would naturally pick for a winner in the retail game. He lacked entirely the breezy personality that is supposed to go with successful salesmanship, being a quiet, almost bashful-appearing person with sandy hair, nearsighted spectacles and a readymade necktie. He had some papers spread out on his knees, and whenever the credit manager asked him a question he would refer to these papers before giving his answer. By no stretch of imagination could one imagine the young man as a good mixer among the spenders of his home town, making easy friendships and acquiring a large following of personal customers.

But evidently he had ability of some sort, because after a while the conference came to a close and the credit manager, whom I knew to be one of the shrewdest in his line, escorted the young man over to the desk of the firm's sales manager.

"This is Mr. Johnson," he said to the sales manager. "He is opening a new business and I have told him his credit is good with us for anything he wants. I'll turn him over to you now. Be sure to sell him a good bill."

The incident interested me, and after I had transacted my own business with the credit manager I presumed on our long-standing acquaintance to mention it to him.

"Your friend from West Virginia," I said, "must have had a rabbit's foot on him somewhere, the way you invited him to go ahead and use his credit. He doesn't look like a person who will ever become a merchant prince."

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Bush Sales Building, New York City, the Sample Room of the Bush Terminal, Brooklyn

Why Johnson Got Credit

THE credit manager did not appear to be disturbed by my somewhat skeptical remark.

"Oh, he'll be all right," he answered easily; "I'd like to have a dozen like him coming in here every day." Then, evidently thinking a more detailed explanation was necessary, he went on. "I have never met Johnson before," he said, "but I know who he is and what he has been doing. For several years he has been bookkeeper and financial man for one of the retail concerns in his home town, and the way he has handled that job gives me confidence that he will make good in running his own store."

As I have stated, the credit manager had the reputation of being one of the best; I knew that his firm was seldom on the lists of creditors published by the trade papers in connection with retail failures. But having been a retailer myself I could not help thinking that he was a little optimistic in believing his friend Johnson would become a successful merchant simply because he had been a good bookkeeper and financial man for his employers. Retailing, I said, was a selling proposition, not a bookkeeping one; and all the financing in the world would not make a success if the sales were not brisk enough.

"In other words," I added, "you have to have money in the cash drawer before you can do any financing with it."

The credit manager took his time to consider these observations. When he did speak it was with the confidence born of long and successful experience.

"What you have said," he remarked, "expresses the ideas of altogether too many men who are engaged in commercial business. Of course you have got to sell merchandise in order to make a success; but the trouble with a lot of merchants is that they believe selling is the whole thing. They spend all their efforts in the front of the shop boosting sales and let things back in the office slide. And this, precisely, is the cause of more commercial failures than almost any other thing.

"You think I am too optimistic about this man Johnson's future because I know him to be a good financial man. But did you ever stop to count the bright, snappy salesman fellows you have known who have gone into business and failed? I mean those who counted on their salesmanship alone to carry them along. My theory is that more successes are made from the back of the shop than from the front. And you can figure it this way: A mistake at the front of the shop results only in the loss of a sale or at worst the loss of a customer. But the big decisions are made back in the office. A mistake there can easily eat up all the profits made by the place in a month's operations!

"Now let us analyze what this man Johnson has got in him that will help him along. He has never done much selling, but he has handled the money which is the result of the selling. He knows that the success or failure of any business rests on just one thing: To have the money in the bank to pay bills when they fall due! That is just what he will be scheming for all the time. He can hire good sales people, but he would have a hard time to hire a financial man."

The credit manager paused to find concrete words with which to express his ideas about Mr. Johnson and about business in general.

"I've been extending credit to retailers for twenty years," he said, "and during that time I have turned down a lot of men who had only their record as salesmen to recommend them, but I've always backed the fellows that seemed able to look after the money part of their affairs. Selling goods isn't all there is to business. Not by a long shot!"

The foregoing incident happened more than a dozen years ago, and the Mr. Johnson of the story has more than made good, thus justifying the opinion of the New York credit manager who believed in backing the merchants who have ability to handle the financial end of their affairs. Especially has the credit manager's concluding phrase stuck in my mind: "Selling goods isn't all there is to business. Not by a long shot!"

Having myself been in the retail game for a good many years I have had opportunity to study at close range the methods of many merchants, both successful and otherwise, and the object of this article is to set down the things I have observed, to see if the facts bear out the credit manager's remarks.

Meeting Bills

PERHAPS it will be well to analyze the meaning of the word "financial" as he used it, because to the average individual the financial man of a business enterprise carries the idea of one whose entire duties consist of counting up the cash at night, carrying it to the bank next morning, arranging with the banker if possible for loans, and writing checks for payment of bills. In a certain Southern city there is a very successful young clothing firm consisting of two partners who are exceptionally well mated, one of them having previously been star salesman in a retail clothing store, and the other office manager for a wholesale drug house. Up to three years ago the latter knew absolutely nothing about the clothing business; but everyone connected with the firm, including his partner, gives him credit for a large share of its success. Not long ago I asked him how it was that he could step out of the wholesale drug business into a retail clothing store and handle things so well.

"Probably I do better because I don't know anything about selling clothing," he answered. "Henry, my partner, takes care of that end and leaves everything else to me. And believe me, there is plenty for me to do. All my work is directed toward just one thing, which is, to have the money in bank to pay bills with. Any firm which can manage that succeeds.

"Now let us see what it is that I, who don't know much about the clothing business, can do to earn my way: In the first place, I relieve Henry of all detail worries so he can concentrate on the selling. All the time I have in mind the fact that we must be prepared to pay our bills, and so I figure out in advance how much we can afford to spend, and still have the money in bank at the crucial time. I figure in advance about how much business we are going to do in a certain season and tell Henry how much merchandise he can safely buy. I also decide how much we can afford to spend on advertising, on window decoration, on help and on improvements; and I hold the expenditures down strictly to my estimates. If I were mixed up in the selling end it is probable I could not be so hard-boiled, because there is always the temptation to plunge when things you are interested in are going fine. My whole job, you see, is to have the money in bank when the bills come due; and it is a good deal better to lose a sale occasionally than to fall down at paying time."

Manifestly, not every merchant can enter into such a profitable partnership; and partnerships at best are, like marriage, something of a speculation. But every business man can educate himself to look at his affairs from the standpoint of having the money in bank to pay his bills when due, which is a long start toward success. A man who has made a substantial fortune running a retail store in a small Western city recently told me this:

"When I first went into business I made up my mind just how much money I could safely owe, and stuck to it

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AROUND THE DOG WAGON

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

NIGHT on the circus lot. The big top, shadowy, dim, even in the glare of the electric arcs atop the ticket wagon, had fallen, now to lie a flattened mushroom upon the ground, while hurrying canvas men unfastened the lacings, and the barking lot superintendent prepared for the lowering of the poles. One by one the big wagons were truckling toward the first smoking torch at a corner of the grounds, the beacon light to guide tired horses and men toward the loading runs, a half mile away. The led stock and ring stock already had made their way toward the horse cars. The bull cars were loaded, except for the three work elephants, which had been left on the lot for emergency, and which now, gray hulks against the shafts of light, were released at last and, obedient to the hook of the bull man, were trundling in satisfied fashion toward their rest for the night. The menagerie superintendent approached.

"That mutt still on the job?" he asked.

The bull tender nodded.

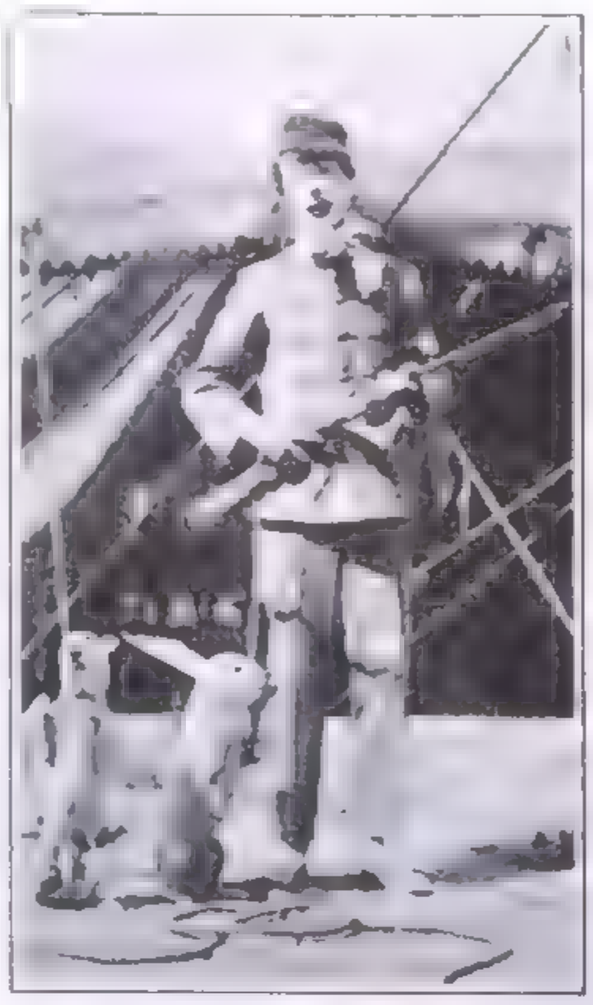
"Yes—over there."

Something stirred in the shadows, came forward a few steps, hesitated, then hurried into hiding again. The superintendent grunted.

"Looks O. K. Watch him at the cars. If he stacks up, join him out."

Again a nod. Then the elephant line went on, while the shadowy trailer followed in the darkness, fearful of coming too close, yet equally fearful, it seemed, of dropping too far behind.

It had been thus for three nights now—a disappearance in the daytime, a reappearance at night, when the steel loading runs were down and the railroad yards a clatter of shouts and grinding steel, as one after another the wagons of the big show were loaded for the night.



Abe Aronson and His Dogs Which are Insured for Several Thousand Dollars

A New Dog Joined Out

DOWN into the glare of the electric lights and the caribides. Down to the shouts of the razorbacks and polers, the clatter of wagons, the hollow pounding of horses traveling up the runs to the stock cars. At last the bull or elephant car. The three big hulks clambered upward—and the bull man waited, standing far aside in the darkness. Again a moment of hesitation, then a creeping something came forward, to slink to the runway, to pause, one foot slightly raised in preparation for progress or flight but there came no sound from the bull man; nothing save the shifting of the big brutes within the car, and the crunching of hay.

The interloper took a step forward, paused again, moved on once more, then with a sudden dart was inside the car and hidden in the hay. The bull man turned.

"Hey, Deafy!" he called to a passing property man. "Tell that there dog punk I can fill up that empty compartment in the wagon tomorrow. Just joined one out."

Which meant that the next day there would be a new occupant for the dog wagon of the circus, a new applicant for training, a new trouper among the canine personnel of the show, one that would respond to every command, for the simple reason that he had chosen his own life; he had run away with the circus because he loved it and wanted it; because he was a circus dog at heart, with the love of trouping ingrained within him. Without knowing it he had passed an examination and proved himself worthy of a life where there can be no weaklings. The dog wagon of a circus is the custodian of many a dog history—and of the inside story of many a queer quirk in dog nature. And to the name of practically every occupant can be placed the notation: "Present through his own knowledge and desire."

To those of you who watch the various trained-dog acts of a circus it may seem a difficult thing to procure the various performers; perhaps you've often wondered where they came from, how they were trained; and in some cases you may have sorrowed a bit at the poor animals, forced to travel along day by day, earning their living by the performance of their tricks. All of which is very sweet and pretty—but it is wrong in one particular. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred the circus dog is either there because he has insisted on being there, and persisted even in undergoing hardships to be able to pass his examination, or the fact that he has wandered by the circus has saved him from the chloroform room of the poundkeeper. The circus dog as a general rule comes from only two places—the dog pound or the voluntary joining out of a canine who comes to the circus of his own accord and insists upon staying with it—even to the extent of bumming his way from town to town!

The remaining 5 per cent represent the dogs belonging to the individual performers, which perhaps have been purchased from other performers or trainers, or which, like their human counterparts of the circus world, are of a long string of performing ancestors, the offspring taking up the life of their forbears and carrying on the act. In these instances the values run high; Alf Loyal's dogs, for instance, with the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, are worth a young fortune, while Abe Aronson's rabbit and elephant dogs are insured for several thousand dollars. The same is true of other canine troupes belonging to individuals. But even here and there among these valued dogs are others, performing as well, and valued as highly, whose past could be written in a continuous chapter of back alleys and weird escapes from the dog catcher.

Show Dogs and Work Dogs

NOR is every dog which joins the circus taken along merely as a performer. Quite the opposite. There are more canines outside the ring around a big show, each with his or her job, than ever appear under the big top. There is the elephant dog, for instance, trained to remain around the big animals, to trot under their heels, to appear without warning from one side or another, or to stand in front of them and bark or snarl—to sleep with them in the big bull car at nights and, chief of all, to keep other dogs from the vicinity of that herd. Upon that dog, often a nondescript, does the safety of the show often rest, and for one very good reason: Elephants seem to have a strange fascination for dogs, while to an elephant a dog is a fearsome beast, breeding fear and trepidation, and forming one of the best excuses ever invented for a panic! Hence the elephant dog, to which the big mammals become accustomed, and upon which they eventually come to look as a sort of protector, acting, in the final analysis, in the same fashion as a pacifier to a mammoth baby.

Then, too, there are the menagerie dogs—just dogs, with apparently no purpose in life except to trot around the menagerie tent or sleep beneath a cage. But they all have their duties. There are the ones which accompany the led stock—any animal which can be led by a halter is known in the circus as led stock—and which know every member of that department.

More than once, when on the check-up at night, a zebra or llama is found to be missing, the led-stock dog has departed also, not to appear again until that missing animal is accounted for and presented at the runs, with the dog nipping at its heels!

In circus history there is even the case of Scotty, a little Scotch terrier, rescued from a dog pound, her puppies chloroformed, and a baby lion given into her keeping to raise. Which task she performed, with the result that Kaiser is now a feature lion of the menagerie of a big circus, while Scotty sleeps in a little silk-lined casket, her life shortened because of her faithful sacrifices to a king of beasts.

Around the menagerie it seems that the dog is the natural companion for any animal. No matter whether its breed be feline or canine, equine or bovine, when a companion is needed a new dog is added to the circus roster. Seldom does that dog fail, even though the course of its faithfulness should lead to danger or even to death.

Not so many years ago one of the feminine trapeze performers of the Sells-Floto Circus was crossing the lot to her evening meal in the cookhouse, when suddenly she turned with the knowledge of something trailing at her heels. A moment more and she had halted, to survey in pitying fashion a small, woolly, half-starved mongrel, which with whining and excessive wagging of tail was seeking to inveigle her into a capture. But dogs as pets are not welcomed on a circus. The trapeze performer shook her head.

"Run along!" she commanded. "I can't take you!"

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The Baby Elephant Meets the Old Herd Dog of the Circus

THE TITHERTON CHINTZ

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THAT masterly woman, Miss Elizabeth Titherton, sat before her dressing table, surcharged, from the woe on her face, with the sorrows of a multitude of worlds. The throbbing of her distressed heart reached a climax in a series of rapid shoulder shakings and gurgling snuffles that collapsed her strength. She turned on the faucets of her grief and let the tears flood out as they willed. Considerably benefited by this eternal feminine tonic, she mopped her eyes to a point of restored vision, but by no means restored beauty.

Upon the silken expanse of her dressing table was an assortment of articles that looked as though the underwriters were making an inventory after the jewelry-store fire; such a helter-skelter of noble gems as would ravish with envy the soul of a Hindu prince, could he consider them with an eye to fashioning their iridescent quantity into a walking coat for Myomy, his pet elephant. Miss Titherton pointed a finger of real personal accusation at them.

"Trifles!" Sniff. "Baubles!" Snoff. "Gimcracks! Ow-w-huh! What profiteth it a girl if she gain the whole world yet lose his soul—I mean her soul? And that creature Luella Hoyt telling everyone that I am not descended from Col. Jacob Titherton, but from that frightful old New Jersey Titherton stock. It's outrageous! It's slanderous! And I'd like to haul her into court for it, but—ow-w-huh—I can't!"

Miss Titherton dwelt simultaneously on the peaks and in the valleys of existence. Just as she was never without an engrossing although constantly changing hobby of sparkling intensity, she never lacked a good sound sorrow that she could fetch out to view whenever she felt in need of the solace of grief. And her wretchedness of the moment was peculiarly keen and satisfying. The perpetrator of it had been dead these hundred years, which fact gave her the privilege of blaming and damning with no possible chance of let or hindrance by the person at fault. Miss Titherton was the last stroke of genius of an old and righteously proud family. There were neither brothers nor sisters to share with her the ample fortunes and the honored legends of her name. She was an effervescent-spirited spinster of forty and most of the time happy in her condition.

One of the brightest stars in the corona of her race was Col. Jacob Titherton, a gentleman who had served finely and well close to the person of General Washington through the strains and horrors of the Revolutionary days. Even at the time when Miss Titherton was first able to handle a spoon, some thirty-seven years prior, she had heard no pappy stories concerning Father Rabbit and Charlie Chickadee; not at all. Into her ears had been poured tales of the grandeur and gallantry of her great-great-grandfather, Jacob Titherton, colonel by the grace of a struggling Congress. There was no question about it, Jacob Titherton was the focal point of her family pride, an antique possession of indispensable value to her occasional manner of condescending graciousness.

Possessing such an undisputed and assured position in social things, it had never seemed necessary to Miss Titherton to join the various organizations to which families who have been with us for a long time are eligible. Her name was not on the roster of the D. A. R.'s. She had not even considered it worth the minute trouble to ally herself with that closer corporation, the Daughters of the Cincinnati, a band of thoroughbreds whose direct forbears served as officers for General Washington. Of course, she had all the qualifications for membership in it, so why worry? It was only the unattainable that had attractions.

Such was the state of things when Luella Hoyt, known to the class publications as Mrs. Willie Hoyt, grew nasty. For years Mrs. Hoyt had been a genteel sponger in the household of Bessie Titherton. By hook and crook and bridge she drew her living from that ménage. And then, overnight, Luella came into money, and the memories of her slim days grew bitter in her mouth and she took a snap at the feeding hand of Bessie. Now this bite of hers was a cruel thing, aimed at the innermost heart of her former provider. At a tea she announced in confidence to a friend in a voice heard barely four tables away:

"Of course, it is an awful shock to poor dear Bessie to discover that her famous Colonel Titherton isn't hers at all. She really comes from the New Jersey Tithertons, and, my dear, you know what they are! Naturally, it's not sweet Bessie's fault; but I do think it just a mite out of order for her to go ahead as though she held the same position she did before the disclosure. Oh, no, of course she's not eligible to the Daughters of the Cincinnati! Yes, I've been a member for some time."

Through the rapid and sure bureau by which such news is broadcast, the word came to Miss Titherton. She rose up on her polite hind legs and snorted.

"Can't join the Cincinnati? Elizabeth Titherton not eligible?"

So she called for her pen and she called for her application blank and mustered the sources of genealogy about her. And then came the fizzle—the missing link. There was not one item of written proof to show that her Jacob Titherton had the slightest connection with the great Washington.

He was hers all right, but she couldn't prove that he was a soldier with Washington; and that was necessary to restore the fallen temple of her family honor.

Now Miss Titherton sounded her trumpets and ordered out the legions of professional genealogists; anæmic young men with pinky eyes, older men with thin mothy beards, and tight-coiffured ladies whose figures would have been stunning could their heads have been pointed in the exact opposite direction from which they were. And lo! this army was defeated. It failed to turn the required trick.

So Bessie Titherton wept intermittently and faced all people with a shame-covering haughtiness.

At the finish of her daily morning session of cursing out her jewels as worthless trifles in the face of real tragedy, a maid entered to announce the presence below of Mr. Cyrus Banting, the young decorator sent down by the great firm of Pell, Lombard, Inc., to confer with her on the subject of repaneling the room that housed her early American furniture. So Miss Titherton eased her eyes with boracic and went upon her business. Through action, her masterly qualities again became dominant.

"Good morning, Mr. Cyrus Banting. I am absolutely convinced that it must be pine."

"Good morning," said Mr. Banting. "What?"

"The walls of this room. But do you think you can find sufficient broad pine of matched color to do it?"

Mr. Banting appeared grave. He was thinking how simply concentrated ferric chloride and stronger ammonia water produced a cycle of decay on pine.

"It will be difficult, of course, but by no means impossible. We have information and sources, Miss Titherton, which seem magical, but are really only the result of combing and cataloguing the country. It is an expensive procedure, but the only way to provide discriminating persons with the perfections they rightfully demand. We can do it."

"Oh, splendid!" chortled the lady who would pay. "You make me so happy. I'll leave all the details of molding and trim to you. By the way, have you ever seen my collection of Americana? It's really superb."

"Sure! Where did you get that?" said Mr. Banting, indicating a sunburst patchwork bedspread that tapestried the far wall.

"Oh, that's a museum piece. In fact, all my things are museum pieces. It was the property of my great-great-grandfather, Col. Jacob Titherton, who fought with General Washington."

Only a suggestive snuffle softened the emphasis with which Miss Titherton announced these absolute facts.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Banting. "Got a touch of hay fever?"

Miss Titherton scorned such petty ailments. She had real troubles.

"Certainly not! I was just thinking. Ow-w-huh! Some people are saying that Colonel Titherton didn't even know President Washington. And although I know absolutely that he did, I can't prove it."

"Golly, I wouldn't let that worry me! It doesn't matter a hill of beans either way. The only important thing to me seems that he had a darned good eye for Manhattan real estate and tied it up so you couldn't help being rich. Suppose he hadn't managed to get a clear title to those pastures. You'd have something to whimper about then. I don't actually see but what you're sitting pretty."

"Oh, all right," said Miss Titherton, to whom such conversation held a freshness and startlingness equivalent to a command.

Cyrus Banting examined the border of the bedspread with deep interest. The young man turned and beckoned to its owner.

"Titherton Chintz? What Do You Mean? Why Is It the Titherton Chintz?"

"Come here, Miss Titherton, and take a good look at this. It's the most beautiful piece of cloth printing I've ever seen. It's a French *toile*, of course—copperplate work and all that; but it passes anything I've ever run into. Of course, there were a lot of pieces with Washington's bust used in the design like this, but I never heard of one with such an amazing amount of perfect detail. Look at those classic motifs! It's gorgeous! Say, would you mind if I took this up to the city? I'd like to show it to a wholesaler there. Might persuade him to copy it. And then you could do the curtains to this room with the reproduction. That would be the real stuff. Doesn't that sound good to you?"

There was a light of benediction in Elizabeth Titherton's eyes.

"How perfectly wonderful! I never heard of such a cute idea. I'll order the car around and rush you right to town. And let me know at once what you hear. I'm all on edge with the plan."

Within two hours Cyrus Banting entered the office of a famous wholesaler and manufacturer of decorative textiles, with a bundle holding the antique bedspread under his arm. The principal of the wholesale firm came out personally to greet him. Banting had achieved a reputation, a rare thing in his business, of never crying wolf. When he asked for samples and prices there was usually a reason that resulted in a profit to all. By that token he was welcome to credit, service and whatever wholesalers had to offer.

"How are you, Cy? Business good?"

"Sure! Say, Harry, I've got something here that will make money for you—the smartest darned chintz pattern you ever set eyes on. Let me into some room where there isn't a crowd. This is good and I can't take any chances with it."

Harry Lane led the way to his personal office and closed the door.

"All right, boy, open her up. Where did you get this from? The inside of an old sea captain's chest on Nantucket? That's the usual story since the world has decided to become quaint. Whew!" Lane whistled as Banting shook out the gay expanse of the old spread before him. "How did you come by that? That's the Titherton chintz."

Mr. Banting dropped the edge of the quilt and his jaw simultaneously. He cocked his head on one side and took a step toward the prosperous wholesale man.

"Titherton chintz? What do you mean? Why is it the Titherton chintz?"

Harry Lane had picked up the spread and was deep in admiration of its border.

"I don't know why they call it that. That's just its name. I had old man Head over here from Carlisle; he does our best cloth printing, you understand, and we were discussing the chances of the French *Toiles de Jouy* coming in for a run. I can't see it, but he's cracked on the idea. He had a little piece of this same cloth with him. He told me about it. You see, away back there was a set of curtains in Washington's bedroom at Mount Vernon made out of this stuff. And then one day the general did a thing that not enough people do, as far as we jobbers are concerned—he got tired of it and ordered in some fresh curtains and sent this pair off to a friend of his. I think his name was Alphonse Duryea, and they went into his house—Huntingdon House—down on the James River."

Banting grabbed the speaker by the arm.

"But why did they call it the Titherton chintz?"

Mr. Lane pushed the decorator into a chair.

"I told you I didn't know. Now please stop interrupting me. I learned this by heart and I've got to get it off my chest. Do you think I know so much that I don't have to tell you what I do know? This thing was printed by an Alsatian named Oberkampf. He worked near Versailles, at a place called Jouy. That's the reason they call these things *Toiles de Jouy*. That's hot stuff, isn't it? Stick around me and you'll learn wisdom. And he was a great guy. He knew more about cloth printing than I've forgotten. No, I mean just the other way. He knew more than I do. Oh, sure! Lots more!"

And Mr. Lane heaved a sigh of satisfaction, lighted a black cigar and sat down.

"All that gives me an awful kick and everything, Harry, but where is this man Head—the fellow who told you?"

Mr. Lane's manner became that of the satisfied man who could see no reason why other men were not so satisfied with himself as he was.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, Cyrus, I've told you all about it! He doesn't know any more than you do now. No; he's not in this country. He's over in Carlisle, sick abed. Drank too many ice-cream sodas when he was here in July. They don't know from day to day whether he'll pull through or not. Now about this stuff—I'll reproduce it. We'll have the trials in eight months and the delivery on the goods in fourteen. I'll give you a 2 per cent slice on the gross sales for getting the pattern. Is that all right with you? Fine! Have a cigar? Good-by."

Cyrus Banting finished the balance of that day in unaccustomed contemplation. Mr. Banting shared with the rest of mankind the universal male conceit that he was a pretty darned clever detective, and the situation brought about by Mr. Lane intrigued him—the connection between the Titherton name as applied to the curtains that had been the property of General Washington and the morning's bewailing by Miss Elizabeth Titherton of her complete lack of proved relationship between Jacob Titherton and his great commander.

That evening he took the bull by the horns and called Miss Titherton on the telephone. The expression adequately defined his feelings as he tried to prearrange his conversation. His language somehow seemed to lack the finely phrased sentences and perfect *savoir-faire* he had been drilling in his mind.

"Huh! Who? Yeh! Is that Miss Titherton? Say, Miss Titherton, this is Cyrus Banting. You know—Banting, with Pell, Lombard, the decorators. Listen, Miss Titherton, I've got a hunch. . . . No, hunch. You know—an instinct. It's about your great-great-something-great-grandfather, Jacob Titherton. I think I can find out how he was hooked up with General Washington. No. I won't tell you a thing about it until the hunch breaks down or works out. No use teasing me; I won't tell. But are you willing to risk a couple of thousand on the chance that I can prove it? Five thousand! No, I don't want that much. I'll have to go abroad on it, but it won't cost anything like that. I won't guarantee a thing, but it's a good gamble. I'll have to ask Mr. Pell—Arnold Pell, you know, my boss—if I can get away. What? You ask him too?

(Continued on Page 125)

Elizabeth Titherton Stood Erect and Speechless. Words Were Useless to Her Emotions

POCONO SHOT

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

IV

MY MALADY abated swiftly. I arose a well man two mornings later. My other affliction, on the contrary, had steadily increased. During a full half of the forty-eight hours in which I lay supine I wondered about Pocono Shot and his scar, and why I must not mention him to the silent woman of Gaylord's. Whether the doctor's tablets had anything to do with my rapid release from lumbago I did not know; but one thing was certain—he could and must relieve my curiosity.

Warm weather had returned. I decided to fish that day, and set out with little enthusiasm. I looked upon the stream and the taking of trout as stop-gaps until evening should arrive, to find me knocking at the stroke of eight upon that doctor's door.

I fished a pool or two listlessly, came to swirling water and was captured by the magic of the stream. The mystery of Pocono Shot ceased to be of moment. I was entirely concerned with placing a well-cocked-up fly where it would join the dance, on amber depths, of bubbles and sunlight and foam.

The sun had begun to redden with the efforts required to finish a good day's work when I turned the jagged corner of a huge gray rock at an angle of the stream and came upon the swish of a rod, the gleam of spectacles on a blushing, peeling nose and a high-headed, plume-tailed statue fifty feet beyond. This latter I eyed for a moment before I spoke:

"Get out of that stream! I was coming around tonight, but this is better. Get out of the stream! That bank over there is the place, I think. Now call him here and sit down."

The doctor grinned and obeyed.

"So you're up and at 'em again, are you?"

"Yes," said I; "but no more today if it's a long tale."

"It's long enough," said the doctor, his grin departing. He motioned to the setter, who had stately joined us and now sank down on the bright spring grass. "So you never heard of ——" He nodded at the dog. "It's extraordinary!"

"So you implied the other day. Why?"

"Well, you've been here for two weeks. No citizen of Emmetville could meet a stranger and not ——"

"I've met no one," I interrupted. "I've passed people on the road or along the stream, and that's all."

"H-m-m! Well, then the newspapers."

"I didn't know you had any newspapers."

"We haven't. I meant the New York papers."

I smiled. "The New York papers don't give much space to hunting dogs."

"They did to this one," said the doctor dryly.

Pocono Shot lay with his head between his paws. I turned involuntarily to survey him. He lifted his fine, deep muzzle and calmly returned my gaze. Having inspected me, he approved. A big paw came from the grass and was poked solemnly in my direction. I extended my hand and felt the rasp of pads against my palm. I was duly flattered, but my imagination had fed on hinted mysteries for two long days and I knew the New York papers.

"Did he pull a child from the stream or bark at a fire?" I jeered.

There was no answer. I found the doctor gazing at a vast tangle of briers and second growth, rising from where we sat to the blue of the sky six hundred feet above.

"This is a hunting country," he said suddenly, and indicated the slope with a wave of his hand. "That's why I'm here. I grew up in country like this, only on a smaller scale. There was a smaller stream and smaller hills, and I fished the stream and hunted the hills as a boy.

"Of course a man must specialize to get anywhere in my profession, and the city is the place for that. I was ambitious—after Johns Hopkins—so I went to New York. I was an interne at Bellevue for a while, and then set up an office on Ninth Street, not far from Washington Square. Do you know the neighborhood?"

"Greenwich Village!"

"I'll Say This for Emmet Junior—He Was Some Picker. He'd Called the Blossoms for His Circle, Make No Mistake About That"

"Yes," said the doctor. "I did general practice—had to to keep alive; but I was working toward nervous diseases and—well, there was more of that sort of thing than money in the Village those days."

He twinkled at me and went on:

"Then the war came and I went over. I did amputations and bone work and learned the Carrel technic with Dakin's fluid and came home. What practice I had was gone, and so was my ambition. Everything seemed silly after the mess over there. It seemed silly to try to get ahead. I had a longing for quiet and streams and hills. I ached to have a gun over my shoulder. I went back to my old stamping ground up in Connecticut, but the hills and streams were shot and fished out and the practice was sewed up by men who'd been there since Plymouth Rock.

"I had a few thousand saved up and I began to look for a practice for sale in the kind of country I was sick for. I spent three months at it, and finally came across this place and a man who wanted to go to Philadelphia. The minute I saw the stream and the hills I felt as though I'd come home. I gave what I had for the practice, and notes for as much more, and that accounts for me in Emmetville."

A large fly of some sort, with wings a-flutter, was borne past us on the current. It was swept over a miniature waterfall between two bowlders and bobbed up on the pool below. The quiet of that pool was instantly shattered. There was a heave of water, a swirl—the fly was gone. Pocono Shot was on his feet like a flash, his eyes blazing at the widening ripples.

"My God!" said the doctor, and reached for his rod. My hand got to the rod ahead of his. I placed it well behind me. "But did you see him?" he pleaded.

"Yes, I saw him. . . . Go right ahead!"

The doctor sighed. Pocono Shot tore his eyes from the ripples and whined softly.

"It's plain cruelty to animals," said the doctor.

"Yes," said I; "and what was it when you left me helpless to wonder about your shushes and your pats and what not. Go right ahead!"

"Come and lie down," the doctor ordered. "We're ruined!"

With one last whine of regret the setter obeyed. He was almost instantly asleep—if a closed-eyed, dream-filled, hair-trigger watchfulness can be called sleep.

We regarded him in silence for a moment.

"You've noticed the number of shooting dogs around here?" said the doctor.

I nodded.

"Well, for years every man claimed his dog was the best. There was so much talk and wrangling about it that ten or twelve years ago they began holding a sort of amateur field trial each fall. The winner was supposed to be best dog in the Poconos for that year, and for a month or so before each meet they couldn't get the crops in or timber to the mill or much of anything done around here. Then, after it had been decided it took weeks to get over the decision. I wouldn't have been a judge at best-dog day for the practice of a New York specialist. The only man satisfied was the owner of the winner.

"The summer of the first year I was here there began to be some talk about a pup Bill Trimble had raised. Bill lived in a shack on a little piece of half-cultivated ground stuck like a postage stamp on the side of Bobcat Mountain, three miles north of town. He raised a little corn and a few vegetables; but he got his living mostly from taking city sportsmen out after partridge and woodcock, and trapping during the winter. A man from Scranton had come in to shoot with Bill one fall and brought with him an ex-field-trialer—a great dog in his day that had slowed down with age.

"Bill had a Llewellyn bitch that another sportsman had given him. She was a nice thing, bred in the purple—not what you'd call class in the field, but she knew partridge and had a good nose. Well, the two stole a mating that fall and she had a small litter that was wiped out by distemper except one dog pup. The man who owned the field-trialer wrote Bill to keep the pup, and that was the one the talk was about.

"Bill didn't know the bitch was in whelp at first and he didn't pay much attention to her when he did find it out. She was given to hunting on her own—which didn't spoil her, for some reason—and she hunted by herself all day long, right up to the day she had her puppies. I've wondered about that. We don't know as much about prenatal influence as we'd like to. At any rate, those puppies were whelped pointing. Bill said the whole litter would nail a bird and back each other at three months. He said there was no choice among them until distemper got all but the biggest one, who came through on his vitality. He had the worst dose of all, but just wouldn't die." The doctor's hand dropped to a broad, well-domed satin head gleaming against the new grass. "You're hard to kill, aren't you, old man?"

One closed eye opened slightly. The tip of a silky plume twitched. The eye closed again.

"There was talk about this pup of Bill's, as I say; but somebody was always raising a world beater in those days, to hear them tell it, and the Poconos weren't prepared for anything astounding until it happened, publicly, for everyone to see. It happened on best-dog day when the pup was sixteen months old. I was there."

The doctor nodded at the sweep of briers lifting up to a feather of clouds hanging like a puff of steam at its crest.

"See that hill? Would you believe it if I told you that a dog could turn in his tracks at the bottom of it, go

straight to the top with his head in the air and creep to a smashing point?"

"No," said I, with my eyes on that six hundred feet of brown tangle lanced by slim white birch.

"Well, this one can do it—twenty times a day. He did it, and other things, the first time he appeared at best-dog day; and kept on doing them until we sent the other dogs back to the wagons and followed him as though we were at church. If anyone got so excited that he exclaimed aloud, we frowned at him and said 'Sh-h-h!' And many of us owned dogs that we thought would win, at nine o'clock that morning.

"That's what he did to us that day—Pocono Shot. There he lies at your feet. He's an economic factor in these parts."

I lifted my eyes from the sleeping setter to the doctor, who twinkled at my inquiring look.

"Why," said he, "we don't spend any more time arguing about who's got the best dog! We're now a fairly industrious people—the community, I mean. It wasn't true of Bill. The dog cut into his earning capacity in this way: You can imagine what a dog like that would mean to a lonely man. Bill never stirred without him. He would have cut off his trigger finger sooner than go hunting and leave the dog behind to grieve. The sportsmen who came here to shoot with Bill each fall had always paid a good price to do so. Bill knew the cover blindfolded, could shoot like a fiend and his guests took home the birds he killed. After this fellow showed up Bill was in clover for a while. Almost any man would sell his soul to shoot over the dog. Bill doubled the tariff, took out two men at a time and had a waiting list.

"Well, some man fired at a partridge one day in thick cover and nearly got Bill. That ended the sinecure. Bill hunted alone after that. He caught his hand in a bear trap that winter and it became infected. When he came in to have it treated I asked him about the shooting business and this is what he said: 'He weren't over twenty feet from me when he pulled. I got to thinkin', after that load went by, that a little more and I'd of took it in the head. Then I figgered that if it could happen to me it could happen to Shot, and I told him to keep his ten dollars a day and went home.'"

The doctor paused to chuckle. I offered a cigarette.

"Thanks," he said; "I'll roll one, if you don't mind. I never got over my corn-silk days."

He produced a sack of tobacco and papers, made a cigarette with deft, slightly pudgy fingers, lighted it and went on:

"Bill's loss was my gain. His hand was pretty bad when I first saw it, but I hadn't been to France for nothing. I rigged up some Carrel tubes, went at it with Dakin's and checked the infection. Bill said I'd saved his hand. I had, for that matter, his life, too, perhaps, if he'd known it.

"He was grateful of course. When spring came I began to meet him fishing. Shot had picked up the trick you saw and Bill fished as much to amuse the dog as himself. We'd get together now and then on the stream and talk and smoke and spit and cuss. I got to liking Bill a lot. He was as shy as a wood marten and as straight as a good piece of pine. He hadn't a relative in the world that he knew of. He was raised in the orphans' home at Stroudsburg, and how he did love these hills! I don't know whether he'd ever cared about any woman. If he had, the chances are he never got to the point of mentioning it to her. At any rate, there was no wife or child on Bobcat Mountain. That's why every bit of the affection corked up in Bill's system for twenty years went to this fellow lying here. There was a lot of it. Bill was a quiet, slow-speaking citizen who took his time about deciding to like you, and then—liked you.

"He liked me before that summer was over. Of course there was the hand business, to begin with; but it was our talks on the stream that really did it. I was driving out to a confinement case one day and I met Bill hiking for town with a jug and the dog. I stopped the flivver and said 'Hello,' and he stood by the car and scratched his head and grinned—a sort of embarrassed grin he had. The dog was standing in the road with the sunshine blazing on his coat.

"'Well, he looks like he'd last till the guns begin to crack,' I said.

"There was a young maple at the side of the road that had started to turn yellow. Bill pointed out the tree and said, 'He ain't got long to go from the looks of that.' I started to let in the clutch, but Bill put his hand on the car and said, 'What's your hurry?'

"I told him Andy Slocum expected a son and heir that day.

"'Oh, I guess Mrs. Slocum'll wait a few minutes on you,' said Bill. He stood and shuffled his feet and grinned again, and looked still more embarrassed.

"'What are you fussing about?' I said, looking at the jug. 'I'm no prohibition agent.'

"'She's empty,' said Bill. 'She'll have molasses in her quick as I get to the O. K. Store. Say, listen ——' He stopped right there.

"'Still listening,' I said.

"'Say,' he said, 'I was wondering if you could see your way clear to be at my place with that sixteen-gauge you been braggin' on, about seven o'clock openin' day.'

"I nearly fell out of the machine. 'You mean that, Bill?' I said.

"'I sure do,' he said. Then he looked me in the eye and said, 'I'm thinkin' whenever you pull a trigger you'll know just where the dog is.'"

The doctor broke off and seemed to reflect for a moment.

"Have you done much partridge shooting?" he asked suddenly.

"A lot," I told him.

"Well," said he, "until you've killed partridge over this dog you'll never know what real shooting is."

"My father owned a great partridge dog," I said. "I shot over him when I was a boy."

The doctor waved his hand, palm outward, as though wiping out the memory of that dog of bygone days.

"Forget him," he said. "I don't care how good he was—forget him. Listen! Imagine the brain of a man, plus the cunning of a fox and the tread of a cat.

"Now put a nose on the combination that can stay up in the air and outtrail a hound and you'll get a faint idea of this dog."

"A setter outtrail a hound?" I protested.

"Any hound that ever lived," the doctor declared. "The first time I saw it was one day that fall. We'd killed our limit on partridge by ten o'clock. That's what you do when he takes you out. Get that straight too—you don't take him—he takes you. You just follow him and kill birds—that's all you've got to do. . . . We'd stopped at a spring for a drink before working down to some woodcock ground. Somewhere along the opposite hill a hound had a fox going and we listened for a minute. He had a good big voice on him and it echoed and reëchoed between the hills. I said, 'Bill, what if that was a bloodhound on your trail with a posse right behind him? How would you feel?'

"'Well,' said Bill, 'I'd rather have the hound after me than Shot here.'

"I started the sort of argument about hounds and setters that you did just now, and Bill told me to work on down to the woodcock ground alone and take any trail I liked. 'Wade the stream a couple of times and wade in it,' he said. 'Get up on the big rock this side of the glen so you can look back over your trail for a ways. I'll give you half an hour and then tell him to go find you.'

"'But, Bill,' I said, 'that'll send me right through the woodcock cover. If he does happen to follow me he'll strike woodcock sure.'

"'Well, what of it?' said Bill.

"'Why he'll go on point,' said I, 'and that will end the trailing business.'

"'Don't worry,' said Bill. 'If I tell him to find you he'll walk right over a woodcock, if it's on your trail, and never notice it.'

"I left Bill and the dog sitting there. When I got out of sight I zigzagged and circled. I back-tracked my own trail and milled around in one spot and jumped up and caught a hazel limb and went out it hand over hand for twenty feet and dropped to the ground. Then I waded across the stream twice and walked up it a hundred yards, and whenever I struck a big log I walked on that.

"I'd been up on the rock about twenty minutes when here came Shot on a lope, with his head up. He was coming through the woodcock cover on my trail, when he stopped as though hit by lightning and stiffened. 'There's a woodcock,' I thought, 'and he hasn't walked over it!' He backed out like a cat, swung wide of the bird so as not to flush it, picked up my trail on the other side and came loping to the rock. He looked up, saw me, wagged his tail and began to bark. Bill whoo-whooed back in the woods and Shot barked directional signals to him until he showed up. What do you think of that?"

"Wonderful, of course—especially the woodcock," I said. "But that was a fresh trail."

"Shot Went Straight Down to the Foot of the Ridge and Pointed in a Patch of Rhododendron"

Continued on Page 82

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

A Gathering of Cowboys at the Judges' Stand, Frontier Day, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

By STRUTHERS BURT

ON AN unfortunate day, and a good many years ago, someone confused the extreme western edge of Wyoming, due to a similarity in names, with the Hole-in-the-Wall country many miles to the north and east, and ever since then the extreme western edge of Wyoming has enjoyed a reputation not at all deserved.

Not long ago the doctor, while on a train, was asked his destination by an elderly gentleman.

When the doctor replied that he was going to "the valley" the elderly gentleman pursed his lips and inquired whether the doctor was going after someone or was making his get-away.

Furthermore, when alert and temporarily unoccupied citizens—every now and then a girl—held up the stages in Yellowstone Park in the days, not such a great while back, when the stages were held up, even the newspapers of Eastern Wyoming, which should have known better, spoke of the ease with which the hero of the stick-up could escape to the notorious south and his immunity from arrest while there.

Nothing, of course, could have been further from the truth. To begin with, the valley is a small and open country surrounded by immense forests, and anyone entering it, unless he were able to live indefinitely upon berries and bark, would eventually have to show himself and would be immediately recognized; and in the second place, there are only five roads entering the valley; and finally, it isn't that sort of a country and never has been.

The Hole in the Wall

THE Hole in the Wall was a real Lorna Doone community to which most of the road agents and train robbers of that part of the Northwest fled and where they lived, some of them with their families, very contentedly. The one entrance was through a narrow, precipitous cañon guarded day and night by men with rifles. The Hole in the Wall no longer exists, although I was interested to read in a book written by two men who a few years ago made the trip from the headwaters of the Green River to the outlet of the Colorado that they had discovered a similar bad-men's village in Southern Utah.

But at no period of its history, even in the beginning, could there have been anything less like the Hole in the Wall than our valley. It never even had for any length of time more than one famous bad citizen, and he moved out—or rather, was moved out—after a while. This gentleman, who rejoiced in the name of Teton Jackson, used to run stolen horses in from the east and sell them in the west, and then run stolen horses in from the west and sell them in the east. He is now, from what I have heard, unless he is dead, a respected and substantial man somewhere to the south—a bank director, unless my informant was mistaken or jocose. Black Horse, the Arapahoe policeman, was the man who finally captured him, but Black Horse himself admits that he followed Teton and his wife several days before he dared come up with them, and only arrested them when both were sleeping peacefully one hot noon under their wagon.

Guides Attached to the Upper Bar B-C Ranch

Afraid He'd Catch Him

THE chances for arrest or nonarrest seem to be largely a matter of fortune. The last man who held up the stage in Yellowstone Park was finally caught only because he made the mistake of thinking a cow-puncher was a sheep herder, and Hugh Whitney, a young ranch hand who went bad over in Idaho and killed a bartender, and afterwards a sheriff and a conductor on the railway, disappeared completely after living for years in the mountains south of us. The supposition is that he fled to South America.

Concerning Whitney's diagonal flight across country to his hiding place, the story is told of a man of boastful proclivities, one of the pursuing posse, who came too close to the fugitive. He is supposed to have ridden up to a ranch and inquired from the owner if a red-haired, freckle-faced young fellow had gone by.

"Yes," said the rancher, "about five minutes ago."

"Oh!" replied the subpœnaed limb of the law thoughtfully. "Well, I must be getting back to the other fellows and tell them about it—they're five miles back."

The last man who held up the Yellowstone—unaided, he held up eighteen stages—was a rancher out in Idaho. Before embarking on his adventure he stole two horses from the outfit I was then with, and it was these two horses that led to his eventual downfall. Several years later, long after pursuit had been abandoned, he rode into a sheep camp with these two horses and asked the solitary herder if he could

Around the Camp Fire of the Cañon Permanent Camp, Yellowstone National Park

have supper. The herder answered "Yes, of course"; and while he was preparing the meal Trafford that was the bad man's name—held his host up, tied him to his wagon and stole everything he had.

But unfortunately for Trafford, the sheep herder had been a cow-puncher and he remembered Trafford's outfit in detail, and also that the brands on Trafford's horses looked as if a wet blanket and straight iron had been used on them. Trafford was arrested for horse stealing and his latest robbery, and, through this, his exploit in Yellowstone Park was traced. It is claimed that at the time of his arrest he was working on an armored car which he intended to use to kidnap the president of the Mormon Church and hold him for ransom.

Rapid and easy communication is the destroyer of marked local traits, and since, even now, rapid and easy communication is difficult in a big mountain country, mountain valleys retain their characteristics long after the plains have been ground down to a dull similarity. They talk differently, think differently, have different customs, and even dress differently. My country, far from being the haunt of bad men, has always, if anything, been more peaceable and less dramatic where its inhabitants are concerned than the three valleys immediately adjacent.

The Country Roundabout

THE contrasts between these four countries is interesting. To the northeast is a country that has for years been a tourist country, root and branch. All other industries are subservient to this main one, and perhaps for this reason, and for others as well, such as the original temper of the inhabitants, it is a country known for the ornamental dressing of its citizens and the fact that they wear guns. Gaudy handkerchiefs, flaring silver-studded chaps and buckskin shirts are common; and the last time I was there a dance was going on, and I never heard so much unnecessary shooting.

Directly to the east and to the southeast are the two other valleys, different from the first in the common facts that both are essentially cattle and sheep countries, and yet different in details from each other. The upper valley is smaller, farther from centers of population, and more feudal, having been held for years by a number of old-fashioned families. It is therefore conservative, peaceable and self-contained. Moreover, being close to a couple of Indian reservations, its whole essence has been altered by this fact.

The valley below it, cut off from it by huge mountain ranges, is in closer touch with the railway and is more subject to the vagaries of a floating and uncertain population. How it is now I don't know; but a few years ago it was fairly turbulent, and many of its inhabitants did not think they were properly dressed unless they had a piece of steel hanging to their hips. And out of this country came one of the grimmest stories I have ever heard—a story of a girl who was branded by her father because of some trouble she had with a young man, and of how her father was shot from ambush the next day and his murderer never discovered.

My own country has never been given to wearing guns. It is considered the height of bad manners and—what is more effective—absurd into the bargain to carry a gun unless you are going out into the hills. By the same token, it has always been a country of conservative dress. The universal uniform is a pair of overalls or ordinary wool trousers, a denim shirt, an unobtrusive sombrero and a pair of worn chaps. Even neck handkerchiefs and cow boots are confined as a rule to those actually engaged in the stock business, or to the dude men and the younger generation.

Incidentally, the female portion of the younger generation has recently taken to wearing overalls as well—a curious sign of progress if you recall the times, only a short while ago, when even riding breeches were looked upon with disfavor by Western maidens.

This lack of flamboyancy on the part of my country has been due largely, I think, to the type of settler who first located there; but also, to some extent, to its situation. It is entered from the west, so it is in closer touch with countries farther away than it is with its neighbors immediately to the east; and owing to its great forests, it has never been a big stock country, but a country of small holdings—an essentially neighborly, law-abiding and peaceful community, attracting in the beginning not so much the cattleman and his swaggering buckaroos as the quieter frontiersman, the miner and small rancher and trapper and hunter.

The Influence of the First Settlers

THESE reflective and lonely men established a civilization after their own liking; and even today, when the cattle business has expanded greatly and the cow-puncher has drifted in and the sons of the original settlers are cow-punchers themselves, the color and disposition of the valley

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Parade, Frontier Day, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2 00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1924

Bad Taste is Bad Business

MAN cannot live by bread alone, but the æsthetic all by itself makes pretty lean sustenance. This is a machine age, a commercial age. Art and architecture must build upon and express the civilization of the time. Beauty cannot merely rail at skyscrapers or blindly decry the demands of a commercial prosperity. But these plain facts do not mean that beauty should be cast out, that the æsthetic should be trampled upon or that the whole life of man should be bounded by the requirements of business.

The use of billboards for advertising purposes has run wild, and now the reaction is setting in. There are locations essentially commercial, but the unsightly, marring billboard has not been confined to these. It has gone across the country like a blight, destroying not only beauty but all the charm of open spaces.

After many years of slow progress the movement against defacement of scenery and gross violations of the ordinary proprieties of life in the open is fast gaining headway. Great corporations in both England and America are falling into line. One company has promised to remove more than a thousand highway billboards. It will not lose by so doing. Business success in the long run does not come from defying the principles of seemly conduct.

A Poor Cure for Unemployment

IT IS interesting to observe that in Great Britain a new school of economists, or pseudo economists, led by Mr. J. M. Keynes and his disciples—with a certain amount of support from Mr. M'Kenna and some other British bankers—has arisen, with a new gospel—the gospel of a managed currency. Such is their faith in the wisdom of governments and in the skill of heaven-born ministers, aided and informed by bureaucrats, to regulate trade, commerce, prices, values and everything else upon earth, that they deliberately prefer inconvertible paper—which has no intrinsic value of its own, and therefore needs perfect management in order to secure confidence—to an honest gold currency which manages itself.

The arguments put forward by Mr. Keynes and his school are founded mainly upon the existence in Great Britain ever since the 1921 slump of a grievously large army of unemployed, which has varied from one to two millions. To the ordinary mind this phenomenon is not difficult to explain. Employment cannot be good in Great Britain unless overseas trade is good, for the home trade probably does not employ at the best of times more than two-thirds of the population. The rest are engaged in the export trade, in shipping and in shipbuilding. With the exception of the United States hardly any of Britain's customers are enjoying anything like their normal prosperity. Many of them are in a desperately impoverished condition, their trade and productivity being reduced by depreciated currencies, by excessive taxes, and by a feeling of insecurity which destroys both public and private credit and is aggravated by a frantic competition in armaments as well as by fears of impending wars or revolutions.

But Mr. Keynes and his friends ignore all this, and assure their fellow countrymen that everything can be put right by the skillful manipulation of a managed paper currency. They point to the fact that France has not suffered much in the last two years from unemployment. They forget that France depends comparatively little upon foreign trade, and they forget also that the French Government has been borrowing and spending in its own country something like six hundred million dollars a year, partly on reconstruction, partly on armies, armaments and an excessively large civil service. Is there any reason to doubt that, when this expenditure ceases, an acute labor crisis will set in?

The theory of the British inflationists is briefly this: Rising prices are favorable to employment. At any rate good trade is usually accompanied by rising prices. Therefore, if there is not good trade you can get it by artificially raising prices. This can be done by gradually issuing small additional doses of paper currency. At first the working classes will not notice that their real wages are being reduced by the rising cost of living. Thus the employers will get more profits, and will be able to employ more work people. When the whole army of the unemployed has been absorbed the government will stabilize prices, and the currency can then be maintained at a proper value by means of an index number.

It all sounds very plausible. But as a matter of fact the recent rise of prices in Great Britain has been accompanied by much discontent, by serious strikes, and by widespread anxiety among investors which has already caused large purchases of dollar securities, with large sales of consols and of other British government stocks.

The man who believes that trade can be improved by the debasement of a currency is like the man who believes that weather can be improved by gradually raising the barometer to Set Fair.

George Randolph Chester

THERE is scarcely a reader of this publication who will not share our sincere regret that the creator of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, his devious side-partner, Blackie Daw, the sumptuous Cordelia Blossom, kind old David Schushel and the irrepressible Izzy Iskovitch has written his last story. Below Lay Hollywood, which appears in this issue, is his final contribution to our columns and the last story that he finished.

Heart trouble, swift and unsuspected, late in February carried off George Randolph Chester at the height of his literary career. For twenty years his stories had been prime favorites with readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He was not only a born story-teller but a thorough master of the technic of his calling. Movement, action and laughter characterized everything he wrote and a shrewd and kindly humor gave a peculiarly racy flavor to his stories of American life. His powers of characterization were remarkable; and the men and women with whom he peopled his fiction stood upon their feet, spoke their appointed lines and carried off their parts with a fidelity to real life that was extraordinary. An eminent critic was well within the truth when he said that to the average American J. Rufus Wallingford is more of a human reality than Napoleon Bonaparte or the Duke of Wellington.

Native talent was undoubtedly the basis of Mr. Chester's success as a writer; but he spent thirty-odd laborious years building on that foundation. Story-tellers are born, but good craftsmen are always made, and usually self-made, whether they work in words or paint or stone; and it is craftsmanship that molds the form and expression of the creative powers. Many young writers who have marked natural aptitude for their vocation fail because they fritter away their time seeking an easy substitute for hard work. No such thing exists. Mr. Chester did not look for it. He won success in the old-fashioned way.

Shipping Activity in Germany

THE tonnage volume of shipping entering and leaving the ports of Germany in 1923 was ninety-nine per cent of that of 1913, an increase of seventeen per cent over 1922. This is certainly an astonishing recovery. The percentage of ships flying the German flag was less than in 1913, the weight of freight in the vessels was not so heavy, the earnings of the German service were not so large. But despite these qualifications, the figure of tonnage entering and leaving the ports is significant enough. It testifies to the restoration of the German merchant marine, it is an evidence of the trading activities of German merchants, it indicates the interest of foreign ships in German products. The French occupation of the Ruhr helped the German ports by diverting Rhine traffic to the North Sea ports and by increasing the imports of British coal. The port of Hamburg bids fair again to distance Antwerp and Rotterdam.

The flag of the United States was less in evidence than in 1922 in comparison with the flags of other countries. Apparently we are being replaced by the vessels of Scandinavia and Great Britain. In the present state of the affairs of our merchant marine one is at a loss to know whether we are getting worse or the competitors better. The shipping of all countries except Germany has had to pass through a period of liquidation; that country has had to rebuild its merchant marine. Apparently, it is easier to build a new merchant marine than to liquidate an old one. In any event, the German progress is amazing.

The Place of the Automobile

THE automobile, according to the latest revised statistics, has become an American institution. Automobiles in use throughout the world total 18,241,477, and of these 15,222,658, or 83⅓ per cent, are in the United States. There is one car in this country for every 7.3 persons.

The amount that America spends on passenger cars is growing so rapidly that occasionally a word of alarm is heard in other branches of trade. Recently a state convention of retail clothiers discussed the subject, and the fear was betrayed that men would have to skimp on clothing in order to balance their budgets. It was pointed out that there are over six million families in this country owning cars on incomes of forty dollars a week or less. In the face of that total it must be acknowledged that many persons are buying cars who are not in a position to afford them; but a review of the situation, nevertheless, does not leave any reason for alarm. Bank savings are larger than ever before. Small-denomination bonds are sold in enormous quantities today, for the most part to people of limited income. More life insurance is being placed, the past year showing an increase of 17 per cent in business throughout the national field. The most conclusive proof, however, is the fact that the loss on automobiles sold on the time-payment plan is negligible, being a very small fraction of 1 per cent.

The fact of the matter is that the motor car has passed out of the luxury class and become practically a necessity. It has become a fixture with the average family and must be recognized as such. Food, clothing and shelter are the three basic necessities, but, over the years, we have kept adding one feature after another to the list of so-called necessities—artificial light, plumbing, telephones, music. And now the automobile. It has been added definitely to the list and, with our elasticity in the matter of financial adjustments, we are managing somehow to absorb this new item and to work motor-car expenses into our personal budgets. Our automobiles will not prevent us from buying homes or clothes or food. The man who goes shabby today is the type of man who always went shabby.

IS THAT SO?

By Richard Washburn Child

HUMAN testimony is not dependable. Is that so? Conscious lying has some part, but it is a small part; the trouble is that the best of us could not tell the whole truth accurately more than half the time if our lives depended on it.

Is that so?

And yet we go on taking human testimony as if it were a gold currency at par instead of a lame, depreciated currency like marks and rubles.

Is that so?

Writing as I am writing, to indicate how fallible human testimony is, I cannot urge the acceptance of my assertions without supporting them by evidence picked up along a fairly rich path of observation in the law, in politics, in reporting and publishing, and finally in the field of investigating "mysteries"—the occult and the supernatural—for the fun of it

The Evidence Analyzed

TO WALK on quicksand with the idea that it is a concrete roadway is silly. To accept human testimony, even conscientious human testimony, as easily as we do is gullible. To take into one's mind a constant stream of false premises and "facts" that are not so is waste and sometimes destruction. We refuse brass money, but are short-changed every day with brass facts. The goodness of whatever we put into our pocketbooks or our stomachs is of consequence to me and to you, and nothing can be more of a satire than the fact that, during the age when science and invention have done so much for the material world, the processes of the human mind, the nature of our ideas and beliefs, are so neglected that few of us ever think of our own capacity to give true testimony; and still fewer of us have paid any attention whatever to our daily intake of human testimony, which is sometimes consciously false, but to a much greater degree is usually unconsciously false or inaccurate.

One who has his or her mental guard down will accept brass facts for three main reasons. One of these is that most of us have sheep minds. If the fact which we accept seems to concur with whatever the human herd believes, the lazy sheep way to do is to swallow it. It takes no effort. Or we may have the wish to believe—that dangerous and almost universal quality of the mind. Because of it we accept a falsity told about our political or religious opponents and reject a truthful accusation made about our own group. Because of it, more than for any other reason, men and women buy worthless stocks and cure-all medicines; the assertion of great profits suits their wish to believe. Because of it, we reach out for every fad—medical, mental or mysterious—which gives us hope that we can pass the blame for our own weakness on to some other agency. And by the sheep mind and the wish to believe the power of assertion gets its power.

The power of mere assertion reaches its utter absurdity in cases where there can be no check on the facts. For instance, some time ago a woman came to me and said, "I have read the testimony of a famous author and it proves that she has seen furniture walk, heard furniture give forth intelligent rappings, received messages from the spirit world which contained information no one could possibly know, and has seen a man who while sleeping wrote automatic messages."

The woman who told me this believed it all by the mere power of assertion. I list here the factors which she did not weigh at all:

1. It is well known, for instance, to professional magicians that the observation and testimony of certain classes of persons is good and the observation of others bad. Whenever they want assistants or witnesses to come upon the stage they pick the bad observers. The class of persons they prefer is exactly the opposite of that which almost anyone would suppose—that is, clergymen, professors and authors. These are known to professional magicians engaged in honest flimflam, and to spiritualists, as the theory makers.

A boy or girl of twelve to sixteen will usually merely look for the facts with unhampered ears and eyes; persons who deal by profession with theories, speculations and the world of imaginative invention will approach the evidence with a theory. They will miss facts because they have a theory already formed; and it being their theory, they have the wish to believe. They begin not with a wide vision but one concentrated on a theory or a belief. They do not look for all evidence; they look for a particular set of facts.

Sir Oliver Lodge is a case in point; his sincere desire to find evidence to support a theory has resulted in a clear, definite history of his contact with a sequence of mediums who have entangled him and later have been exposed. For a time after these exposures the victim goes into disappointed retirement, only to be resurrected by a new medium who holds out a new toe hold for his wish to believe. Therefore the primary fact not taken into account by my woman friend is that the witness belongs to the well-known easy class.

2. The very form of the statement shows the fallibility of human testimony. It is said that a table or chair walked. Walking implies locomotion from within. Walking suggests human motion and flexibility of legs. Did the witness see a chair walk? No, not even she will say so. She merely saw it move. Did she see the motion come from within the chair? How can she say? If she did not see the cause of the motion located within the chair itself, there is no basis for her testifying that it did not come from outside the chair. Her testimony at the very most can only be this:

"I saw a chair move and you can search me for an explanation of it."

Fallible Testimony

IF THE witness says that the cause is a supernatural cause she is going beyond what she sees; she is testifying to a fact which cannot possibly be within her knowledge. Her testimony as understood by the woman who quotes her is utterly worthless. If in addition it is said that any professional magician can make a chair move and hide the cause of its motion, that I have done this with tables myself, and that it is one of the commonest old illusions in the whole set, there is room for intelligent doubt as to whether this is not another instance of merely testifying to explicable motion of inanimate objects. Finally, an intelligent person will ask why it is that kind supernatural forces only move chairs as a stunt; these forces would be so much more useful and helpful if they would bring in chairs from the next room on ordinary occasions when visitors arrive.

3. The testimony is fallible when it states that from supernatural sources comes information which cannot possibly be known. I have heard the phrase "cannot possibly be known" from witnesses of the occult for these many years. The examples are endless. A reporter from a New York newspaper who just came to New York and took his job that morning goes to interview a new medium who has been exploited by a press agent. This hard-boiled reporter testifies that the medium entered the room and immediately said, "Mr. ——, how are things in Buffalo?" He says there was no way she could possibly have known that he had just come from Buffalo. His

(Continued on Page 165)

Reads announcement of the sale of his employer's paper to the Globe-Sun-Tribune
On arrival at office of Globe-Sun Tribune finds that it has been sold to Sunday Press - Mail Journal of Commerce
SOLD
Arrives at office of Sunday Press-Mail-Journal of Commerce-Globe-Sun-Tribune four minutes after its sale to Wall st Telegram-Telegraph
At Wall st Telegram Telegraph Sunday Press Mail-Journal of Commerce Globe-Sun-Tribune is informed of combination with Evening Herald Daily News News
Special announcement by employer of the new paper to be known as The Evening and Sunday Wall st Telegram-Telegraph-Press-Mail Journal of Commerce-Globe-Sun-Tribune Evening Herald Daily News-News
This is the life
MUD SCOW

A Day in the Life of a New York Newspaper Man

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Spring Song

IN THE spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of "How much longer am I going to stay in this miserable, underpaid, second-rate job that is bossed by a lot of inferior morons, who don't appreciate talent when they see it, don't know how a gentleman should be treated, and offer me no future except that of walking round this hole for $35 a week until I die of old age?"

Yes, roughly 20,000,000 men in this broad land are mumbling and muttering this idea in some form or other.

Some of them go home at night and tell their wives that $18,000 a year isn't enough to buy cigarettes, and they're going to quit this auto-agency game cold and go into the bond business. Others are telling their sweeties that marriage is hopeless on $40 a week, and that what's the user writing newspaper bunk day after day and they might as well pull $60 in publicity as some other guy with sense.

Others go home and tell their mothers that "Yes, they treat me fine, but I know a feller who gets $12 a week selling papers, so, mom, why should I be a boob and an office boy at 10 bucks?"

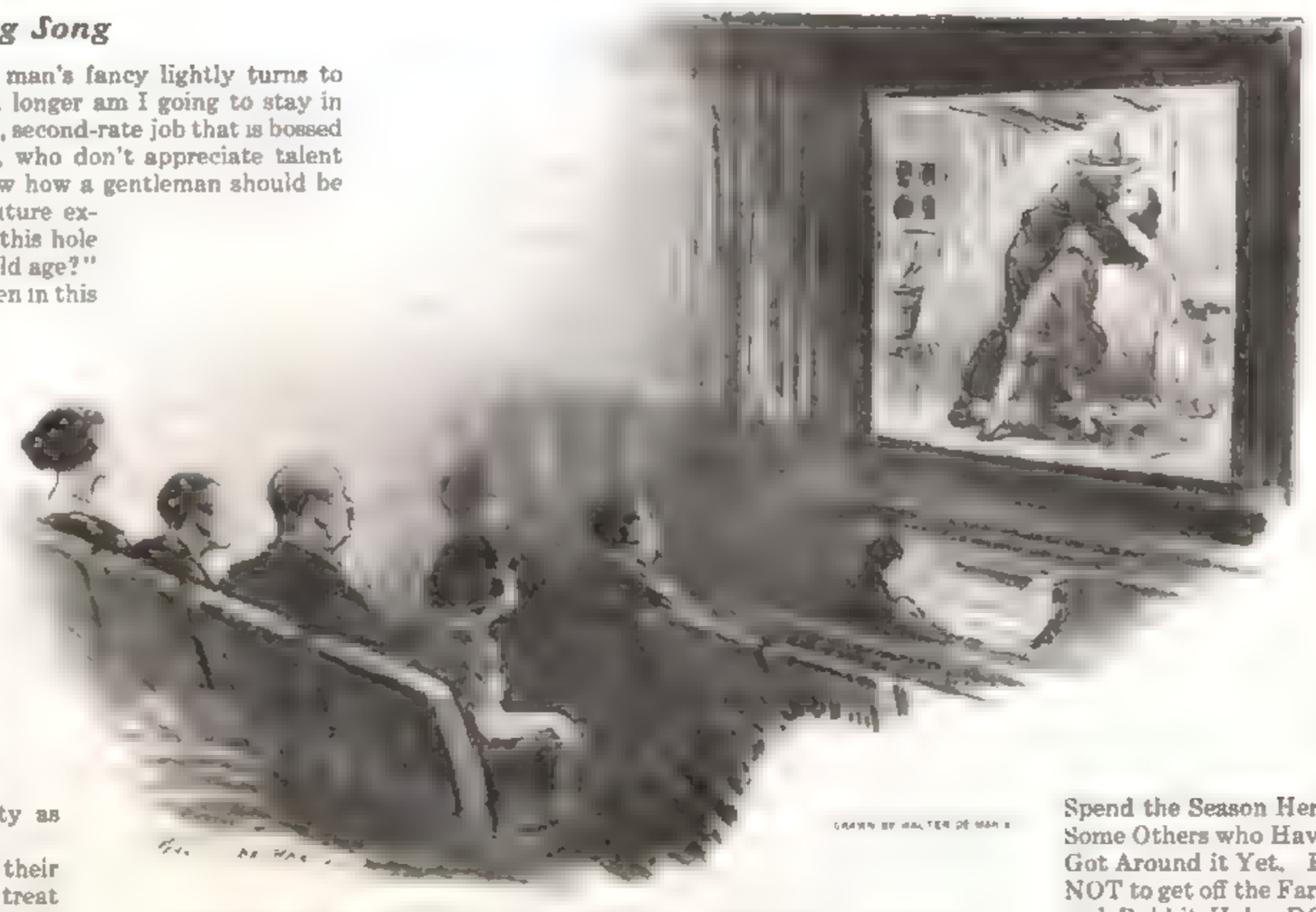
They sing their spring song in different keys, but it's always a tale of woe.

A composite phonograph record of their thoughts would run something like this:

"Yes, I do want to talk to you, Mr. Jenks. I want to tell you first that I'm offering my resignation beginning now, and second, that I think you're a big cheap stiff and I wouldn't work another minute for you, and if I couldn't get twice as much salary working for any other house in town I'll eat my hat. Don't grunt at me, you big mutt. I've listened to the last of your grunts I intend to listen to. Yes, I'm quitting cold, savvy? Get some other poor sucker to come down here at 9 A.M. and work overtime four nights a week. Furthermore, that fat-headed boob in the front office you think is the frog's underwear is also going to get a piece of my mind. Good-by, Shylock; some day I'm coming back and buy this dump and fire you first!"

After thinking these thoughts our fellow townsman, much relieved, arrives at the office, says "Good morning, sir," to the boss, and does his stint sweetly.

There is no moral to this story. —*Ops.*



The Parents Who Won't Allow Their Children to Read Cheap Literature

He-Man Stuff

MR. OLAFSEN GROOT was a horrible brute,
And a sailor excessively male;
He could eat living crawfish and all sorts of raw fish,
And he once bit the head off a whale.

He was strong as an ox, and could give deadly knocks
That would bash in the skulls of his foes;
You should hear of his qualms when they pulled off his arms,
And he steered in the ship with his toes!

Yet this Olafsen Groot was considered a beaut,
And so many admired his pluck
That gents of great wealth often envied his health,
And bank presidents longed for his luck.
In the homes of all classes, the swells and the masses,
He called, and was welcomed as guest;
And though rough and unshaved and uncouthly behaved,
He was popular, quite, with the best.

Mr. François Batiste was as much of a beast;
Six foot ten, when he stood in his socks;
He weighed some four hundred, and everyone wondered
To see his fist shatter the rocks.
He could tramp ninety miles through the woods and defiles,
While he carried the trunk of an oak;
He was hungry and horrid and hadn't a forehead,
But his chin had a prognathous poke.

Yet this François Batiste was a pet, in the East,
Of ladies of delicate birth.
Not a flapper or dame but admitted his fame,
His goriness, gumption and girth.
His doughty exploits rivaled verses of poets
In the mansions of beauty and culture,
Though the husky old sinner had manners at dinner
Like those of an underfed vulture.

If you ask explanation of such adulation
Of ruffians of daring and dirt,
Such as Olafsen Groot, in his dungaree suit,
And François Batiste, in his shirt,
I shall have to explain in a cynical vein
That the Public likes guys who are rough,
And these monsters of men simply come from the pen
Of authors who write Primal Stuff. —*Gelett Burgess.*

The Salome Sun

The Greasewood Golf Lynx

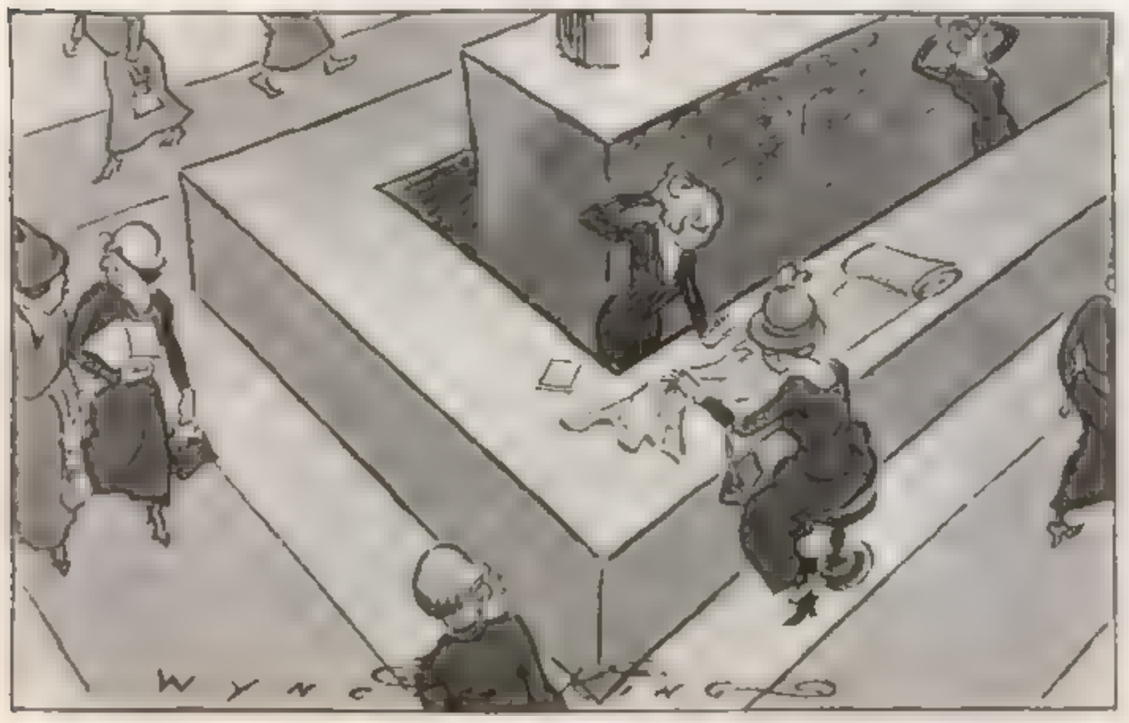
LOCATED At and Around SALOME, ARIZONA—"Where She Danced"—and the Folks who See it All Say Nobody Never Saw Anything Like it. The Course is Just a Little over Twenty Three (23) Miles Around and All Hazards & Bunkers are Natural—No Artificial Ones Needed. Some Eastern Folks Spend the Season Here Just to Play Around It Once—and Some Others who Have been Here Several Seasons haven't Got Around it Yet. Players are Warned to Use Maps and NOT to get off the Far A Ways between the Holes. Coyote and Rabbit Holes DON'T COUNT. Good Guides Who Know the Course can be Obtained at the BLUE ROCK INNE and Caddys and Horses and Canteens, also Tents and Camping Outfits can be Leased by the Week, Month or Season, Provided a Deposit is Put Up and ALL CADDYS AND HORSES LOST ON THE COURSE MUST BE PAID FOR.

My Frog says Arizona sure is Dry When a Frog has to Carry a Big Canteen and Water His back to keep it Green and Prime Himself when he wants to Cry and His Belly gets Burned with the Alkali and Life on the Desert aint No Joke to a Frog out here Alone and Broke and Seven Years Old, can't Swim a Stroke—so He's just trying to Learn to Smoke.

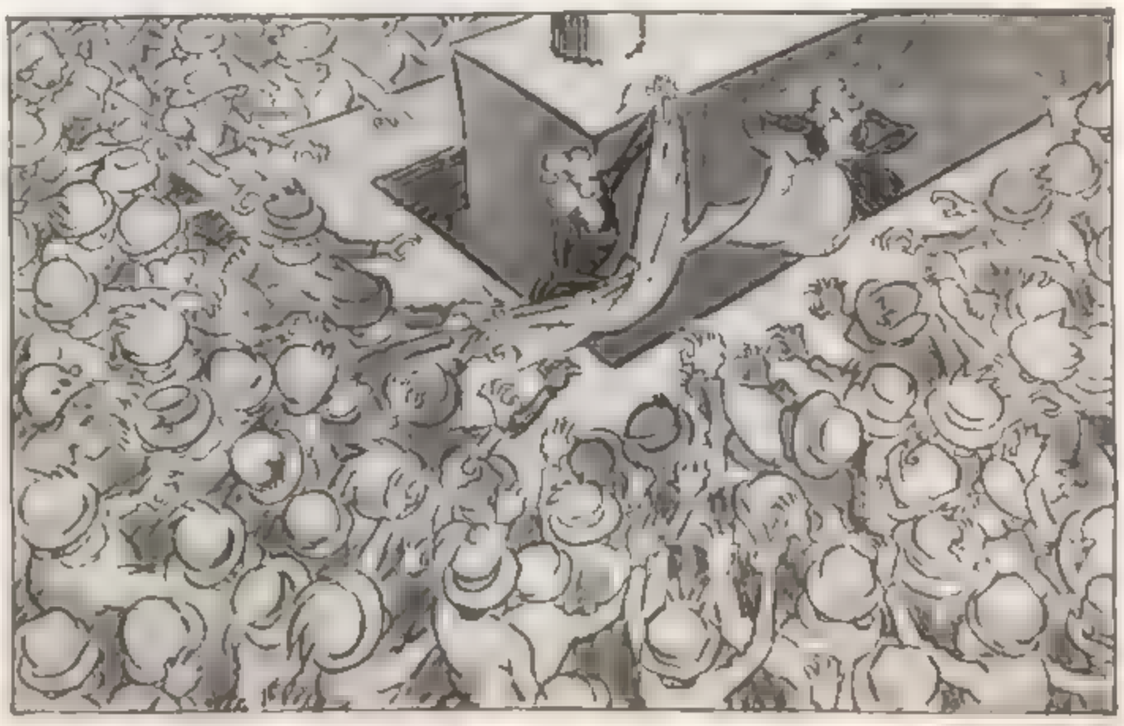
Major Jo Hardie and Col. C. R. Ammon are over from Santa Monica playing the Greasewood Golf Course and expect to get around in time to go Home before Hot Weather sets in. They have a good Guide and Camping Outfit and were last heard from out near Wildcat Pass where Hardie was waiting for Ammon to get His Ball over Funeral Mountains and down to the Lazy L Ranch where they are going to Rest awhile before tackling the Far A Way up through Gold Gulch.

Saleratus Bill Withers has just got back from New York where he went to sell His Mine. Bill says when they saw his Rich Ore they wined him and dined him and wimmined him and signed him up on some dotted line so fast and artistically that he don't remember yet just what he ate or

(Continued on Page 169



$1.00 a Yard



98 Cents a Yard

The steady favorite in millions of homes!

Because they taste so good.

Because they are so nourishing.

Because of their quality—prepared by the famous Campbell's chefs—a dish no hunger can resist.

Because of their famous tomato sauce which is made from the finest red-ripe tomatoes.

Because Campbell's Beans are so wholesome and so popular with all the family, especially the children.

Slow-cooked **Digestible**

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

As He Got His First Glimpse of That White Putty-Hued Face, a Rat's Face, a Rasping Voice Spoke Sharply "Stick 'Em Up!"

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

DARKNESS. A void immeasurably deep and black. Nothingness! Noises, then. Out of the black unity, and far, far distant, a low hollow murmur first, humming like the whir of heavy wings. Nearer and nearer. A rumble now. Now a thunderous roaring. Drum! Drum! Drum! The brain racked with it. Followed then a sudden dazzling flash of flame, searing like a sword; and as it passed he seemed to hear, strangely distant, a drone of human voices. Words and names. Names and words, a jargon of meaningless mumbles. "Mm mmm—mmmm!" He strove to move, but could not

Then with a swift and startling clearness a voice close beside him spoke. It was a voice he recognized. The words, too, he caught.

"Burt, you brute, did you do this?"

It was Nanny Granger's voice. Another voice answered her.

"That's right, pin it on me! I tell you he must have tripped on the stairs here, and fallen backwards."

The stairs? What stairs? He tried again to get up, to look around him: but he couldn't. He must be in a dream—a nightmare—he thought. Once more he heard Nanny Granger's voice.

"Look out, he's coming to!"

Another voice echoed her—Effy Colquitt's.

"Get out of here, Burt!"

Burt? Blandon made a violent effort to arouse himself. His eyes fluttered; he felt his breath whistle in his lungs. Then his heavily weighted lids raised themselves.

He was lying on his back, he saw, and over him hung Nanny Granger. A narrow stairway ran from close beside him to the floor above; and Nanny was seated at its foot, his head pillowed in her lap. "There, there," she was saying soothingly. With a hand, a soft, gently caressing hand, she was smoothing the hair back from his brow. So it seemed, anyway; but the hot throbbing in his head grew; and he closed his eyes. Then he heard Effy Colquitt's voice.

"Hurry, Temple, with the bandages!" she called.

It was this that brought him back to consciousness.

As the curtain of the day rolls up and the first ray of dawn stabs through the veil of night, so her words struck on some dormant cell within his brain and awoke it. Bandages? He recalled what had befallen him; and struggling wildly, he sought to get to his feet, his one idea to pursue the man who had struck him down. Nanny Granger, however, restrained him with a hand laid to his brow.

"Lie still, Jerry!" she warned. "You've been hurt!"

As if he didn't know that!

His head rang and a trickle of something warm ran down his face. Hot in his mind, though, was the memory of a blurred sallow face he had seen as his assailant raised an arm above him, then struck; and once more he struggled. As he saw, the man must have fled upward by those stairs; but in spite of his efforts the girl still held him.

"You've had a fall, Jerry; you're all right now."

Blandon could have cursed.

"Fall, nothing!" he said hoarsely. "That fellow bashed me on the head!"

"What fellow, Jerry?"

"The one that's trying to get us. Who else?"

"The lascar?"

"Of course!" he answered vehemently; and she laid a cool soft hand on his head again.

"There, there," she soothed.

Blandon brushed her hand away and managed to prop himself into a sitting position. The effort, however, was almost too much for him. Floor and walls spun around him in a dizzy giddy-go-round; and if Nanny Granger had not held him to her he would have fallen over.

"The fellow's in the house, I tell you!" he said hoarsely.

Effy Colquitt spoke. "Here are the bandages, Nanny."

Blandon could have cursed again. With that slinking yellow murderer in the house he realized how they were at the fellow's mercy; yet each time he tried to move Nanny Granger pinned him down. She would not let him speak either. When again he tried to make them understand she laid a soft scented hand on his lips. "There, there," she repeated; and Temple reappearing at that instant with a pitcher of water and a bowl she added, "let me get your cut washed and bandaged, then you can talk all you like, Jerry."

He had to give in to her. Once she had bound up his head, though, Blandon got to his feet.

"Can you walk?" she asked.

He swayed weakly when he tried

"Here, let me help," said the girl.

She slipped an arm about his waist, at the same time drawing one of his arms over her shoulder. In spite of his pain Blandon thrilled at the contact of her lithe slender figure. Never before had he been so close as that to her, and a momentary color burned on his cheek; but, innocent of that, the girl looked up at him brightly.

"Good old Jerry!" she encouraged.

It was a good deal of a contrast to that venomous attack she had made on him downstairs a while before. Blandon, however, had forgotten that; and clinging to her, he tottered along.

"In here," he heard Colquitt's wife direct.

A moment later Blandon found himself back in the room where he had broken down the door.

His clothes still strewed the floor, and there was the door with its splintered panels. Colquitt's wife began busily to pick up his scattered belongings, the seedy tweeds among them; but Blandon was past thinking of their seediness—either that or his own disheveled state. Swaying inside, he gripped the footboard of the bed to steady himself; then faced about to the two women.

"We've got to have help here!" he said brusquely. "We've got to have it in a hurry too!"

He saw Nanny Granger frown abruptly. Colquitt's wife stood up too; and with his battered tweeds in her hands she gave him a look. Blandon disregarded it.

"I don't want to frighten you," he said, "but I've been banged up pretty badly, and I won't be much use if it comes to close quarters. The odds of four against one are too many anyway. We ought to have telephoned the town long ago."

"The town?" inquired Effy Colquitt

"Yes; the police"

Continued on Page 40

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Measure your lard this easy
"Silverleaf" way
Before removing the lard from the package, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram below. Thus you can measure quantities as needed, without the time and trouble of packing cups or leveling spoons.
1 CUP
8 TABLESPOONS
4 TABLESPOONS
2 TABLESPOONS
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand
Guaranteed
Pure Lard

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Now—the carton that measures lard

The next time you buy lard get a one-pound carton of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand. There are two distinct advantages in this purchase.

You get a convenient quantity of lard that is uniformly fine and guaranteed pure, lard that is ideal for all shortening and frying uses.

And the carton, as illustrated above, makes it possible for you to measure quantities as needed without the trouble of leveling spoons and packing measuring cups. Simply score the lard as shown in the diagram printed on the flap; cut it; your measurements are accurate. This is an exclusive "Silverleaf" convenience.

Dealers have Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard in the cartons and in pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds. Identify it by the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 38)

He saw her eyes waver. "We can't do that," she replied; and Blandon peered at her curiously

"Why not, Mrs. Colquitt? Is there anything you don't wish them to know?"

It might be that. She had said already that Colquitt, if he returned, must be told nothing; and if he was to be kept in ignorance it was not unlikely she might wish to keep it out of the hands of the police as well. Colquitt's wife, however, shook her head

"The telephone wire has been cut."

"What? But I thought you told me it had been repaired."

"They have cut it again," she answered.

He might have known that. Something, however, must be done; and it must be done quickly. The last warning had said "Till ten o'clock"; and it was long past eight now. It left an hour and a half at the most. Then, too, there was that fellow inside the house.

Nanny Granger spoke

"If worse comes to worst, I could go."

"You go?" Blandon cried. It was the last thing he'd allow. With those men lurking in the dark outside they would not let her reach the gate.

"But if I took a motor," she proposed; adding, "Norry's racing car is in the garage; they couldn't stop me in that."

"No, no!" said Blandon. He was nearly frantic. If that quivering dolt, the butler, wasn't such a fish he might be sent, but one thought of it convinced Blandon of its futility

Effy Colquitt spoke then.

"Don't let it worry you, Mr. Blandon. If anything else happens we can send the chauffeur"

The chauffeur? Blandon was clinging to the footboard of the bed as she spoke, and for an instant he swayed unsteadily.

"Him?"

"Yes, the one who drove you out here. He's downstairs now." Then she caught the look in Blandon's starting eyes. "Why, what is it?" she exclaimed.

"Good God!" said Blandon slowly.

He saw now how it was. The chauffeur's treachery was what had tricked them. Having done his dirty work of flinging the warning through the window, on top of that he had let into the house that slinking yellow-faced killer, the one who had struck him down. Lucky he had not used a knife, the creese these lascars took usually!

The two women stared at him incredulously He saw now what the look conveyed

"Do you think I'm lying?" he exclaimed. Evidently they still were convinced he had fallen down the stairs. "I tell you again I was blackjacked, bludgeoned! The man who did it, too, is still here inside the house!"

His heat and the repressed passion of what he said seemed at last to carry conviction at least to Effy Colquitt. He saw her look about her swiftly, then glance at Nanny Granger.

"What if he were right, Nanny?" she said slowly.

Of course he was right! He was again about to speak, when Mrs. Colquitt checked him "You stay here, Mr. Blandon," she said, "and, Nanny, you stay with him. I'll be back in a moment."

"Wait!" Blandon said harshly. "Where are you going?

Nanny, too, seemed startled, but Effy Colquitt made no reply. Hurriedly crossing the room, she slipped through the narrow passage into the room beyond; and had he been able Blandon would have followed. The pain in his head though made him totter faintly; and he had to hang on to the bed again.

Then he heard Colquitt's wife hastily pull open a drawer in the room adjoining.

There was a pier glass standing near the communicating passage; and in it he got a glimpse of her figure. He saw what she took from the drawer. With it in her hand she turned and started for the door that led to the stair outside.

"Stop her!" Blandon quavered hoarsely. "She's going after that man!"

It was a pistol that Colquitt's wife had taken from the drawer; and as he saw it he had realized instantly her intention.

"Effy! Wait!" Nanny Granger called.

She, too, seemed to realize; and as she called she darted after Colquitt's wife. With the pain in his head stabbing him like knives, Blandon tottered after them.

If the two women meant to hunt that man he meant to go with them; and, clinging to the furniture as he went, Blandon was halfway to the room beyond when a hand rapped on the door behind him, and he heard the butler's voice.

"Beg pardon, madam, are you here?"

Blandon propped himself against the wall. As he did so Colquitt's wife, followed by Nanny Granger, reappeared Evidently in the brief interval she had concealed her weapon somewhere, and going to the door she opened it.

Blandon heard the butler speak.

"If you please, madam, Mr. Pegram's below, and wishes to speak with you."

Pegram?" repeated Mrs. Colquitt. Her voice was queer, strained. "Which Mr. Pegram, Temple?"

Mr. Pegram, senior," the butler replied.

She murmured "Oh!" Then, her brow wrinkled, she turned slowly to Nanny Granger. "That's strange, Nanny!"

Her own eyes queer, Nanny slowly nodded.

"You don't think " Effy Colquitt began, then stopped.

After a pause the girl again slowly shook her head.

Look here!" said Blandon. "Who is that man?"

'Pegram!" asked Colquitt's wife.

"Yes."

'He's a neighbor, that's all. He owns one of the mills, the Narramantic Company"

'I see A business rival?" said Blandon

'Why do you ask?"

Blandon had good reason. "By any chance, do you think he's had a hand in this?"

"A hand in what!"

"In what's going on, Mrs. Colquitt. For one thing, the smash I got on the head." He was startled to hear her laugh, the laugh almost hysterical.

"Absurd! He's only a fat, elderly business man." Then, swinging around to Nanny Granger, she spoke hurriedly, "You come down with me, Nanny. If he suspects anything I can't face him alone." Nanny Granger nodded silently; and she turned to Blandon. "We'll be back in a moment. Promise me you'll stay here till we return."

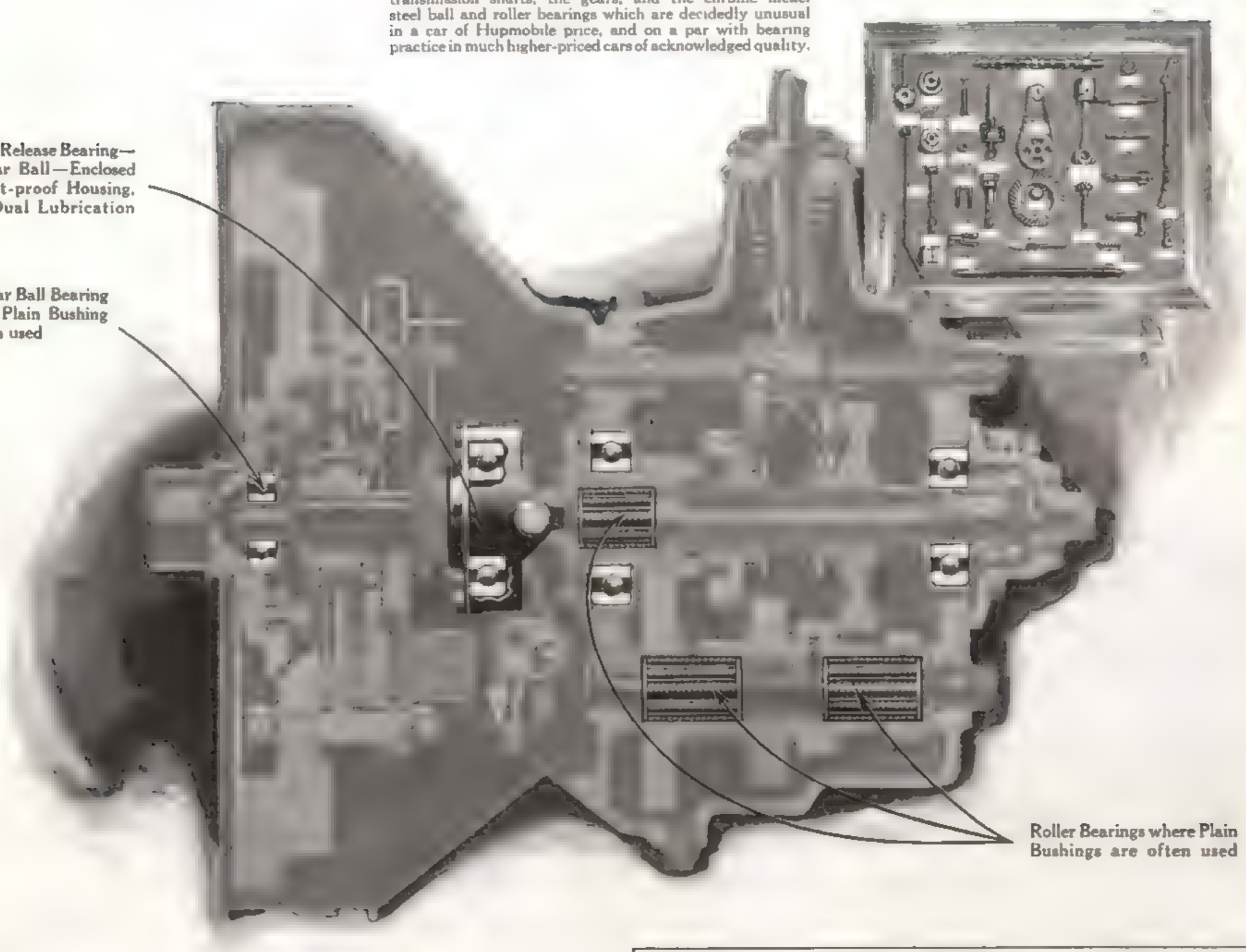
"Don't worry!" growled Blandon. The way his head rocked, all he asked was to lie down for a moment.

"That's good of you!" Mrs. Colquitt smiled brightly "I'll have Temple fetch you up a cup of soup at once."

Continued on Page 42

He Must be in a Dream—a Nightmare—He Thought. Once More He Heard Nanny Granger's Voice

Obviously, the Hupmobile parts-displays which our dealers are showing, cannot carry an assembled transmission, which is pictured here in section. But they do exhibit the transmission shafts, the gears, and the chrome nickel steel ball and roller bearings which are decidedly unusual in a car of Hupmobile price, and on a par with bearing practice in much higher-priced cars of acknowledged quality.


Clutch Release Bearing—Annular Ball—Enclosed in Dust-proof Housing, with Dual Lubrication
Annular Ball Bearing where Plain Bushing is often used
Roller Bearings where Plain Bushings are often used

Quality Identical With Highest-Priced Cars

There is a limit to motor car quality: and it might well be supposed that only the highest priced cars reach that limit.

But such is not the case, for at point after point the Hupmobile displays quality identical with that found in cars of topmost cost.

The Hupmobile clutch and transmission are a striking instance, and exemplify Hupmobile construction throughout.

They are equipped throughout with roller and annular ball bearings, while common practice in many cases—as the tables show—is to use plain bushings.

Garage men, who know the importance of ball and roller bearings at high-duty points, would tell you that in some instances, manufacturers building more than one type of car, confine the use of ball and roller bearings to their better product.

In the Hupmobile, these friction-reducing bearings are made of fine, long-lasting chrome nickel steel, instead of the lesser steels so often employed.

These things are hidden away from sight, and the Hupmobile owner rarely if ever needs to give them a thought through all the years of usefulness that are built into the Hupmobile.

Satisfaction—downright and complete—is what the buyer wants when he chooses the Hupmobile: and it is our aim and our business to build our car so that he is *sure* of getting it.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Graphic Comparisons That Help to Prove Why Hupmobile is So Well Worth its Price

Table No. 1, printed in italics, represents the highest-priced cars in America. You will note how closely the Hupmobile follows their high-quality practice, as evidenced by the type of transmission bearings. Table No. 2 shows cars in the Hupmobile price field. You see at a glance how much better Hupmobile construction is, and why the Hupmobile is noted for longer life and freedom from trouble. Plain bushings usually made of bronze listed so frequently below are the least expensive and the shortest-lived of all bearings. All these Hupmobile annular ball and roller bearings are costly, long-lasting chrome nickel steel.

	Clutch Gear Shaft Front Bearing	Transmission Main Shaft Front Bearing	Counter Shaft Gear Bearing	Clutch Release Bearing
Table No. 1 Hupmobile	Annular ball	Roller	Roller	Annular ball Special Housed
Car No. 1	*Annular ball*	*Roller*	*Roller*	*Special housed*
Car No. 2	*Annular ball*	*Roller*	*Roller*	*Special housed*
Car No. 3	*Annular ball*	*Roller*	*Annular ball*	*Special housed*
Car No. 4	*Annular ball*	*Roller*	*Plain bushing*	*Special housed*
Car No. 5	*Plain bushing*	*Roller*	*Roller*	*Special housed*
Table No. 2				
Car No. 1	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 2	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 3	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain thrust
Car No. 4	Annular ball	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain ball
Car No. 5	Roller	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain housed in clutch
Car No. 6	Roller	Roller	Roller	Plain housed in clutch
Car No. 7	Roller	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 8	Roller	Roller	Roller	Plain ball
Car No. 9	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 10	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 11	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 12	Annular ball	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 13	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain housed in clutch
Car No. 14	Annular ball	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain housed in clutch
Car No. 15	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain ball
Car No. 16	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball

Hupmobile, in order to make sure that the clutch release bearing is sufficiently and continuously lubricated, without depending entirely on good intentions and the use of a hand grease gun every 500 or 1000 miles, provides dual lubrication [illegible] bearing. In addition a means for pressure grease gun lubrication is also provided.

Dual lubrication means quick, silent and positive gear shifting and a soft gradual clutch engagement which increases flexibility.

Single lubrication (usually by pressure grease gun only) though far less effi[illegible]

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 40)

Soup, eh? Did they think him crazy? As if he could think of anything at that moment but that armed marauder lurking somewhere in the house!

"Lord!" he grunted; and as the door closed he wabbled to the bed and laid himself upon it. How long he lay there he could not have told. His head swam and the throbbing pain of that gash above his brow made him quiver. The pang, however, passed in time, and opening his eyes he fixed them with a sudden alertness on the ceiling above him. Something had startled him again. He was not sure, but in the silence of the room, quiet during a momentary lull of the gusts outside, it seemed to him he heard a stealthy padded foot creeping along cautiously somewhere overhead.

Aroused, his senses on the alert, Blandon slipped from the bed to the floor. His pain forgotten now, an instant later he was in the room adjoining, fumbling among the contents of a drawer in the dressing table. The pistol Colquitt's wife had taken from it she had replaced there; and he gave a murmur of exultation as his fingers closed about it. Bending over then, he unlaced his shoes, and slipping out of them Blandon made for the door that led to the hall beyond.

A moment afterwards he was on the stairs leading to the floor above.

IX

IT WAS a big house, that peaked and pinnacled mansion in which Norris Colquitt had made his home. A spacious imposing magnitude seemed, in fact, to have been its builder's idea. It rambled about, one wing added to another; and at every turn there were unexpected nooks and corners bewildering to a visitor unfamiliar with its plan. The stair, for example, on which Blandon found himself ended at a narrow landing which ran off in opposite ways. One end of this was lit by a gabled window, the window itself looking out over the flat roof and chimneys of an extension; at the other end the hall crooked at right angles and led off somewhere else. Blandon, however, was only momentarily confused. The light from below dimly showed him a door just beside the stair; and he crept toward this, his breath held, his hand on the blued automatic in his pocket. The door, he knew, must open into the room just above his.

It was at the moment closed. As he reached it another wild clap of wind burst upon the house, the gust sobbing and shrieking in the crannies of the roof; and pressed against the panels he waited till the blast had passed. It went presently. A lull fell, the wind whispering away into a distant whimper; but with his ear to the wood, though he listened till his ears drummed, he could hear nothing in the room inside.

Grasping the door knob Blandon turned it softly.

He knew the chance he took. None knew better the stealth and craft matched against his own wits. In that room, it morally was certain, lurked the slinking yellow-faced bravo who already had made one attempt on his life; and as he slowly turned the knob, the pressure of his shoulder against the woodwork, the memory of something he'd once seen lit his mind afresh. It was in a native compound down by Sumbawa, the night of a fête, and the compound bright on every side with the tossing lights of bonfires and torches—coir soaked in oil. Had it been broad day, though, it would have made no odds. There was a scream ending in a gurgle; and a native, a fat headman in a sarong, had toppled over among his fellows, the hilt of a knife sticking up between his shoulder blades. The murderer, unseen, had crept up, done the trick, then fled as he had come, unseen. Gun in hand, finger on its trigger, Blandon threw open the door.

The instant he did so he crouched, the gat leveled before him. Had he been blindfolded he could not have been at greater disadvantage. The room was pitch dark, black. He could not see ten feet before him.

A long moment passed. Every instant he expected to feel the point of a knife snicked in between his ribs. The gat was no aid to him. These knife men, the Tamils especially, had a trick of flinging a blade with unerring deadly skill. But no knife came winging through the dark. He was still unscotched; and creeping forward he strove to pierce the gloom, the cavernous darkness of that silent chamber. Then, as his eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness, he saw where he was. The place was the garret of the house.

Overhead arched the rafters; and at the sides, unsealed and open, were the gaps between the studding. In the dark a black bulked-up square of denser black resolved itself into a stack of trunks. They were piled one on the other, the tiers reaching to the roof; and the floor farther on was filled with boxes and discarded furniture, the jettisoned remnants of a generation of housekeeping. Dust lay thick on these, and the garret was evidently a storeroom little visited; but what concerned Blandon was that the place was, in effect, a trap. The man he sought might be ambushed behind any one of those barricades, the dark bulk of trunks, tables, couches; and, his back to the slanting wall, he was reconnoitering each in turn when his ear caught a sudden noise, the sound of hurried footfalls. It was as if someone were running up a stairway. The stairs, too, were not the ones by which he had come; and, squirming in behind the tier of trunks, he squatted low, his face pressed to an opening among them.

He had just done so when a door was flung open at the other end of the garret, and a flash of light pierced through the gloom. Dazzled by it, he could not make out who entered. Then the light swung away from his eyes, and to his amazement Colquitt's wife stepped into view.

The instant, too, he saw who it was, Blandon shrank still lower.

It was a flashlight she carried. Its reflected glow showed him her face, and he marveled as he beheld it. At the first glimpse of her he had jumped to the conclusion that she'd made good her resolve to search the house—but no! She no longer looked either resolute or determined. Her face was strained; and as she paused for an instant, gazing into the gloom about her, her lips parted and a gasp escaped her, its echo a stifled whimper.

She had some sort of bundle in her hand, he saw. Guided by the light she threaded her way between the dusty tables and boxes, and made for the angle beneath the rafters. Hurriedly she thrust the bundle into the space between the flooring and the wall. Rising then she glided back to the door; and glancing out she waited for an instant, her head erect and listening. Someone else was coming up the stair; and Blandon had just caught the echo of his heavy tread when she called guardedly, "Hurry, Burt."

Burt? It was with a start, a jerk, that Blandon heard the name. The man she addressed at that instant appeared in the door; and Blandon gave another start, a jerk of greater wonder. It was the chauffeur, the one who had driven him from the junction!

"Dumfounded" would be a poor word to describe Blandon's momentary sensations. Aghast, he could only gape. As he had reason to know, the fellow was the one who had flung that stone through the window. It was he, too, through whose treachery that sneaking yellow-faced killer had been let loose in the house among them. And here he was, in spite of all Blandon's warning, left to roam about as he liked! He had for the instant a wild impulse to leap out from his hiding place and, with the gat stuck in the man's ribs, to round him up then and there. He had no chance, however. He was still gaping impotently when he heard Colquitt's wife speak hurriedly.

"Where's the car, Burt? Is it ready?"

He nodded in reply. "What's all the rush?" Blandon heard him ask.

To this Colquitt's wife responded, "Didn't Nanny tell you? She just got Boston on the telephone!"

The chauffeur started. "You don't mean they found him!"

She answered slowly: "He was at the wharf two hours ago. They said the car left there at seven o'clock."

"Two hours?" The fellow gave a startled grunt. "Say, I don't want to be caught hanging around here! Where's that box I've got to take?"

She flashed her lamp across the garret.

"It's the one under the table, Burt. Put it in the back of the car, and leave the car out by the gate. I'll be there as soon as I can."

He was hurrying toward the box when he paused.

"What did the old man say, Effy?"

Effy? Blandon gave another jerk. He was still gaping as she replied, "I don't know; he's still downstairs with Nanny. She's trying to get rid of him."

"Does he suspect anything?" Burt inquired. When she shook her head undecidedly he gave a reflective whistle. "It'd be a pretty mess for all of us if he got the cops in here!"

"That's why we've got to hurry, Burt," she replied.

Burt—this, it seemed, being his name—loitered no more. Gripping the box he shouldered it, but big as he was, Blandon heard him grunt and grumble at its weight. At the door he paused an instant.

"Where's Little Bright Eyes?" he inquired.

She seemed to identify who it was he meant. "Downstairs, I suppose. He's pretty limp, poor fellow."

Burt laughed unfeelingly.

"That bird, the lascar, must have laid him out stiff."

"Don't be a fool, Burt!" Colquitt's wife said sharply.

The box on his shoulder, he was still chuckling ironically as he went through the doorway. Halfway down the stair Blandon heard him speak again.

"Which car do we take to Boston, Effy?" he asked. And Colquitt's wife replied, "The roadster—that's the fastest."

Blandon heard no more. It was enough, however. Stepping out of the garret Colquitt's wife closed the door behind her; and, plunged in the darkness, for a long moment Blandon sat there wondering whether his wits had left him or he was wandering in the mazes of a dream, a nightmare.

X

A NIGHTMARE, a disordered dream. It was either that or he had gone out of his mind, he figured; and for a moment he wondered whether that rap on the head he'd had was not responsible. No chance, however. His head still throbbed, to be sure; but he knew clearly he could not lay to that what he had just seen and heard. But what was the game? What was it that was being put over in that house? He would have given much at the moment to be able to guess that riddle.

He could not guess it though. All he could make out of the mess was that it was something underhanded; and, as such, that it was evidently as sinister as anything he had already fallen on that night. Convinced of it, he was equally convinced that, like Colquitt, he, too, was a victim of the plot. But why? He gave it up; and dropping the pistol into the pocket of his coat Blandon rose and fumbled his way to the door through which he had come.

He no longer remembered the errand that had brought him to the garret; or, if he did, it no longer reacted on him in the way it had before. The pain of that gash on his brow had grown sharper now; and, a little giddy from it, he stumbled down the stairs and made for his room by way of the room adjoining. He felt he must lie down for a while. If he did so, perhaps his head would clear and he could make something out of the jumble. Just as he reached the bed, however, there was a rap at the door; and he heard the butler's voice.

The man's voice was suave and deferent: "Here's your dinner, if you please, sir." He pushed open the door; and the tray in his hand, he came toward the bed.

Blandon with an effort shook himself together.

On the tray were a plate of soup, a glass of sherry and a plate of biscuits. In his momentary mood Blandon could have pitched them from the window. Restraining himself, however, he hung to the footboard of the bed till the servant had placed the tray on a table; and then, as the butler turned to leave him, he spoke.

"One moment!" he said sharply.

His eyes narrowed. The butler could not fool him longer with his smug fawning exterior; and as the servant caught his look he could see him shrink visibly.

"Who," asked Blandon brusquely, "is Burt?"

He saw the butler's eyes twitch again.

"Burt, sir?" he repeated.

"You heard me," retorted Blandon.

"I—I don't know, sir. What Burt do you mean?"

If Blandon had nursed any doubt of the man's sincerity the reply was to him as good as a confession. Still, for his own reasons, he did not choose yet to show his hand.

"I mean that chauffeur," he said crustily; "the one who drove me here from the junction."

"Oh, you mean him, sir," the butler murmured. "Was his name Burt, did you say?"

Blandon could have cursed him, though he didn't. It was clear, at any rate, that if the butler knew anything he meant to keep it to himself; and he fixed the man with a hardening eye.

"Tell me," he said slowly, "just how long have you been with this family?"

"I, sir?" He darted a look at Blandon, his air a little worried now. "A long while, sir. It's going on now, sir, over thirty year. I came to the old master when Mr. Norry was a boy."

"Did you?" Blandon remarked.

His tone was tart; and the butler gave him another furtive troubled glance.

"Yes, sir."

"And how long do you expect to remain?" asked Blandon.

The butler's look of covert concern grew on him. "All my life, I hope, sir." Blandon saw him wet his lips. "Begging pardon, sir, would you mind saying why you ask?"

Blandon smiled obscurely.

"I was merely asking," he drawled, adding, "You don't know, I suppose, when your master will return?"

"No, sir; I couldn't say, sir."

Blandon waved him to go.

The butler, his face more troubled, went slowly toward the door. As he reached it he halted and stood fidgeting. Blandon watched him. The servant was gray haired, no longer young; and there was about him and his furrowed face and sagging shoulders an air of debility and fatigue that had not been so noticeable before. He seemed, in fact, for some reason to have fagged out all at once; but though Blandon felt an instant's qualm of pity he repressed it. For all he knew to the contrary the butler might be as deeply steeped in treachery as any—that fellow masquerading as a chauffeur, for example.

All at once he spoke.

"I hope, sir, anything I have done hasn't given offense. You are a friend of the young master; often I've heard him speak of you, sir; and when he comes back ——" His voice quavered. "—— if he does, sir," added the butler, "I'd like him to feel you've been taken care of as well as if he had been here himself. I hope, too, sir, you'll feel that way yourself."

"Well?" Blandon inquired curiously.

"It's this way, sir. It's out of my place, I know, sir, to be speaking like this; but I can't help it, sir, so help me! Things have been quite bad with Mr. Norry, if I may make bold to say so; and we have all been greatly troubled. You will hardly know him, sir, when you see him, that

(Continued on Page 117)

Six-Cylinder Five-Passenger Touring

I bought one of your 1924 sixes and I have been very gratified and pleased with its performance. The four-wheel brake is, in my judgment, one of the greatest improvements that has ever been made upon an automobile.

This makes the fourth Buick which I have owned, and I think that this year's model is unquestionably the best of the four. The engine is quiet and powerful. The many little conveniences that have been placed on this year's model make it a very luxurious car.

Yours very truly,

R. J. McMillan

The City National Bank Bldg.,
San Antonio, Texas

HOW often you hear: "It's almost as good as a Buick," or "It's not in Buick's class." Such remarks reveal how universally Buick is used to measure all automobile values. And what is particularly significant—people make these comparisons both consciously and unconsciously. Consciously, because they actually know Buick value either from their own experience or that of their friends. Unconsciously, because for twenty years Buick has been the accepted standard of the industry.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories McLAUGHLIN BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont*

TECHNICALITIES

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

INANIMATE objects which have been closely associated with man through his use of them in one way or another are likely enough to carry human connotations not always uninteresting or undramatic. For example, a line drawn from two comparatively cumbersome schooneryachts, broad of beam, heavily sparred, lying side by side, high on the ways of a shipyard where the East River flows broadly into Long Island Sound, would have led direct to an apartment in an office building on lower Broadway, where the owners of the sturdy craft sat facing each other with embattled eyes and flushed faces.

Valiant and Dauntless—maritime anachronisms amid the lithe hulls of the slithering Herreshoff generation, relics of the days when American yachtsmen wore whiskers and sailed their boats across the Atlantic for thirty thousand dollars a side.

Colin Bradford, of the Malleable Metals Corporation, and Peter Oakes, of Oakes & Co., bankers, yachtsmen of tendencies no less anachronistic than the craft they owned; yachtsmen of the old school who anathematized steam yachts, who held that the gasoline engine had tinctured the otherwise pure sea air with unholy odors, who rowed ashore in gigs, with oars tossed upon all due and proper occasions.

A staunch man, with a thatch of iron-gray hair and grizzled, close-cropped whiskers, was Colin Bradford; and Peter Oakes, rugged of face, which was smooth shaven, heavy of frame, adequately suggested the tree whence his surname was derived. Thirty-odd years had the two been racing opponents, and the keenness of their rivalry had been cumulative.

But now in this board room in the building on lower Broadway a grim issue was developing that promised to put an end to it for good and all.

The year had been a hard one for Colin Bradford. Strikes, car shortage, various things had combined to shut down his mills, placing the company in an absolutely unfair and unwarranted position. Two dividends had been passed, and by virtue of the articles under which Malleable Metals had been incorporated, if a third dividend was passed the company would automatically fall into the control of the preferred stockholders, among whom Peter Oakes was the most important. For the first time in his business career Bradford found himself in a really desperate position; found himself in a plight where it was necessary for him to take off his shoes, so to speak, enter the mosques of Wall Street and beg.

When Bradford entered the board room to meet his directors he had the money. But to his utter amazement and chagrin, Peter Oakes coldly and unemotionally raised the technical point that since the dividend would not be based upon legitimate earnings, it was illegal. Furthermore, he summoned an eminent attorney, who gave an opinion that in voting for the dividend the directors would render themselves criminally liable.

Bradford, by this time aflame with rage, could see that his colleagues were strongly impressed, in fact badly frightened, and nothing he could find to say was successful in solidifying their wavering front. Clearly it was a matter for lawyers, with the maddening prospect that the date upon which the dividend was due would slip by in the midst of litigation, thus adding complications to a situation already complex.

"Very well, gentlemen"—Bradford's voice was husky with emotion—"we'll go to the courts. Meantime I would remark that I've got a pretty clear idea who the traitors are in this crowd. Look out, every one of you! That's a warning too. As for you, Peter Oakes"—Bradford's voice lowered to a growl—"pardon me, I should have said Judas Oakes ——"

He suddenly sat down with a gesture of dismissal.

"In a Moment, Young Woman, I'll Walk You Straight Out of This Office. So be Warned"

Upon the evening of the day two weeks subsequent to this meeting, when the due date for the dividend had elapsed, and Bradford and Oakes were fighting their opening engagement in the courts, Cordelia Bradford and her mother arrived from Europe, where they had been spending the spring.

It had always been Bradford's habit to leave business at the office; and now, meeting his wife and daughter at the pier, there was nothing in his manner to indicate stress of mind. None the less, Cordelia, who was very close to him, quickly remarked signs of unwonted strain upon the grizzled face, and an expression in the eyes as of one endeavoring to conceal deep-seated preoccupations under lightness of demeanor.

"Father"—she studied him keenly—"you look tired. Haven't you been well? Is anything the matter?"

She spoke in an aside, for Mrs. Bradford was a semi-invalid with nerves. Bradford gestured.

"No; working hard, of course. Business gets to be the very devil sometimes."

He could not keep a querulous note out of his voice.

"Of course it does." She touched him lightly upon the cheek. "Well, we'll fix that, don't you fear. We'll be sailing before you know it. Personally I can hardly wait. Have you ordered the Valiant into commission yet, father?"

Bradford, affecting not to hear, went to his wife, who was shrinking before a customs inspector; and then, having adjusted the point at issue, turned to watch his glorious daughter as she flew about opening trunks and bags.

Somehow—perhaps because Cordelia had a rather matter-of-fact attitude toward men—he had developed the idea she would never marry, and was pleased rather than otherwise, since she was a perfect comrade and, at the wheel of his yacht, almost as able a skipper as he himself.

When in the course of dinner that night Cordelia was summoned to the telephone her father was neither surprised nor particularly interested. But curiously—since he was not usually given to keen observation of the sort—he noted upon his daughter's face when she returned a higher color, an unusual light in her eyes.

"Who was that, Cordelia?" he asked.

"Why—why, father, it was Drew Cathcart."

The flush upon her cheeks deepened.

"Eh!" Bradford started in his chair, then leaned forward, studying the girl. "You mean young Cathcart of Oakes & Co.? Was he the chap who was fluttering around you on the pier? I thought I recognized him."

"Why, certainly, father! Who else? He was on the steamer with us. I'd have introduced you, but I thought of course you knew him. He's a perfect corker, father. In fact quite my ideal—an unspoiled bachelor."

Cordelia glanced at her mother, who nodded and smiled.

"A most engaging man, Colin. He was dear to us abroad: spent practically the last month with us."

"I didn't know that," grumbled Bradford.

"Why, father," protested Cordelia, "I wrote you we had met him!"

Bradford gestured irritably.

"I know you did; but you didn't say he was traveling about with you."

"Well"—Cordelia hesitated—"he wasn't precisely. We kept running into him. And, anyway, as I had to write letters for mother as well as myself, and there was so much to tell of greater interest, I—I ——"

Her voice trailed away. Bradford eyed her keenly.

"I see," he said at length.

A few hours later, after Mrs. Bradford had retired, Cordelia knocked at the door of her father's study.

"Father," she said, after he had bidden her enter, "you acted so queerly at dinner when I spoke of Drew Cathcart. Was there anything wrong?"

He looked up at her, his grizzled whiskers twisting in a grim smile.

"And you, my girl, acted so queerly when you spoke of him. Was there anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" She laughed, then advancing swiftly upon him, she threw herself into his lap. "I should say not! Father, I'm the happiest mortal in this world." As he drew back his head, staring at her, she went on: "Do you remember when we first met—Drew and I? It was on the New York Yacht Club cruise five years ago. He was on the deck of the Dauntless and I on the Valiant. We had beaten Mr. Oakes' boat in the run from Provincetown to Marblehead, and Mr. Oakes was so disgusted as he always is when we win—that he wouldn't acknowledge your hail. Then Drew Cathcart stepped to the rail, and raising his cap cried, 'Congratulations—until the next race, Miss Bradford.' The first words he had ever spoken to me. You remember, father?"

As Bradford made no reply, Cordelia kissed him swiftly and ran on: "And to think, for five years we saw each other only when we were racing! I fancy we spent most of our time in the past month berating the fates that had kept us on separate decks for so long. Well"—she laughed excitedly—"atonement has been made, father."

"Atonement!" Bradford gently pushed his daughter from his lap and rose. "Cordelia, girl, what is all this?" His voice became gruff. "Are you trying to tell me there is something between you and Cathcart?"

For a moment there was silence. Then Cordelia with a low cry threw her arms about her father's neck, hiding her face in his breast.

"Good Lord!"

Bradford released himself from her arms, walked to his desk and picked up a cigar. Cordelia watched him a moment, her eyes darkening.

"Father, what is the matter?"

Bradford lighted his cigar before he replied. Gesturing to a chair beside the desk, he himself sank into an easy-chair.

"Listen, Cordelia." Without further preliminaries he told her the story of his break with Peter Oakes and the fight the man was now making to gain control of the company.

"So, Cordelia," he concluded, "there is the situation. It hurts to tell you this in your happiness, and if there were any way I could avoid it I would. But—but I ——"

His voice quavered and died away. He raised his hands. They fell heavily into his lap. Cordelia, who had sat listening with a rigidity that amounted to sheer strain, remained silent for a full minute after the man had ceased speaking. At length she rose, confronting him.

(Continued on Page 46)

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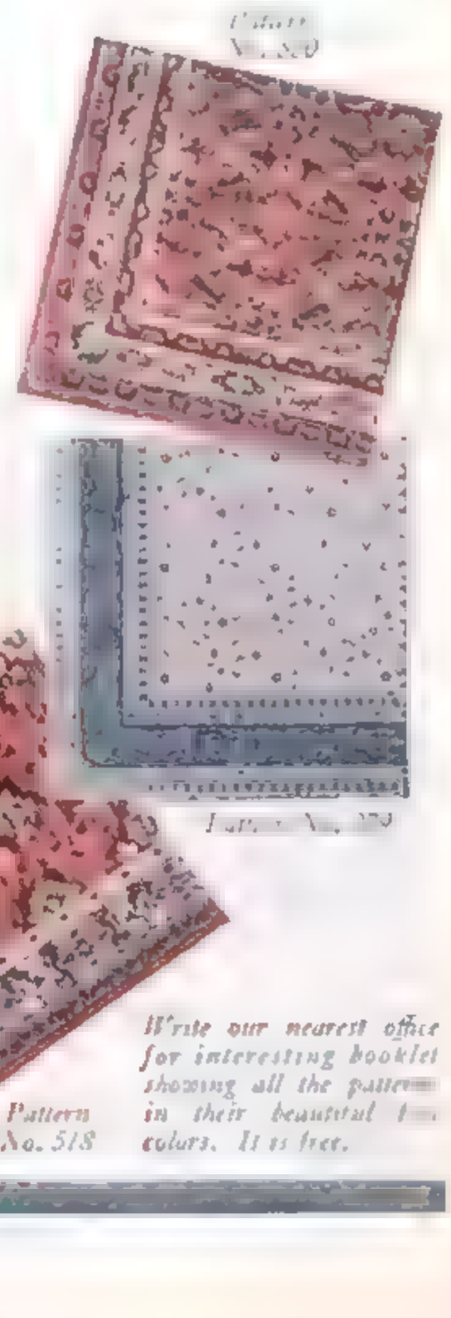

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(Continued from Page 44)

"And you mean to say, father, that you haven't the slightest idea why Mr. Oakes is doing this?"

"Certainly I have! He's a rascal and wants to grab something that isn't his. But he won't!"

"But he never appeared to be a rascal before, father. Why, you and he were like brothers, playing golf together in Florida every February for years and years, and racing the Dauntless and Valiant. Father, this is wicked! Peter Oakes, of all men!"

Bradford stared at her doggedly.

"It takes years to find some men out. He's a rascal, I tell you!"

Bradford turned to his desk with the manner of finality. His daughter regarded him thoughtfully for a moment, then shook her head decidedly.

"Father, this is really tragic. You've both rushed into an impossible situation."

Bradford laughed harshly.

"Impossible or not, the situation exists." He broke off abruptly. "What you've got to worry about is young Cathcart. I've no feeling against him, of course. But he'll have to get into the fight."

"Why will he? He has charge of foreign loans. Why will he have to get into this mess?" She tossed her head. "I shan't let him, so there!"

Bradford studied her a moment.

"My poor girl, you don't know Peter Oakes."

"Perhaps I don't." For a time she stared thoughtfully at the floor. Suddenly, as though struck by a sudden thought, she smiled. "But I think I do. . . . Father, you are going to race the Valiant this season, of course."

"Race!" Bradford shook his head pityingly. "My girl, there'll be no yachting for me this summer. The floors of court rooms, ranging possibly to the Supreme Court of the United States, will be my deck for a year to come."

Cordelia sighed. But a little smile was playing about her lips.

"What a perfect shame!" She came to him, seating herself upon his knee. "Father dear, may I sail the Valiant this summer? You know how I love the old boat, and I've been counting upon it so much."

Bradford gestured impatiently.

"Anything you want, if you'll just run along out of here. I've a lot to do."

"So have I, old dear."

She tapped her father playfully upon the forehead and walked out of the room with that swagger which was so characteristic when she had projects of emprise upon her mind.

Next morning, with loverlike earliness, Drew Cathcart called Cordelia up on the telephone from his home in Westchester.

"Good morning, Drew dear." Cordelia's voice was crisp. "Have you heard anything from the office yet? I mean from Mr. Oakes? . . . Well, you will. . . . No, please don't say a word to him about our engagement. . . . No, positively not. I'll explain later. I'm coming down to your office. What time will you be there? Ten? All right. . . . No, I'm not going to announce it until after I see you. . . . No, nothing serious. At least I hope not. . . . No, dear, I can't talk now, really. See you at ten. 'By."

When Cordelia arrived at Cathcart's office, promptly at the hour she had set, the man arose with somber face.

"Hello, Cordelia."

He turned to his secretary, asking her to leave the room and remain outside until he sent for her.

"So"—Cordelia glanced at Cathcart as the door closed, and grimaced—"you know the sad news."

Cathcart nodded. Then upon sudden impulse he seized her in his arms, releasing her finally with a shrug and walking away to a window, where he stood, hands in his pockets, frowning. At length he turned.

"Well, what's the scheme? Shall I quit the firm? I have some small income of my own."

"Drew!" She crossed swiftly to his side, placing a hand upon his shoulder. "Drew, you couldn't have said anything that would more completely, don't you know, have confirmed my opinion of you, you old sweetheart! No, you're not going to resign. If—if it comes to that, it—it will be me you'll give up."

He gripped her hands swiftly.

"Guess again," he said savagely.

"Oh, yes, it will be, Drew! You're Peter Oakes' favorite partner, and you'll be the head of this firm in time. I'm not worth all that, don't think it."

"Cordelia ——"

"Listen a moment, Drew. Is Mr. Oakes going to put the Dauntless in commission this summer?"

"Certainly not. What would he have to race against? He knows, of course, that your father will be out of the game."

"Have you told him you and I are engaged?"

"You told me not to."

"You think I was wise, don't you?"

Cathcart smiled ruefully.

"I'll say you were. Just the same — "

He was drawing her toward him, when she raised her hand, pushing him away.

"Drew, I want to talk to Mr. Oakes."

Cathcart hesitated.

"Cordelia, let me tell you, nothing you can say will stop this damnable mess between him and your father. I happen to know. I got mine good and plenty when I tried my hand."

"I don't want to talk to him about my father. Just see if you can get him to see me, will you, like a dear? I'll do the rest."

With a shrug Cathcart turned and left the office. Returning in a few minutes, he beckoned to her to come with him.

"I think he was so surprised," he said, "that he agreed to see you before he thought. Anyway I heard him calling to me just as I got through the door. I made believe I didn't hear him. Come on."

When they reached the outer apartment leading to Peter Oakes' office a secretary stood at the door, half barring the way. Oakes, he said, was very busy and would not be open to visitors.

But Cordelia, head high, pushed past the man and entered the inner office.

"Good morning, Mr. Oakes."

Her voice was clear. Peter Oakes looked up from his desk, his rugged features knotted into a frown.

"How'd you get in here?" he asked. "I thought I — "

"You did; but I was so anxious to see what kind of a sport you are, Mr. Oakes, that I literally forced my way. And, by the way, I never thought I'd have to do that with you."

Oakes growled something unintelligible, then smiled grudgingly. For always he had had a soft spot in his oaken heart for this girl.

"What is it you want?"

"Well, merely this: I am going to race the Valiant this summer—father's out of racing, as you probably know—and I was wondering if I'm going to have the chance of beating the Dauntless."

"Poor as the chance would be, you are not going to have it, miss." Oakes' voice was grim. "I am out of racing, too, as you probably know."

"I didn't know it, Mr. Oakes. I've been wondering. Is it because the Valiant beat the Dauntless in the last two races last summer, bringing the total count to fifty-two victories for our boat against fifty for yours?"

"What do you mean?" Oakes' voice was rasping.

"I mean, have you stopped racing because you believe that ours is the better boat?"

Oakes laughed.

(Continued on Page 49)

Straight for the Valiant Came the Gig, Bringing Up at the Gangway, Bradford and Cordelia Moving to the Rail to Meet Them

Why lubrication is important to plant executives

Its effect on repairs and shutdowns

What results can an executive expect from correct lubrication?

He can reasonably look forward to—

1—Smoother running machinery.
2—Less wear.
3—More continuous operation and production.
4—Lower lubricating cost per unit of production, and—
5—A marked reduction in repairs and the shutdowns that repairs cause.

How can correct lubrication have so marked an effect on repairs and shutdowns?

Because it reduces friction to a minimum. Friction, it must be remembered, not only slows up production, but actually wears out the moving metal parts of machinery—and worn out machinery necessitates repairs or complete replacements. It often follows that a machine idle for repairs will force other machinery to a halt. In the meantime full plant operation cannot be maintained, and a complete or partial shutdown may result.

What proof is there that incorrect lubrication is the chief cause of repairs to plant machinery?

The Vacuum Oil Company's own experience has demonstrated this over and over again. Mechanical engineers everywhere confirm it. The editor of a well-known machinery publication estimates incorrect lubrication to be the cause of 70% of all repairs to plant machinery. Some plant executives put the percentage as high as 80 or even 90%.

An expression of opinion recently sought from leading users of machinery throughout the country brought hundreds of corroborating testimonials. The following are typical examples.

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"The use of wrong lubrication will cost a manufacturer more per year than any other thing I can call to your attention."

"The lack of lubrication or the more general use of wrong lubrication is the reason for most (machinery) failures."

What steps can an executive take to help prevent repairs and shutdowns?

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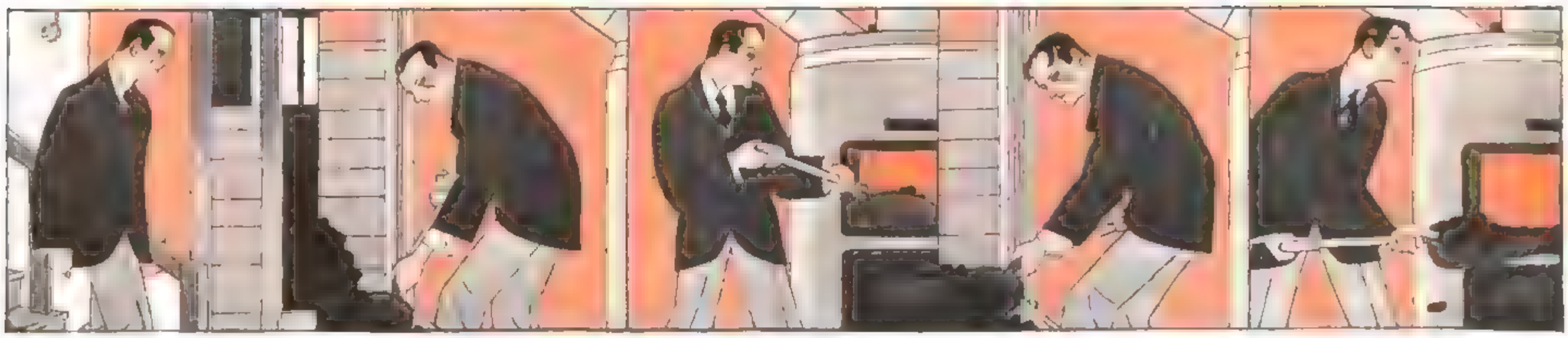
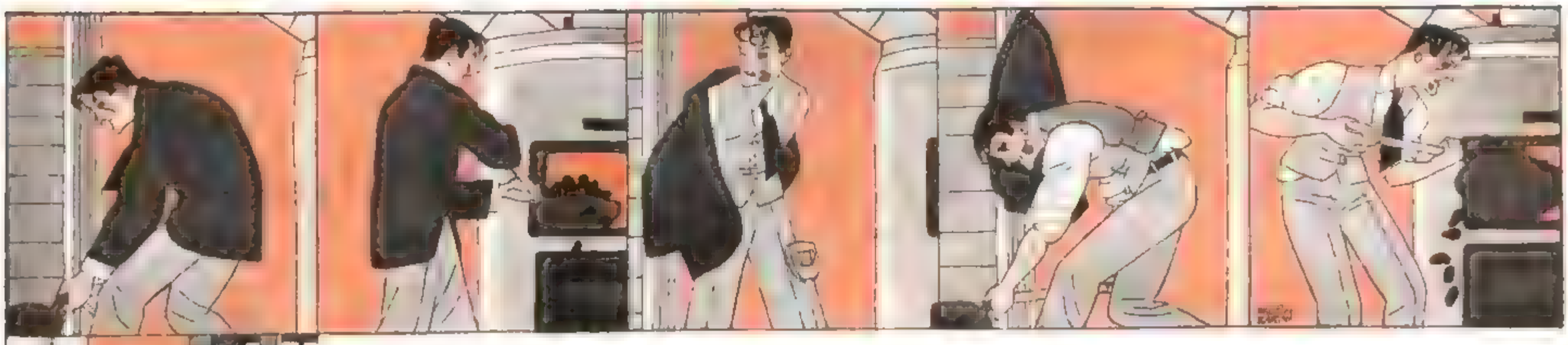


It's the *last few* shovelfuls that break the father's back!



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(Continued from Page 46)

"That's a good one, isn't it! For your information, young woman, I'll tell you I stopped racing to show your father that there are technicalities to be observed in business as in yacht racing."

It required all of Cordelia's self-control to suppress an exclamation of triumph. But suppress it she did.

"I am not at all interested in business rows," she said composedly. "But may I say this, Mr. Oakes—that the alacrity with which you have seized upon a business excuse to withdraw the Dauntless from racing tells me you have lost faith in her."

"It tells you that, does it?" Oakes rose from his chair, his eyes gleaming through a jungle of brows. "Have you any memory how your Valiant won in the Autumn Cups Regatta at Glen Cove last year?"

"Yes, the Dauntless fouled us."

"Fouled you!" Oakes' voice trembled. "The tip of our boom just grazed your bowsprit, that's all. And you people—you good sports—protested!"

"Really, I don't know any greater stickler for the rules of racing than you are, Mr. Oakes."

"The difference is that I ——" Oakes waved the subject away. "Is there anything else you wish to say to me?"

"Nothing except to tell you I am going to put the Valiant into commission, and if I've no boat to sail against I'll go over the course alone in every regatta. And I beg to inform you that as the Valiant crosses the finish line I'm going to drop over the stern a large bunch of flowers, every one of them yellow. Attached to them will be a card: 'Here's to the Dauntless—dauntless in name only.'"

No subject that could have been introduced to Peter Oakes could by any possibility have intrigued him so vastly, occupied his thoughts so exclusively, as the one under discussion. For the blood of generations of Maine-bred packet skippers flowed through his veins, and his love of the sea and craft that fared thereon was deep and abiding.

Now he was clutching at the lapels of his coat, glaring at Cordelia Bradford with eyes so menacing that she would have recoiled had not the strength of high purpose bulwarked her. He raised his hands aloft, shaking them as though he were clutching a symbol of everything relating to Bradford's schooner yacht.

"You'll sail over the course, will you, and drop yellow flowers astern? Well, let me tell you it will be a good thing that pot-bellied hooker of yours is going to take sail-overs. For when I expected to race the Dauntless I had her surveyed for repairs and alterations last month; and do you know what Gardner, the designer, said? He said, by heaven, that we might as well have been racing the past few seasons with anchors lashed to our keel!"

Cordelia smiled.

"I'd noticed that, Mr. Oakes," she said sweetly. "But way down deep you know the Valiant has the heels of your boat whatever you do to her. It wasn't always so, I'll admit. But now, do you know, I have a horrid thought that the Dauntless hasn't been standing the years as well as the Valiant. You remember what the newspaper men wrote after the Astor Cup race last year, when ——"

Oakes walked close to her, gesturing for her to cease. When he spoke his voice was calm.

"In a moment, young woman, I'll walk you straight out of this office. So be warned. You're impertinent and impudent. Now go, please. But before you do, bear this in mind: If I had the time I'd put the Dauntless in commission and race you for all the money you could scrape together—and win it, too, by thunder! But I haven't the time and I haven't the inclination. So your talk is a little cheap, my girl."

"Mr. Oakes"—Cordelia smiled up at him—"if it were not for your threat to throw me out of your office, I'd say to you that your talk is cheaper than mine."

"Eh?" Oakes stared at her. "Why would you say that?"

"Because, even if you haven't time to sail your boat, you have Drew Cathcart, who is probably as good a sailor as you are. So you see ——"

"That's enough from you! Will you be so good as to get out of here? Wait a minute!" Peter Oakes paced the floor a moment and then suddenly turned upon the girl again. "Look here, I'll call that bluff! Hundred dollars a race. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly," smiled Cordelia.

"Very good."

Oakes rang for his secretary and in measured terms directed her to write to Gardner, the naval architect, immediately to put

For the Twentieth Time Came That Question From the Staunch Viking at the Wheel

on foot the alterations which he had outlined for the Dauntless.

"That will do for that."

Stiff as a ramrod, Oakes summoned his younger partner.

"Cathcart," he said as the man entered the office, "Miss Bradford here intends to put the Valiant in commission this summer, and has seen fit to say some insulting things about the Dauntless. She is going to sail the schooner this year. I want you to sail the Dauntless. And, Cathcart, make it your business to see that this young lady has good and sufficient reason after the season is over to swallow everything she has said to me. No false notions of gallantry, or any of that stuff, remember. You will be racing to beat her. Do you understand? All right, that's all. Good morning, Miss Bradford."

Oakes seated himself at his desk and picked up a paper with a savage gesture. Cordelia seized Cathcart by the arm as the two emerged into the hall on their way to the elevator.

"Drew," she said in a voice low and tense, "I never dreamed I'd be half so successful."

Cathcart smiled dubiously.

"I don't know why you didn't dream it, Cordelia. He needed only half a push to put his boat overboard."

"Oh, not that." Her fingers tightened upon his arm. "I don't mean about racing. I learned the secret of his grudge against father. He's peeved because we won that last regatta on a protest. You know how father kept rubbing it in afterwards."

"I don't think I quite ——"

Cordelia interrupted impatiently. "Why, don't you see? The first technical point he could bring up on father was this business matter. He practically admitted it."

"By Jove, I think you're right, Cordelia!" Then Cathcart's face clouded. "But whatever the motive was, it's got out of hand now. The battle has grown too bitter. Too many things have been said back and forth; too many nasty things have happened. It's precisely like the European war starting out of Serajevo."

"Have faith, Drew." Cordelia was smiling at him. "We are going to work together for two old friends—and for ourselves."

"But I tell you," cried Cathcart, "our love doesn't enter! Do you think for a minute that I'll let Mr. Oakes, or anybody else ——"

"Sssh!" Cordelia held up a warning finger. "All you have to do is exactly as I tell you."

Cathcart stared at her.

"Then we are going to see each other?"

"Privately, Drew." She smiled. "That is, if you'll promise to do everything I say."

"Well"—Cathcart bowed slightly—"I'll promise with a reservation."

"What is it, Drew?"

"Everything you say—until the day of our wedding."

"That," she laughed, "we'll discuss later. Good-by, dear."

She pressed his hand as the car appeared and the door opened.

Neither the Valiant nor the Dauntless was in commission in time for the New York Yacht Club's regatta for the Spring Cups on the Sound in the middle of June. The Valiant went overboard the following week, but the extensive alterations to the Dauntless kept her on the ways.

In the meantime Cathcart and Cordelia had a daily rendezvous for tea at a quiet hotel uptown on a side street, running from Park Avenue; and this as well was employed as a base of departure for motor rides and little excursions whose clandestine nature tinctured their enjoyment with a sort of adventitious thrill.

But there was alloy. The fight between Oakes and Bradford and allied interests had gathered bitterness and intensity. Various points involved were now before the Appellate Court, Bradford the appellant. Moreover, Cordelia had noted signs that her father's original complacence toward her love for Cathcart was waning, was gradually giving place to a rancor that was beginning to involve everything and everyone in any way associated with Peter Oakes.

"Drew," she said, leaning across the tea table one lovely afternoon, "father was just a bit beastly this morning. He asked me if I were still seeing you. I had hoped we had slipped his mind in the stress of this fight. Well, at all events, I said I did see you occasionally—heaven forgive the fib!—and he seemed dreadfully upset. Muttered something about those who were for him were for him and those against him were against him—I didn't quite catch it. But his meaning was clear enough." She sighed. "I do wish we could begin racing, Drew."

Cathcart nodded.

"Mr. Oakes said the same thing this morning."

Cordelia's face brightened.

"He did! What did he say, Drew?"

"Well, for the past few days—that is, after I told him the Valiant was overboard and tuning up—he's been like an old crab. He called up Gardner and the shipyard men and ragged them no end. And he's been on top of me every time a breeze puffs into the window and makes him think of yachting."

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Watch This Column

Pictures Visualize Thought

"Example is better than precept"
—Aesop's Fables

I am deeply interested in the fact that several schools and colleges have urged their literary students to see *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."* Their reason was that the students would get a better idea of Victor Hugo, his moods and aims, by seeing his story and characters in motion than by reading his book. In short, it was visual education. The Sunday Schools of years ago sought to impress the children with the story of the Crucifixion, yet their little minds and undeveloped imaginations could not picture the scene. Along came a chap with charts and drawings showing *pictures* of Christ on the Cross, and instantly the child-minds grasped the whole import of the story—*and retained it.*

LON CHANEY as the "HUNCHBACK"

Words are not powerful enough to describe the remarkable acting of LON CHANEY as *"The Hunchback,"* of PATSY RUTH MILLER, of NORMAN KERRY, of ERNEST TORRENCE, the grandeur of the Cathedral and the surrounding public square with its ancient architecture. Nor are words ever powerful enough to take the place of action and picture.

I want a better title for *"Editha's Burglar,"* Frances Hodgson Burnett's dramatic story which ought to be known to everyone. Can you suggest one? If you do, and we use it, we will pay $100 for it. The story deals with the secret marriage of a young couple who fear the wrath of the girl's stern father. The young husband sneaks into his wife's home to see her, is discovered, taken as a burglar and sent to prison. While he is there, his wife has a child. On his return from prison, the boy is persuaded by a crook to help rob a new house which unbeknown to him belongs to his father-in-law. He is discovered by his little girl and an interesting conversation ensues between them. The stern father enters the room and shoots the boy. And it all leads to a reconciliation around the child. All title suggestions must be in by May 20, and in the event that more than one person suggests the winning title the full amount of the award will be paid to each.

Don't forget to see Universal's splendid successes, *"Sporting Youth,"* with REGINALD DENNY; *"Fools' Highway,"* with MARY PHILBIN; *"Excitement,"* with LAURA LA PLANTE; *"A Lady of Quality,"* with VIRGINIA VALLI; *"Forty Horse Hawkins,"* with HOOT GIBSON.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

"Really?" Cordelia regarded the man with unaffected delight. "But the schooner will be ready for the Fourth of July regatta at Larchmont, won't she?"

"She will," laughed Cathcart, "if the old man goes up and pushes her into the water himself."

"Good!" A curious expression came into Cordelia's face. "And I wonder what he'll say when he learns that the Valiant has beaten her?"

"I don't know," smiled Cathcart.

But he found out the morning of July fifth, when Oakes arrived at his office and sent a summons for the youngest of his partners to come to him at once.

"Well, young man" Oakes snatched up a newspaper, turned to the sporting page and shook it at Cathcart—"what was the matter?"

Cathcart gestured.

"Nothing, sir, except that the Valiant outsailed us. We had a long leeward-and-windward course, and ——"

"But hang it all, the Dauntless has always been better off the wind than the Valiant, and as good in pointing!"

"I know, sir; but she was cranky—had one of her bad moods."

"Bad moods, the devil! You couldn't have sailed her. You"—Oakes' voice rose—"you take out a craft that I've spent five thousand dollars fixing up for racing, and you go against a tub that can't tack out of her own way, and you ——" He clashed his hands together. "And sailed by a girl too! Cathcart, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Why, last night I happened into the New York Yacht Club, and there sat that old fool Bradford at a table, laughing and chuckling with a lot of other fools, and giving me the eye as though I had had something to do with sailing against his confounded canal boat."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll try to do better next time." Cathcart hesitated. "Of course, the Dauntless is a little stiff yet with all her alterations and ——"

"Bah!"

Oakes turned to his secretary and gestured his partner out of the office.

Peter Oakes' report as to Bradford's mood of elation was quite correct. So far as Cordelia was aware, her father had not taken the slightest interest in the regatta. But when she came ashore after the race she learned that he had put in a request to the club superintendent to be advised by telephone as to the fortunes of his boat, and that subsequently he had received the good news with every vocal manifestation of satisfaction.

At the breakfast table next morning he eyed his daughter with kindling regard.

"Well, my daughter"—there was a chirrup in his voice—"the papers make it appear that the Dauntless came in a little bit in the rear—what?"

Cordelia nodded and smiled.

"Just a little bit, father."

"George!" Bradford chuckled. "I saw the old scoundrel last night at the club. He looked as though he had swallowed a pineapple, skin and all. And I might add," he said, "that on Friday the appellate judges gave a majority decision in my favor."

"Really?" Cordelia came to her father and kissed him fervently. "Then that puts us in the winning berth there too. Wonderful, father!"

"That, daughter, puts us into the Court of Appeals of the state," corrected the man grimly.

The following Saturday the Dauntless won a race over the Valiant in light airs at a regatta of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club. Oakes, upon learning the news, made it a point to visit the New York Yacht Club immediately after dinner. But Bradford, to his disgust, was not there. And at the breakfast table in Colin Bradford's home next morning the owner of the Valiant merely responded to his daughter's greeting in a gruff monosyllable and buried himself in the editorial page of his paper.

The Dauntless was again successful at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club regatta, whereupon Peter Oakes rubbed his hands and called Cathcart into his office.

"Splendid work, my boy! Splendid! Of course, there's nothing much to beating that hooker of Bradford's. Still, she's all there is to beat and so we have to be satisfied. By the way, Cathcart, no more racing now until the New York Yacht Club cruise comes along. Tell Captain Jorgensen to take her out in turning-up spirits every day. If you think it necessary run her up to City Island and have her looked over. For I want the results of this cruise to knock Bradford and his boat and his daughter clean out of yachting. Show them up! Cathcart!"

When Cathcart appeared at the trysting place later in the day he found Cordelia in a mood of agitation that was foreign to her.

"Drew," she said, "I never dreamed father could be as he was this morning. He was absolutely in a downright rage. Said I had thrown these last two races to you because I loved you, and that as soon as he got time to give his mind to it he was going to have a definite understanding with me about you—I mean about our engagement. Then he went on about the Dauntless. He was really dreadful. He swore right in front of mother. I never heard him do that before."

"Well"—Cathcart gestured—"that's what you wanted, wasn't it? I don't mean swearing before your mother," he hastened to add, "but the rest of the stuff."

"Ye-es, I suppose so," she admitted. "But we don't want to overdo. Drew dear, I think we'd better change our plan and have the Valiant win in the next race."

Cathcart grimaced.

"All right; I'm under orders, of course. Just the same, I'm going to get a pair of tin ear muffs to wear after the regatta."

"But," she suggested, "it will be on the cruise; you won't be in the office."

"I know," grinned Cathcart; "but Peter Oakes' tongue is long."

Not only long but bitter, as the telegram which Cathcart received the morning after the first day's run from Glen Cove to New Haven made clear. On the other hand, the message Cordelia had from her father ran largely to amiable adjectives.

From New Haven the squadron sailed to New London, then to Newport, to Martha's Vineyard and thence back to Newport, a stately argosy traversing placid waters over which blew winds whose ambition was apparently satisfied in wafting the sailing contingent of the squadron from port to port in most deliberate fashion. Slow going for the sturdy Valiant and the no less staunch Dauntless. Even the thirty-foot sloops left them astern, and upon two occasions the impatient race committee refused to wait for them, permitting the skippers to report their own times in the morning.

But there was no break in the alternating victories as between the two schooners; and when, upon the return run from the Vineyard to Newport, the Valiant led her rival, Peter Oakes' arm proved as long as his tongue. Specifically, Cathcart received a dispatch relieving him of the command of the Dauntless and bidding him place the professional sailing master, Captain Jorgensen, in command.

"Now I wonder just what that means?" growled Cathcart next morning when he met Cordelia at the New York Yacht Club station. The two had planned an entire day together—a motor trip—taking advantage of the day's respite of racing in order that the sailing men might have time to strip down and in other ways prepare themselves for the regatta for the famous Astor Cups for sloops and schooners on the morrow.

Cordelia frowned over the peremptory telegram which Cathcart handed to her.

"Isn't that the dickens!"

She gazed undecidedly out upon the waters. Their plan had been to have the Valiant again defeat the Dauntless in the Astor Cup race, whereupon Cathcart was to wire Peter Oakes and Cordelia her father, suggesting that they come up and sail their yachts themselves in the next day's contest for the King George V Cup. This was not so desperate a device as might seem; for both Cordelia and her lover had the best reason for believing that the two men, to whom sailing was a passion, needed but a strong push at a psychological moment to propel them with all volition to the helms of their beloved craft.

Once this was accomplished, Cordelia and her fellow conspirator knew that subsequent developments must be left upon the knees of the gods. But they did most firmly believe that if the two men could be withdrawn from the scene of their battle and placed upon the quarter-decks of their yachts, racing once more against each other as they had done for so many many years, the situation between them might be in some appreciable measure ameliorated with the always possible chance of an incident that would bring them together in amiable understanding.

Now this cryptic telegram! Cordelia turned to Cathcart with raised brows.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say."

"I don't, either." Cathcart shrugged. "The whole thing has a queer look. Jorgensen's no good as a racing skipper. As a matter of fact," he added, "I'm getting tired of this whole business. Kismet! What? Let's get off into the country and forget about everything but ourselves for at least eight hours, eh?"

"I think so, Drew." Cordelia nodded decidedly. "Come on."

They were settled in the roadster which Cathcart had engaged for the day, and were rolling from the yacht station toward Thames Street, when a portentous thing happened. They nearly ran Peter Oakes down. Evidently he had come up on the midnight train from New York, taking the boat down Narragansett Bay from Wickford Landing.

He was standing in the very middle of the road, gesturing for Cathcart to stop, and the young man, engrossed in his companion, saw him just in time to put on the brakes.

"Well!" Oakes glanced from Cathcart to Cordelia. "Ha! So this is how the land lays, eh? I'd begun to suspect something of the sort. Young woman"—he approached the car, placing a hand upon the arm of Cordelia's seat—"you're very clever, ain't you!"

"Mr. Oakes," said Cathcart quite truthfully, "I met Miss Bradford at the station and was taking her away."

"Yes, so I see." Oakes smiled sardonically. "Well, I'm afraid you'll have to interrupt your little trip. We're going to take the Dauntless up to Bristol, have her hauled out and cleaned, and so forth and tomorrow I'm going to sail my boat myself."

Cathcart flushed angrily.

"Mr. Oakes ——"

But Cordelia, whose eyes were shining, nudged him.

"It is quite all right, Mr. Oakes," she said. "I'll get out of the car and take a taxi. No"—she shook her head emphatically as Cathcart made to speak—"you go with Mr. Oakes. As a matter of fact, I'm awfully glad he is going to sail his schooner. There will be no more alibis."

So saying, she left the car and moved serenely on her way to Thames Street. Here she turned into a telegraph office and sent the following message to her father:

Peter Oakes arrived here to sail Dauntless in Astor Cup race. He's too good for me. Are you going to let him beat Valiant? Strong breezes predicted. Come on up.

Shortly after luncheon Cordelia was transported to regions of bliss by the following terse dispatch:

Leaving New York on the one o'clock.

Cordelia found her father in a wicked mood when she met him that night as he stepped from the Wickford boat.

"So Oakes thought he'd put one over on me, did he? Confounded horse thief! Thought he'd sneak himself aboard and—and —— Cordelia, do you know Oakes has never beaten me in an Astor Cup race? King's Cup, yes. But never the Astor, nor the Goelet Cups either. Ha! He'll open his eyes a bit when he sees me at the wheel. All I want is for him to cross my bows the way he tried up here last year. This time I won't luff. I'll give him the bowsprit, hang me if I won't!"

As they reached the New York Yacht Club float and were boarding the gig awaiting there Bradford noticed Oakes' gig swinging from her painter. Before he could comment, Oakes himself appeared. The two men were face to face before either realized the presence of the other. It was dramatic, this meeting between fine old fellows who had been friends for years and were now alienated. Bradford quickly averted his face, but Oakes was intent upon speaking.

"Bradford," he said in a strained, husky voice, "I want to advise you that I've changed the Dauntless' ballast today. We figure it will make about thirty seconds difference in our rating in our favor. I've advised the regatta committee and now I'm giving you proper notification."

"Humph!" Bradford stared at the man. "Thirty seconds, eh? Well, you can have it. Of course"—he laughed throatily—"if it was half an hour it might help you. It ——"

"Bradford, will you please go to the devil?"

"Eh? What's that, sir?"

But Cordelia, seizing her father by the arm, literally pulled him into the gig. Oars rose and fell. The situation was ended.

(Continued on Page 52)

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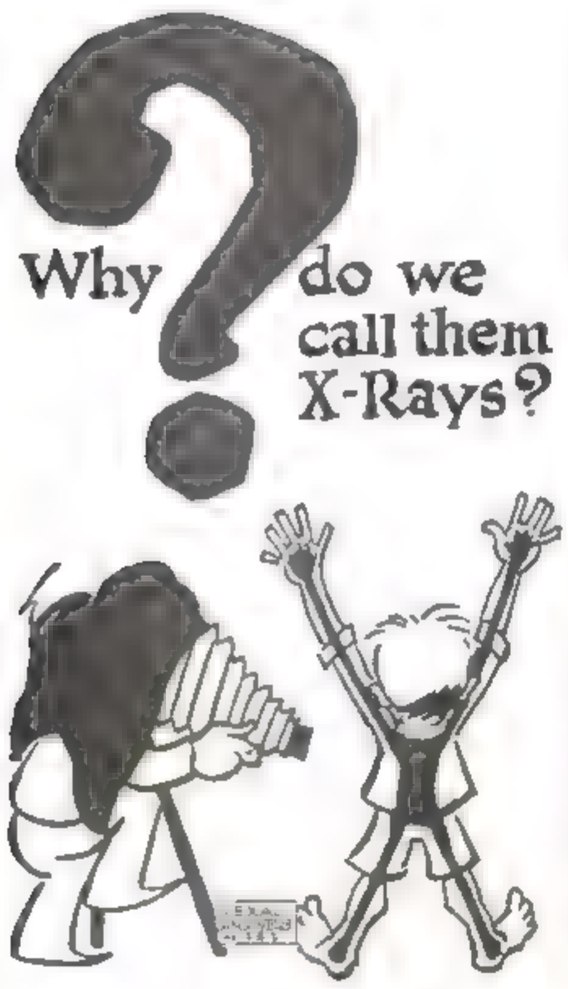

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(Continued from Page 50)

At least two hearts among the owners of schooners and single-stickers entered in the storied race for the Astor Cups thrilled in unison next morning when sails were hoisted aloft for the start from the harbor. For, in utter contrast to the weather that had prevailed throughout the cruise, a cold blue northeaster was snoring over the waters, and the finely turned racing machines stormed out between Beaver Tail and Castle Hill with lee rails awash, reefed down and with gaff-topsails set in favor of the lofty jack-yarders which were permitted in this racing event.

"Ha!" Peter Oakes stamped about the deck and rubbed his hands as he watched the crew breaking racing kites out of the forward locker.

"Ha!" Colin Bradford cast his eye aloft and smiled at his daughter, who stood beside the wheel in slicker and sou'wester. "A day for sail crackers, my girl. And only the Valiant and Dauntless will lug all their clothes this day. Whee! Thirty-five knots at least and breezing on!" He cast an eye seaward. "What's Oakes doing? Oh, there he is! Got forestaysail and a baby jib in stops. No reefs in his lower sails. That's the idea! We're with him there! Look here, Cordelia!" Bradford turned his gleaming eyes upon his daughter. "This is the first real chance the Dauntless and Valiant have ever had to show up these smooth-sea racing windjammers. I —— George! Look at the Elena over there, begging for quarter already! Hi!"

Blood, so to speak, was thicker than water now; and at least until the race began, the Dauntless and Valiant, the last of the ironsides guild, were as one boat in Bradford's mind, and beyond all question in the mind of Peter Oakes too.

It was one of those racing starts that live in memory, that place the pleasure sailors who participate in them in a class with all the sea-born breed who in days past made the Yankee windjammers a byword in every port of the seven seas. Close by the stern of the old yellow lightship that marked the windward end of the line, tall sloop and schooner, water boiling up over the hatch coamings, plunged into crested seas, splitting them with a sharp crash that reverberated against the flattened canvas; gear rattling, masts and spars bending under the strain.

"Set the fore-topsail! Break out the baby!"

Seamen of the Valiant sprang to their task upon the command. As the baby jib topsail burst out with a bang and the fore-topsail snapped flat like a drumhead, the schooner went down to her rail. A bow wave roared up to the deck and raced aft, ankle-deep.

"Ha!" Bradford leaned forward over the wheel, steadying himself on braced feet. "Did you ever see the Valiant down like this before? No one ever did. Look at the Dauntless! Cordelia, there's a chance, a big chance, that the schooner cup will go to something other than a mill-pond boat this day."

Cordelia, through the volleying spray, cast a glance ahead and to leeward, where the Dauntless was boiling along like a mad thing. At the wheel Oakes' face was turned toward her, and upon it was an expression of sheerest ecstasy. For the two veterans were not only keeping up with the modern racing craft—all of them well reefed down—but were beginning to storm through the entire fleet.

Cordelia cried aloud, her face flaming. She had no thought in her mind now—not a single lurking idea other than this thundering scene spread before her, this scene and the benumbing fact that after all the years the Valiant and Dauntless were showing the way to the pride of the racing fleet of the New York Yacht Club.

Time went on boisterously, filled with gripping incidents and pictures whose vividness would never wane. Bradford swept his eyes across the tumbling sea to where the Dauntless was driving along, still ahead of the Valiant, but not enough so to warrant attempting to cross her bow and take the windward berth.

"She can't pass us!" Bradford shook his head at his daughter, his beard gleaming with the spray. "She won't dare try! But, ginger! She's traveling, my girl!" He laughed harshly. "And so are we!"

Another hour; an hour of sharp tacking and pounding and buffeting, with the Dauntless leading the fleet. A stern look came into Bradford's eyes as the windward mark drew near. He raised his head.

"Stand by for stays!"

The voice rose clear like the scream of a trumpet. The fore-topsail rattled in the wind as it was clewed up, and then as "Hard-a-lee!" came from Bradford's throat the booms whanged over and the Valiant went round the mark to the harmonies of thundering canvas and whipping sheets and clashing gear.

Up forward, the bow picked up a wave and sent it astern like fine shot. The Dauntless' nose was hidden in the smother as she turned not thirty seconds astern.

"Now then!"

Bradford's face clouded. He well knew that the Dauntless had always been a bit better than his boat off the wind—and it was a long road home.

"Watch the Dauntless, Cordelia!" Bradford's voice was anxious. "If she's gaining let me know."

"I'll let you know, father."

On across the cobalt seas, with their flying plumes of white, with their winds that whined the devil's own chantey through the rigging.

"Is she gaining?"

For the twentieth time came that question from the staunch viking at the wheel.

"Yes, father, she is—quite a little now."

"Confound it!" Suddenly Bradford glanced up the deck. "Stand by to set the ballooner!"

"Father!" Cordelia's face was agonized. "You'll take the topmast out of us!"

"Will not! You don't know your boat!"

A minute later, with a rush and a roar, the huge silk sail bellied out forward and then strained into a veritable bag.

"Father, the Dauntless is setting her ballooner!"

"All right; let her! The first one that bursts or carries the topmast down loses the race."

But these schooners were products of a staunch strain. Booming along like things of life, they laid mile after mile under their keels as an express train passes telegraph poles. And still the Dauntless gained; slowly, almost imperceptibly, to be sure, but none the less gained.

The time came when the finish line between Brenton Reef Lightship and the race committee's yacht drew into sight, and then came ever nearer, until at length the painted letters on the beacon vessel's side and the figures on the bridge of the yacht could plainly be seen. And the Dauntless, still gaining inch by inch, now had her bowsprit on a line forward of the Valiant's foremast. In a last desperate effort for greater speed, her seamen were lowering the spinnaker pole.

"The fools!" Cordelia's eyes sparkled. "The Dauntless can't stand it."

"Yes, she can!" Bradford roared out the command to prepare his own spinnaker for setting. "Oakes is right," he added. "He's looking for a kick across the line, even if something breaks. All right; we'll take our kick, too, and devil take the unlucky boat!"

His brows were deeply furrowed. Lines from his cheeks to his eyes had deepened. His hands trembled upon the wheel.

"Break out the spinnaker!"

As the huge kite took the wind there came a screech, a prodigious rending sound and the sail was resolved into hundreds of fluttering rags.

On came the Dauntless, her spinnaker partly broken out. Then as the Valiant's company watched with hard eyes, something caught. A curse like the honk of a wild goose floated across the waters.

And then the next instant the two staunch craft plunged across the line, precisely as one boat, with not a fraction of an inch difference between their bowsprits that eye could detect. A long blast sounded from the whistle of the race-committee yacht and then came a megaphoned voice.

"Dead heat!"

"By all the powers of ——"

Bradford drew himself rigid. His eyes turned to the deck of the Dauntless. Oakes was facing him, his face haggard, grim, like the graven countenance of an idol. Slowly his hand went to his cap. He took it off. He seized a megaphone from the hands of Captain Jorgensen at his side.

"Congratulations, Bradford!"

Bradford glanced around swiftly and Cordelia handed him a megaphone.

"Congratulations too! Dead heat!"

Oakes' reply came swiftly. Bradford didn't catch it.

"What did he say, Cordelia?"

"Father"—there was an expression of shining ecstasy in her face—"he says no. He says that the Valiant wins on measurement. You remember he changed her ballast last night."

"Hi!" Bradford's face lighted swiftly. "So he did! By the great ——"

"But, father"—Cordelia clutched desperately at his sleeve—"I want you to listen. I had our ballast changed to meet the Dauntless' changes. Cathcart gave me the exact weight. Father"—she seized him by the shoulders, literally shaking him—"can't you see what this will mean?"

Bradford stared at his daughter. His eyes blazed with sudden fire. His mouth opened, but no words came. Then the anger died out of his face as swiftly as it had come. Pushing Cordelia from him, he raised the megaphone to his lips.

"Oakes," he roared with a note of vast exultation in his voice, "we changed our ballast to meet yours! Still a dead heat!"

For a moment there was silence. The figures on the afterdeck of the Dauntless could be seen drawing together in consultation. Then Oakes raised the megaphone to his lips.

"Aye! Aye! Thanks!"

That was all. As the two yachts slipped up to their moorings off the Torpedo Station and let their anchors settle into the mud, the Dauntless' gig was lowered overside and Peter Oakes and Cathcart stepped in. Straight for the Valiant came the gig, bringing up at the gangway, Bradford and Cordelia moving to the rail to meet them.

Bradford, whose face had been galvanized into a smile ever since his schooner had left the finish line, could not now, try as he would, twist his features into iron vacuity; for this triumph of the older generation over the modern racing craft of his club had been a tremendous thing to him, one that filled him with a vast, pervading joy. And if one might judge from the trouble Oakes was having with his face, his plight was similar.

"Glad to see you aboard, Oakes."

Bradford gestured in stately manner. Oakes nodded, then gazed aloft at the stout mast and spars. He nodded.

"Guess it was our day, somehow, Bradford." Suddenly he stepped toward the owner of the Valiant. "Bradford, let's you and me go below to the cabin a minute."

As they disappeared down the companionway Cordelia came to Cathcart, clutching him by the arm.

"What does it mean, Drew? Do you think ——"

Cathcart raised his brows, shrugging.

"Wait! Wait and pray!"

An hour elapsed before the two men emerged upon the deck. Each was smoking a big black cigar with every evidence of complete satisfaction.

"Cathcart"—there was a jovial note in Oakes' voice—"we're going to clear out of here tonight. Bradford seems to have the idea he can beat me on a run to Bermuda. He's backed his optimism with ten thousand dollars."

"But what about the King's Cup race tomorrow?" asked Cathcart.

"Oh"—Bradford shrugged—"that's for play yachts. The wind will die down by tomorrow. We've had our day. Now we'll race in our class."

"Yes, in our class." Oakes cleared his throat. "Cathcart, I'm going ashore now—going to telegraph my lawyers."

"Your lawyers, Mr. Oakes!" Cordelia stared at him.

"Yes, my lawyers. You see"—he paused—"you see, Bradford and I have decided we've had enough of the confounded law courts and are going to spend the rest of the summer like sane men. Eh, Bradford? By the way, Colin, that's wonderful cognac of yours. Where the devil do you get it? That drink below was a life-saver."

"Well, Peter"—Bradford rubbed his hands—"I happen to have a little of it aboard. I'd been meaning to send a few bottles over to you. If you'll have it now I'll order it broken out and you can take it over in the gig."

"Well, well!" Oakes rubbed his hands. "Good enough! Thanks!"

As the two men strolled toward the companionway Cathcart slipped his arm through Cordelia's.

"Jove, that was a happy thought of yours to change that ballast! The old man nearly went over backward when Bradford megaphoned the news. When the deuce did you do it?"

"Listen, Drew!" Cordelia placed her lips to his ear. "I never did do it. No one did. But - but I thought I'd better say so—after all our work."

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WITH THIS RING

(Continued from Page 7)

She returned with incredible swiftness, bearing an armful of sheer soft whiteness.

"This is about what you need." In no time at all she had Lila unclothed and reclothed. "Not too fussy, but feminine. That's your type. Feminine, with a concealed kick."

"Why, Miss Kelly!" Lila protested modestly

"I know women," said Miss Kelly. "Know 'em from A to Z. Most of the time they bore me to tears. Not worth pinning clothes on. Occasionally they interest me. You interest me. I have a feeling you're getting ready to start something." She flung a sharp glance straight into Lila's eyes—sharp but amazingly friendly. "Stop me if you object to my saying so."

Lila wavered, flushing—wavered and flung herself over the wall of long restraint. She looked at the moment absurdly young.

"I—I'm going away—from home—for a month," she admitted.

"Never been away from home before?" inquired Miss Kelly humorously.

"Oh, yes, of course, lots of times—but—there's something—different—about this. You see—I'm going quite alone."

"Not the usual womanly idea of a party," said Miss Kelly. Then she brightened, with an air of putting her finger in the point of the joke. "You're married—is that it?"

"Oh, no—no—no! I'm not married."

"Somebody overlooked a bet," said Miss Kelly pleasantly. "Well, what's the answer then? Why are you so excited over going away all by yourself? Somebody make you a present of a check? To spend anywhere you like?"

"You're really very clever," said Lila, dimpling again. "Yes, not that exactly, but—just a little bit ago, I—won a prize—from a moving-picture company."

"Oh, Lord," said Miss Kelly, taking out a pin, with her head on one side, and putting it back again decisively, "are you one of those prettiest-girl-in-towners?"

"Do I look it?" asked Lila hopefully.

"You do not; too much intelligence—and not enough baby stare."

"Well, it wasn't a beauty competition anyhow," Lila admitted, preening herself happily before the triple mirror. "It was a scenario thing."

"Oh, you're a writer?"

"Not that I know of," said Lila demurely. But she couldn't keep the heavenly thrill of it out of her voice and eyes. "Never wrote anything in my life before—probably never shall again—this was just a thing I did—a story I thought of one day when I was horribly restless and bored—and entered it in a contest I'd been reading about in the movie magazines—and it doesn't sound possible, but it's true—I had a letter last week saying I'd won one of the prizes—and sending me a check for"—she paused for dramatic appreciation of the moment—"a thousand dollars!"

"My aunt in heaven!" said Miss Kelly reverently. "You're not kidding?"

"No—absolutely not!"

"What was the name of it?"

"The company? Oh, the Silverloss."

"No, child. I mean your scenario!"

Lila said shamefacedly, "I—ah—I called it Lawless Love."

"One of these complexes you hear so much about, eh?" suggested Miss Kelly interestedly. "Getting something out of your system, I suppose? A thousand dollars! I don't save that in a year. And so you're going on a trip with it?"

Lila nodded.

"North?" asked Miss Kelly shrewdly. "New York?"

Lila hesitated oddly. "Why—near New York," she said; "quite near! That's why I want these things at once, you see. I leave tomorrow."

"You'll have 'em in an hour," Miss Kelly promised briefly. "Also—if you're going to be—anywhere near New York—here's a bit of advice which would darn near cost me my job in this shop if they heard me. Don't get one rag more than you have to south of Fifth Avenue. The mental effect is worth it. To say nothing of the difference in cut."

"I'm going to spend five hundred dollars on clothes," said Lila with desperate frankness. She looked almost pleadingly at Miss Kelly; and with the kindliest grin in the world on her slightly reddened mouth Miss Kelly looked back.

"That ought to get you a nice little trousseau," she said, "if you know where to go for it. Would you like me to give you the name of a saleswoman or so that'll help you out—friends of mine, I mean?"

"I'd adore it," said Lila. "You're a dear thing to think of it."

So Miss Kelly wrote for Lila, upon a page in Lila's tiny memorandum book, the names of one or two friends of hers.

"This one for hats," she pointed out. "You can absolutely trust her taste. And that one for gowns—tell her right off the bat how much you've got to spend—saves a lot of stalling. Where are you going to stay?"

Lila hesitated—noticeably.

"Never mind!" said Miss Kelly, with a slight smile. "You said 'near New York,' didn't you? Well, here's a good tip—if you should go up to New York for any length of time, while you're away ——"

"Oh, yes—do go on!" said Lila eagerly.

Miss Kelly's smile broadened. "You can usually get a small room way up or way back—or something—in a big hotel, for about the same price you'd pay for a second floor front in a little one; and then you have a smart address and a lot of luxury downstairs—see?—without any extra expense."

"I see," said Lila. "Thanks a lot, Miss Kelly!"

"Prob'ly you'll be out for dinner most of the time anyhow," said Miss Kelly.

"With any luck!" said Lila, demurely dimpling.

"And breakfast in bed," said Miss Kelly.

"Coffee and rolls, that's all," said Lila.

"Orange juice keeps the skin clear," Miss Kelly reminded practically.

"I suppose I could afford orange juice," said Lila.

"Do you eat lunch?" asked Miss Kelly. She ran an appraising eye over Lila's dryad slimness. "No reason why you shouldn't."

"Oh, a light lunch, if I'm alone," said Lila.

"Dare say you won't be alone too often," said Miss Kelly. She patted Lila's shoulder like a mother, gathered up her pins and scissors and made ready to depart. "Well, I hope you'll have a marvelous time, Miss ——"

"Kemp," said Lila.

"Miss Kemp," said Miss Kelly. "If you do get up to New York you might give it my love. Been there before, haven't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes," said Lila; "but never alone."

"Oh, well—alone. That makes all the difference," said Miss Kelly.

"Yes, doesn't it?" said Lila. "You see ——"

"Of course I do," said Miss Kelly. "Wish I were you—that's all."

She shook hands with Lila in the friendliest sort of way. "Hope to see you again some day. Keep your eye on the ball. It's just as well."

"Thanks—oh, thanks!" said Lila. "I'll be back, of course!"

"I wonder!" said Miss Kelly, and went away with a last backward grin. She added something as she went—chuckling frankly—which sounded like "Lawless Love!" A knowledgeable young woman, Miss Kelly! Lila had very nearly shown her the platinum wedding ring, but refrained at the prompting of some vague whisper of discretion.

Would Miss Kelly have understood? Enough—or too much?

In any case, wasn't silence always safest? Safest, undoubtedly, if congenitally difficult to a true woman.

Lila caught the afternoon train back to Columbia with the ring in her pocket, the beige suit and its accompanying fluff of blouses in a dignified box at her feet.

Rain veiled the landscape through which she passed, but could not dim the brightness of her unleashed imaginings. Hour after hour she sat at a misty window, staring out at the dark procession of pines, the ashen glimmer of swamp and bayou, the livid distortion of dead cypresses against wet emerald undergrowth.

"Ought to set a match to country like this and burn it clean!" she heard a man across the aisle from her say with facile disgust for a land producing little but beauty.

Lila, on the instant, fiercely Southern, scorned him with a glance. But something took the phrase and turned it about and held it up before her for the rest of that homeward ride.

Wasn't she—at least temporarily—doing just that? To the country of her soul. Setting a match to it—burning it off?

Metaphors, of course, go just so far. But the train of thought along with that other train that bore her, persisted grindingly.

III

IT WAS after six o'clock, and still raining gently, when Lila walked up the steps of the house her father had left her on Columbia's quietest and most respectable street. She was tired, she had stepped in a puddle on her way up the rose-bordered path, and her feet were wet. She looked forward with wistfulness to a hot dinner, a hot bath, bed, and a chance to sleep off the nameless depression creeping over her.

Columbia, for at least three years, had been depressing her almost beyond bearing, cumulative waves of depression, each one a little higher than the last, each one bearing Lila a little farther up a barren shore. What use to dig one's fingers in the sand and cling there? Another wave, and it was all to do over again! One neither built nor clung, in sand, with any amount of success.

Lila frequently wondered just what made either building or clinging worth while. She had about decided that there wasn't any answer and that life didn't care for questions—when Lawless Love came back like the dove to the ark, with a check like an olive branch in its beak.

Land—somewhere! Somewhere the wide gray waters no longer swirled and sucked! Columbia—could it be?—was not all of the world! Whereupon—a new Lila, looking for new garments.

This—all this—in no way alleviating the moment when she stood on her own doorstep in the gathering dusk.

Someone answered the impatient buzz of the bell under Lila's fingers—a plump, untidy, gray-haired little woman—Lila's Cousin Maisie, to be exact.

"Lila, child—for pity's sake! I didn't hear a car drive up!"

"Then you must have been asleep, darling," said Lila, entering wearily, "because the flivver I arrived in made all the noise possible."

"Sam Humphreys has been telephoning for you—not fifteen minutes ago."

"What did he want?"

"He didn't say," returned Cousin Maisie, dragging ineffectually at the string of Lila's suit box. "I told him I was expecting you any minute. Let me take that for you, child."

"It isn't heavy," said Lila, but she surrendered the box. Easier allowing Cousin Maisie's affectionate curiosity to have its way than fighting it.

"I got a suit and two blouses," said Lila briefly. "And a ring!" she added audaciously—to herself.

"For pity's sake!" cried Cousin Maisie, although she knew quite well that a suit and two blouses was what Lila had gone to the city to get. "Come on into the dining room and I'll bring you your supper! Want to go upstairs and take your hat off, first? I saved you some pot roast and some nice potato cakes. Did you eat your lunch in a restaurant? The washerwoman brought your clothes home—today at noon. There's a letter for you. Shall I go and get it? She ruined that hand-embroidered nightgown of yours, just simply ruined it!"

"Oh, Lord!" said Lila, by way of general response, threw her hat on the table in the hall and continued toward the dining room.

"My, that's real pretty!" said Cousin Maisie, stripping tissue paper away with a reckless hand in order to look upon the beige suit. "Think you got color enough to wear it, Lily?"

"If I haven't I can have," said Lila grimly.

"Now, child," Cousin Maisie reproved her, pursing a button mouth, "don't talk like that—it isn't like you. What did you have to pay for the shirt waists? Seems to me they're kind of plain. Not a speck of lace—nothin' but a pleated frill."

Lila told her, with wicked satisfaction in the startled horror of that soft wrinkled face.

"Pity's sake, child!" cried Cousin Maisie. "I never paid that for a shirt waist in my life. Don't believe your mother did, either!"

Lila's mother had been Cousin Maisie's vastly admired junior, and since she had died when Lila was barely four, Lila had no way of knowing if her taste in what Cousin Maisie bluntly called shirt waists had been extravagant or not.

(Continued on Page 56)

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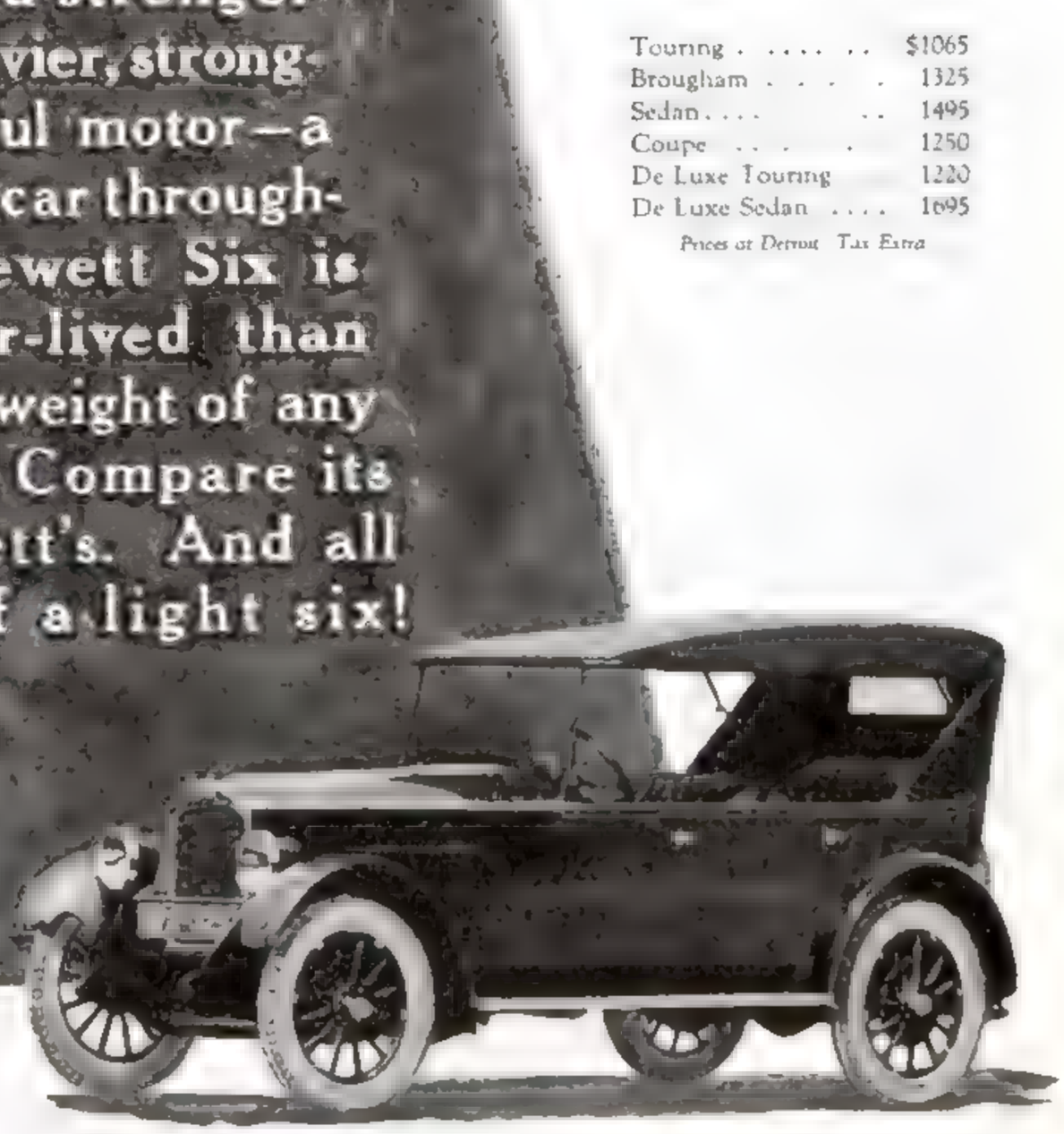

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Merely ask your grocer for DAIRYLEA to get this rich, delicious milk:

Convince Yourself!

(Continued from Page 54)

"Well, I haven't paid it yet," said Lila perversely, "so don't let's worry too much. I'm starved, Cousin Maisie. Couldn't I have something to eat right away?"

Cousin Maisie departed upon the wings of service and was presently quite audible in the kitchen beyond the dining room.

She was, for all her monkeyish interest in the affairs of other people, the soul of kindliness, and she had taken care of Lila all her life with a jealous devotion that neither asked nor expected reward.

There had, of course, been Lila's father, a vague and on most counts pleasant enough old gentleman, with a law office which brought him in from year to year a scantly adequate income; but when Lila was twenty her father had, as one sometimes hears it phrased, passed on; with no undue fuss, to do him justice; a brief and decisive seizure of acute indigestion. And Lila and Cousin Maisie had thereafter occupied the old white house behind the privet hedge in lonely female state, financially secured by what Cousin Maisie usually referred to as poor Frank's insurance. Lila hadn't had to go to work; the insurance, with no margin for luxury, however, had taken care of that. She sometimes thought it might have been infinitely better for her if her father had left no insurance, if he had left her quite unprovided for, flung fair upon her own resources. In such a case she might have found the definite interest in life which life now appeared to deny her.

Twenty hadn't been so bad. Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four—those years had gone by in a mildly pleasant way, with friends on every hand, a suitor or so; never, perhaps, just the right one, but still suitors enough to keep up the pretty tradition of a girl's desirability. Parties, shifting indoors and out with the seasons; bridge clubs and dances and weddings.

There was the core of the situation! Weddings! When Lila was about twenty-five, right and left they had married away from her—the girls she had gone to school with, the girls she had, as they still quaintly say in Columbia, come out with.

Here an engagement; there, as they still quaintly have it in Columbia, a linen shower! Here a wedding; there, with appalling suddenness, a baby! And babies are, femininely speaking, the great divide. A woman who has had a baby can no more help condescending to one who hasn't than a king can help scorning a commoner.

Lila, in the great open spaces between twenty-five and twenty-eight, had learned what it means to bear with equanimity the delicate thing. "If you'd ever had a child, my dear!" Less often, perhaps, "If you'd ever been married, Lila darling!"

She hadn't been married because no one whom she really wanted had ever asked her, and she had been a shade too fastidious to marry for the mere sake of appearances. However, she sometimes wished that Columbia had not quite so sweetly accepted the inevitability of her spinsterhood. It made the thing itself seem so appallingly definite.

And it had so many irritating ramifications. Being Aunt Lila to everybody's children! She wouldn't have minded being a mother, but she loathed being a synthetic aunt. Being trusted—so completely—with all the girls' husbands! She had no desire to be a home breaker; she didn't in the least care to come between Myra Field and her rather heavy Archibald, between Grace Hardin and her bantam Tommy; between Lue Humphreys and her loud-laughing, near-spatted Mac. Still, one tired very soon of hearing, "I'm going to put you next Tommy at dinner, Lila, dear, so you won't have to bother amusing each other." Or, "Lila honey, I loaned Archibald home with you any time you like."

Being nearly forgotten as safe and sane at twenty-eight! That was Columbia! That was what had happened to Lila, living in Columbia! What was it Miss Kelly, that smartly groomed young business woman, had said? "With your figure—and your hair—you could stay twenty-four—oh, for years yet!"

Not in Columbia! Miss Kelly herself couldn't have gotten away with it in Columbia. Which was fundamentally, frankly, fearlessly why Lila was leaving Columbia on the wings of Lawless Love and that heavenly unforeseen thousand dollars.

Cousin Maisie came into the dining room with a steaming deep dish and set it before Lila, beaming affectionately.

"It had gotten cold," she said. "I'll have some coffee for you in a minute." She produced from a hidden pocket a letter and laid it beside Lila's plate. "This came by the noon mail. Got a New York postmark, hasn't it?"

"So it seems," replied Lila with brutal brevity, as she tore open the missive, glanced through it and applied herself to her supper.

"From anybody I know?" inquired Cousin Maisie, lingering pleasantly.

"No," said Lila, and not another word.

She hated herself for snubbing Cousin Maisie, but she hated Cousin Maisie more for her insatiate, innocent feminine curiosity. Lila felt sometimes as if everything she owned, everything she wore, everything she did were spotted and tarnished with the imperishable curiosity of Cousin Maisie. She couldn't come home from a party, however late, without Cousin Maisie's demanding from the head of the stairway in a hissing toothless whisper, as Lila turned off the hall light and locked the front door, "Who was that with you, Lily?"

She couldn't go to the telephone without having to answer a rapid fire of questioning: "Who was that on the phone, Lily? . . . Myra? . . . What'd she want? Is it another party? . . . Pity's sake! I don't see how Archibald Field ever saves a cent."

It wasn't that Cousin Maisie felt the need of censoring Lila's goings out and comings in; it was just that Cousin Maisie eternally wanted to know what Lila was doing. The only excitement in the barren stretches of Cousin Maisie's life Lila's doings supplied.

But if Lila supplied it she stripped herself of privacy as you strip the meat from a bone. And forever the thought was with her, couched cold in the back of her mind, "When I'm as old as Cousin Maisie, that's all I'll have to live for—gossip, hearsay, nothing of my own! She's where I'll be thirty years from now!"

So Lila put the letter back inside the envelope and went on eating her supper, while Cousin Maisie, baffled but not subdued, trotted back to the kitchen for the coffeepot.

After all, the letter had only said:

Dear Madam: If you have any other scenarios on hand, of the same type as your story, Lawless Love, recently accepted by us, we shall be glad to give them a reading.

It only said!

The fly in that amber was that Lila hadn't another scenario of any sort. Lawless Love was at once her maiden effort and her swan song. Still, the address at the head of the letter allured! It might be fun to see this person—his signature was none too legible—Something, Something Smith. When Lila got to New York!

She dreamed above a toothsome fragment of potato cake.

"Lila! Tel-e-phone!" shrilled Cousin Maisie from the kitchen almost coincidentally with the clamor of a bell.

Lila went, dropping her napkin on the floor beside her chair.

"It's probably Sam," she said coolly, to still Cousin Maisie's anticipations.

Sam it was—a deliberate manly voice, with a friendly, even an affectionate note.

"That you, Lila? I called you awhile ago. This is Sam."

"I know. Hello, Sam. I went to town today. Just got back a little while ago."

"Have a good time?"

"Oh, it wasn't a party. I had some shopping to do."

"Thought that was a woman's idea of a party."

"You've got the funny-paper idea of a woman, Sam."

Sam laughed—deeply appreciative ever of Lila's wit—a sort of Newfoundland appreciation, heavy-pawed and all-too-faithful.

"Well, how are you tonight, Lila? Pretty tired? Too tired to run out to the Country Club dance for a little while?"

"I am a little tired. I don't know ——"

"Tommy and Grace are having a dinner party."

"I know; I was asked. I told them I couldn't get back in time."

"I know you did, but I promised 'em I'd try and get you to drive out with me for a while. What do you say?"

"You know my train goes at noon tomorrow, Sam, and I'm only half packed."

"Oh, come on, Lila. You can pack in the morning."

"I'm not dressed."

"Gosh, you always look good!"

Nice old Sam! Not a brilliant line, but at least an unfailing one!

"We-ell—I—don't know ——"

"Oh, come on, Lila! I wish you would. 'S the last night before you go—and everything."

Lila hesitated, stretched her white neck, bit her soft lower lip, finally smiled resignedly into the transmitter. "Oh, all right—come for me about half past nine. I'm eating dinner now."

"Gosh—I'm sorry!"

"Never mind; I forgive you. I wasn't very hungry."

"Half past nine. Is that the earliest?"

"If you come any sooner I'll send you home."

Cousin Maisie was waiting, comfortably slouched in a chair across from Lila's place at the table, fat elbows on the cloth, fat soft chin quivering into an ingratiating smile.

"Who was that, Lily? Sam Humphreys? What'd he want?"

"Wanted me to go out with him."

"Out with him! When you're tired to death!"

"I'm not tired to death," said Lila coldly.

She refused in the face of Cousin Maisie's unwarranted assumption to be tired at all, although ten minutes before she had been thinking of her bed with positive hunger.

"Where's he want you to go?"

"Country Club."

"Is there a dance there tonight?"

"Tommy and Grace."

"What on earth'll you wear?"

"Oh—something or other."

"Aren't you most packed?"

"Do you think," said Lila with a sudden scornful little laugh, "that I'd take anything I've got in the shape of an evening dress?"

"Of course—you won't need much at your Cousin Katrina's," put in Cousin Maisie comfortably. "As I remember, she lives very quietly. Goes to bed most nights before ten. No, of course you wouldn't be taking any of your evening dresses."

Lila laughed again with an oddly startled look in her eyes.

"Pity's sake, child! What's the matter now?" asked Cousin Maisie. "What've I said that's funny?"

"Nothing at all. I'd forgotten I was going to Cousin Katrina's, that's all."

"Forgotten—Cousin Katrina!" Cousin Maisie sputtered impotently. "Lily—child—sometimes I get real worried about you! S'pose you forgot—on the train—where you were going. I read in the Sunday paper, not more'n a week ago, about a girl that lost her memory—on the train—and got off in Kansas City."

"Even if I lost my memory I'd never do that," said Lila soothingly, her elusive dimple in faint play.

"When her ticket read for Los Angeles," Cousin Maisie continued with rising excitement.

"Perhaps she had forgotten how to read, too," said Lila. "Don't worry, Cousin Maisie. I might lose my memory—there's not much in it worth keeping, anyhow—but I'd never forget how to read. And if I were ever started for Los Angeles I think I'd go there."

"Well, I hope you never will," said Cousin Maisie devoutly. "From what I read in the Sunday papers it's no place for a nice young girl."

"There isn't any place for a nice young girl—nowadays—so I'm told," said Lila, rising and beginning to collect her dishes.

"Anyhow," said Cousin Maisie, "I shan't be happy till I get a letter saying you're safe in Stamford, Connecticut." She secured a double handful of dishes and steered a ponderous way toward the kitchen. "You go on upstairs and lie down a little while before you dress, Lily. I'll wash these up in a jiffy."

"I'll help you with them," said Lila; but she allowed herself to be overruled, and went on upstairs a trifle ashamed of her impatience with Cousin Maisie's oddities.

IV

THE old beaded georgette, a faded lavender; black tulle over silver, undeniably tarnished and past its first youth; black lace, with a deep red flower on one hip—Lila made a contemptuous choice at a quarter past nine, and slipped the black lace over her smooth bronze waves with a feeling of utter indifference as to whether she ruffled them or not.

She had slept, as Cousin Maisie advised, a reckless half hour; tubbed and powdered and brushed till the yellow rose nodding in at her window was now no fresher than she. To the outer eye she presented in all essentials the perfect picture of a lady ready for a party, but her eye lacked that dreamy spark, her cheek that smoldering fire, her hand that eager tremor which should insure successful revelry.

(Continued on Page 58)

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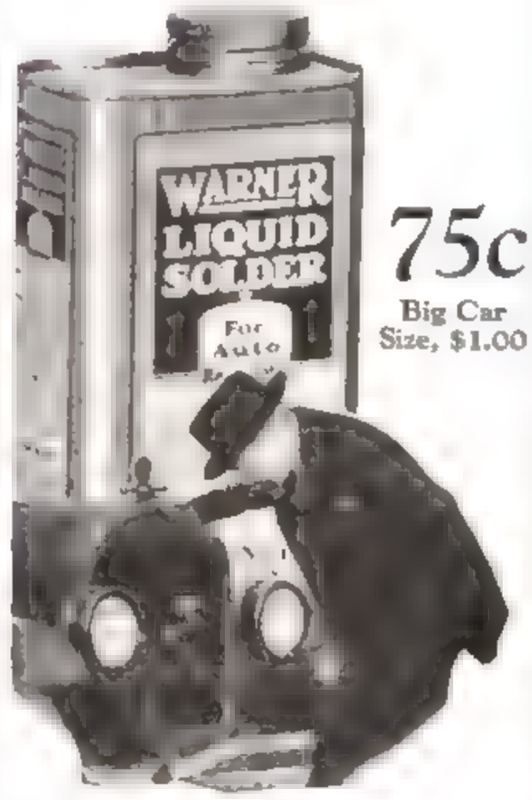

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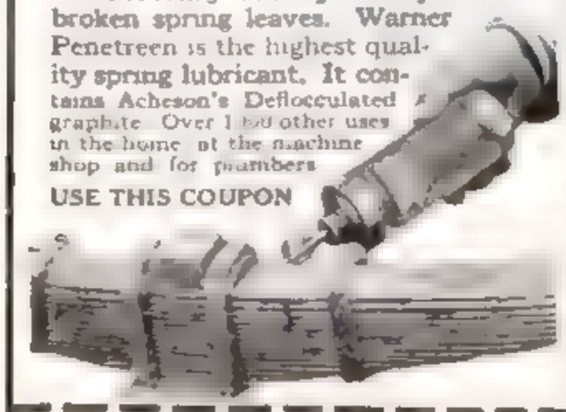

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(Continued from Page 56)

She was thinking to herself: "I can put my brushes and things in the Boston bag. When I come back I'll have a decent dressing case. Oh, Lord, I wish I didn't have to come back, ever! What's the use—breaking out of this—at all? Just for a month. I might as well stay here, right along—and marry Sam. I could marry him—if I gave my mind to it—I suppose. I'll put that new pink nightie in the bag, to wear on the train, and my rose kimono. Then, if there's a wreck, I stand some chance of being rescued."

Cousin Maisie, at this juncture, called from belowstairs clearly, "Lily—better get up and dress. It's gettin' late!"

"Yes, Cousin Maisie," said Lila sweetly, "I will." It filled her with outrageous satisfaction to keep Cousin Maisie perpetually in the dark as to what she was really doing or leaving undone.

Cousin Maisie was the unrepentant thief of Lila's privacy, Lila the forever resentful victim of Cousin Maisie's devotion.

At the last moment Lila stood before the narrow gleaming mirror of her dressing table and looked at herself in silence. Long dark eyes with heavy lashes—not so bad! Clear soft skin, soft thick hair, rebellious mouth, quite red enough! Slim white neck.

"All that's the matter with me is, I've been sidetracked!" thought Lila fiercely. "I'm not bad-looking, I can talk, I can dance, I have a good head, I'm reasonably attractive—yet, if I stay here, and go on as I have been going, either I develop into a bitter old maid with just enough to keep her from month to month or I go after Sam Humphreys and marry him, and keep house for him, and bring up a family for him, when I don't really care enough to lift a finger in his direction—if there were anyone else! The rottenest part of it all is, I'm temperamentally the sort of woman who ought to be married. I don't want to be in an office or a schoolroom or anywhere else except a home. And I don't want to live in that home with another woman. I'd like to pension Cousin Maisie for life, and never see her again!"

"Lil-ly!" shrilled the object of this glamorous desire from the foot of the stairs. "Sam's here!"

"Tell him I'll be down in just a moment, Cousin Maisie," Lila cried softly.

She caught up a brocade bag with the usual paraphernalia of feminine repair work, a long dark cape, a black lace fan. At the door she stopped, a queer little smile touched her lips and lightened the shadow of her eyes. She went back to her dressing table and took from its box in the scented shelter of her ribbon drawer the ring she had bought that day. She slipped it on a long slender chain which had once borne a locket, and dropped it down the bosom of the black lace frock, where it hung with a small delicious chillness of caress close against her skin.

Briefly Lila leaned toward the mirror, smiling into her own dark gaze; briefly her lips curved into the shadow of a kiss, her lids drooped yieldingly; then she snapped off the light and turned away.

"Coming, Sam, old dear!" she called pleasantly as she went down the stairs.

Sam was waiting. Sam was the sort of man who would always wait patiently under whatever circumstances for the lady of his choice. Not a bad recommendation for a husband, at that, considering the amount of time which most men spend at the foot of stairways, at the entrance to dining rooms, with one foot on the running board of a car.

Sam was waiting and, while he waited, making amiable conversation with Cousin Maisie, cozily ensconced in the recesses of her favorite chair.

"I declare I don't see," Cousin Maisie was saying, "how you young folks stand it! Here's Lily, just back from the city—all tuckered out—lookin' like she didn't have spirit enough left to walk up those stairs; and the minute you telephone, the minute you say dance—up she gets, as pert as a jaybird—ready to go again!"

"I hope she's not awfully tired," said Sam.

"You see, Cousin Maisie," Lila explained, standing in the doorway, "I live on excitement—the sort of girl you read about in the Sunday papers. I've just got to be amused. Hello, Sam. Sorry I kept you waiting!"

"I haven't been waiting long," said Sam.

He got up at the sound of Lila's voice and came forward with a suggestion of eagerness, his brown hair smooth and shining, his close-shaven cheeks, it must be admitted, shining a trifle, too, under recent obvious and scrupulous attention.

A likable young man, Sam! He wore his blue coat and white trousers with an air of inner and outer cleanliness that made Lila want to spatter mud on him. His hazel eyes were clear as any collie's, and twice as sincere. He looked affection—shimmered it—as a white road under a July sun shimmers heat. His large boyish mouth broke easily into smiles of indulgent admiration. He followed Lila about with frankly appreciative glances, and when inadvertently—or otherwise—she stood near him, he was apt to clutch at her hand or her arm with large warm fingers. The sort of young man of whom every woman has at least one at her skirts in a lifetime, and whom any woman would be quite safe in marrying if he asked her.

Sam had never asked Lila, but she felt quite sure she could have him—with very little effort on her part. She rather held him in reserve on that account, as a careful housewife keeps tinned apricots, tinned shrimps and other such delicacies on the pantry shelf in case of unexpected guests for Sunday supper.

They left Cousin Maisie with the evening paper sliding down her lap and crossed the walk between wet fragrant rose bushes to Sam's car waiting, patient as its master, outside the low white gate.

"I really didn't mean to go tonight," said Lila as they slid away with a comfortable purring of the engine.

"Know you didn't," said Sam. "That's why I called you up."

"Oh, Sam," said Lila. "How perfectly absurd of you!"

"Not absurd at all. Here you are, going tomorrow; won't see you for a month. What's the use throwing away a good party tonight? Might as well get a dance or two before you leave, mightn't I?"

"I suppose you might," said Lila. She sniffed honeysuckle on the cool damp air and drew a long breath of relaxation. Accustomed gambits came readily to mind. She said—what she had said under like circumstances many a time before: "That's awfully sweet of you, Sam. I like to dance with you."

"I love to dance with you."

"Well—of course that was what I meant," said Lila. She added, gently evading his seeking hand, "Who's going to be there tonight?" She really didn't want Sam to hold her hand—not so early in the evening, at any rate.

"Same old crowd," said Sam, returning to the wheel without a vestige of annoyance. "Fields, MacNallys, Hardins, Bob Jennings, Bert Watts ——"

"Bert Watts? And Bob? I suppose Mrs. Hewitt, then?"

"Sure!" said Sam, grinning contentedly. "Bert's taking her. Told me so this afternoon. Met him in the barber shop, getting a haircut and a manicure."

"Sam," said Lila curiously, "when's Jim Hewitt coming?"

"Not coming at all. Heard today; he's too busy to get away. She's going back by herself next week."

"Sam, she's had an awfully good time here, hasn't she? Two or three heavy rushes."

"She's darned attractive, Madge Hewitt," Sam admitted judicially.

"Not more attractive than—a lot of other people," said Lila.

"Oh, she's no knockout, if that's what you mean, but she's pretty—kind of—and she wears those soft sort of intriguing clothes." Sam brought out an unaccustomed subtlety with slight embarrassment.

"And she's married," said Lila calmly.

"Married? Of course she's married. What's that got to do with it?"

"A married woman always has a better time than a girl, Sam."

"Why?" inquired Sam innocently. "Why should she?"

"You tell me!" said Lila. "Use your head, old dear! Did you ever see Bert—or Bob—wasting precious time on an unmarried lady? I never did."

"Those two birds—they just like to flit," said Sam a trifle uneasily. Psychological abstractions always worried him and he could not always keep Lila away from them.

"They're two of the most attractive men in Columbia," she assured him now coolly. "And they're not paupers. Either one of them could marry if he really wanted to."

"Oh, they don't want to, I guess; that's easy!" said Sam. "Bert lives with two or three other fellows—they have a housekeeper—he's comfortable as the dickens! Bob Jennings—well, Bob likes a free foot. I reckon that's just naturally all there is to it. Same time, he likes the women."

"Isn't that just what I'm saying?" murmured Lila. "He's not the only one, either! It's gotten to the point where almost any bachelor you know likes a married woman better than a girl, because playing around with the married woman doesn't let him in for anything—beyond a few gallons of gasoline and a few boxes of flowers."

"I'm a bachelor," said Sam huffily.

"You're a lamb!" said Lila sweetly. She added with a slight gurgle of laughter, "And a congenital Darby."

"I don't get you," said Sam. "What's a horse race got to do with it?"

Lila's gurgle stopped in midair. She choked and subsided.

"Oh, Sam," she said weakly, "you really are priceless!"

"Anyhow, I'm not a home breaker," said Sam, still somewhat annoyed.

"Neither are Bert and Bob and the rest of 'em," Lila pointed out quickly. "Anything like a broken home would upset any one of those men much more than it would what Cousin Maisie calls the injured husband. All they want is somebody to play with, a passionate friendship and a warm hearthstone with no penalties attached. Now, Sam, you know if Bert Watts had rushed any girl in town the way he has Mrs. Hewitt ——"

"He'd be walking down the aisle with the organ playing—you bet he would!" Sam admitted with a reluctant grin. "Trouble with girls is, they're too quick on the trigger. A fellow can't step with 'em once a week without having to ——"

"Step with 'em forever," supplied Lila.

"Ye-ah," said Sam. "Of course you're different. You've got a head."

"Oh, Sam—that's a cruel thing to tell a woman!"

"You know what I mean," said Sam comfortably. "You're not all looks and no sense."

"Yet Mrs. Hewitt gets more gasoline and flowers than I do—much!" said Lila demurely.

"You can't altogether blame those fellows," Sam assured her seriously. "They've had some bad scares."

"I don't blame them at all," said Lila, leaning back with a long sigh and the ghost of a chuckle. "If it's their freedom they want, they're welcome to it for all of me, but sometimes—really, Sam, sometimes I do wish I were a married woman. It must be so much more amusing!"

"That's just the kind of talk that I don't like," said Sam virtuously.

"Then I won't do it any more," said Lila, petting his sleeve with the tips of her fingers. "But—Sammy, dear—it's so, just the same!"

She lifted the slender chain about her neck till the ring, warm from her flesh, lay just beneath her fingers. She smiled, in the dark, to feel it there. Sam's eyes—if she showed him that platinum circlet! Sam's nice clean friendly gaping eyes!

She dropped the ring back into its hiding place.

"We won't stay very late—if you don't mind," she said as Sam drew up before the lighted veranda of the Columbia Country Club. "Remember—I'm going away in the morning, Sam."

"Fine chance of my forgetting it!" said Sam a trifle moodily.

It struck Lila all at once—an unexpected sense of dismay—that Sam, at least, was not interested in married women.

V

THE party—Tommy and Grace's party—was in no way different from a great many other parties which Lila had attended, in the same place, with the same crowd, very nearly. It was the night of the monthly dance; Tommy and Grace had merely seized the occasion to entertain about sixteen of their friends, at a large round table bedecked, as was mostly customary in Columbia, with ragged robins and small pink roses.

Lila could have adorned any Columbia dinner table with her eyes shut. She could have picked out the place cards with her hands tied behind her. Grace Hardin next Mac; Myra Field next Bob Jennings; Mrs. Hewitt next Bert. Of course the table was now denuded and out of the way to make room for the dancers, but that undoubtedly had been the round of contacts.

Lila went into the dressing room to smooth her hair and leave her wrap, and

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was at once greeted warmly by Grace Hardin herself, leaning to the wide white-framed mirror with a lipstick in her fingers, a smear of red upon her rather pretty mouth, which she was deftly shaping into the conventional cupid's bow.

"Well, hello, Lila dear! So Sam got you after all, did he? I bet Mac he wouldn't. I bet you'd be too tired, and not half packed."

"I was—both!" said Lila airily. "But Sam was so sweet about it."

Part of the tiresome game of being a girl! Pretending that the man who took you to a party had camped on your doorstep for a week to get you to go! Sam could have been refused with very little trouble. Lila knew it, and Grace knew it.

"I'm awfully glad he persuaded you," said Grace affectionately. "Party's going very good—so far as the hostess can see. Music's wonderful tonight." It was the same music they always had—Herb Weinrich's jazz orchestra, with Herb himself at the piano, playing two waltzes an evening, one noisy one-step that everybody hated, any number of lazy saxophonish fox trots, at frequent intervals bursting forth as with the enthusiastic blare of an entirely new conception—But Yes, We Have No Bananas!

"Sounds marvelous!" said Lila, powdering her nose.

The dressing room was full of powder. It hung in the air like a delicate amorous mist, veiled the frank orange flush on the women's cheeks, even tormented the nostrils a little.

Grace was a trifle too brightly made up, as always. Myra Field was wearing her black sequined tulle again. There was someone in the dressing room, someone in that soft-fleshed, heavy-lashed, shining-haired feminine rabble, using too heavy a perfume. Lila wrinkled a small straight nose in disgust, perceived the offender to be very near, realized that it must be the woman beside her.

The woman beside her, turning at the selfsame moment, broke into smiles. A tall woman; a tall, slim, languorous, slinky woman, with a milkmaid's brown hair and a milkmaid's rose-and-cream skin. Blue stones dangled from her hidden ears, midnight-blue velvet lay flat against her delicate shoulders; her long thin arms were bare, and she wore no rings. Her mouth had a sort of confident appeal, her eyes were large and dark and dreamy. There were orchids at her waist in Columbia, where orchids spelled passion at the peak!

"Oh, Mrs. Hewitt," cried Lila in pleased surprise, "how do you do?"

Three orchids and a trickle of silver ribbon! No man had ever sent Lila an orchid, she had never owned an orchid in her life. Roses, at the most; and from Sam, the frugal ant, usually violets

"How perfectly lovely!" said Lila.

"Yes, aren't they?" said Mrs. Hewitt.

"Those never grew in Columbia," said Lila with probing sweetness

"No," sighed Mrs. Hewitt. "I'm afraid he sent to Chicago for them. Extravagant boy!"

"How perfectly lovely!" said Lila again.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Mrs. Hewitt. "I do so adore orchids, don't you? My own especial flower."

Lila set her teeth, with rage for her neglected fellow virgins languishing among pink carnations and commonplace roses while Bert sent to Chicago for orchids for Mrs. Hewitt.

"I suppose," she suggested, smiling, "that there were orchids in your wedding bouquet, and that's why you feel that way about them. I'm fearfully sentimental over flowers, myself."

Then she moved away, still smiling, with a discreet though graceful swiftness, because she saw by the arrow of light in Mrs. Hewitt's drowsy eyes that the target had been sunk and it was time to cease firing, so to speak.

Sam was waiting outside the dressing-room door in a restless group of husbands and lovers. A new dance was beginning. Lila leaned into his ready arms, as a trapeze artist leaps into a net, with just as impersonal a sense of safety. Sam was—to change the figure smartly—her last line of defense, her reserve troops; but Sam was not romance.

No! Romance was Bert and Mrs. Hewitt: blue velvet and orchids. Bert, too, was waiting at the dressing-room door, and Mrs. Hewitt came out, on Lila's heels. Lila couldn't help overhearing their moment of meeting.

"Bert dear, I'm sorry. Have I been so long?"

"Almost half of it gone!"

"Never mind; you can have the next."

"And the next? And the next? Every other dance—at least!"

Sam bearing Lila off across the crowded floor had no such ardent line. He merely blew a strand of her hair from his lips and sang softly, a trifle off key, But Yes, We Have No Bananas.

Lila stiffened with bitter determination.

Sam danced well enough; she was safe, in his arms, from other men's elbows and feet. He had a strong sense of time, if none of tune—but safety is not all of life!

Lila's eyes followed Mrs. Hewitt and Bert drifting through the Columbian revelers. Her sleek brown head drooped toward Bert's black one; her drowsy eyes drooped in ecstatic oblivion; everything about her drooped as a heavy-headed rose droops on too slender a stalk. And Bert—his lean dark noncommittal face glowed, absolutely glowed! His hand clasping Mrs. Hewitt's fingers was a reverent caress; his arm infolding those slender shoulders, as good as a plaidie between Mrs. Hewitt and any cauld blast that Nature might essay.

Columbia was full of girls who would have been content to live for weeks on one such moment with Bert Watts. Did they get it? Not while a white-robed choir lurked just around the corner, waiting to sing The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden; not while the grocer's shop still harbored rice, and the cupboard under the stairs old shoes!

Mrs. Hewitt was romance—the romance which Bert and Bob and all the rest of them were seeking—but she was romance with no strings attached. Romance—with freedom! Small wonder men desired her

"Gosh, that was a good dance!" said Sam at this point—and Lila returned to reality.

It was, to repeat oneself, much the same sort of party as the Fields had given the month before, as the MacNallys would give the month after.

Lila danced consecutively with the husbands of most of her friends; she danced two times more with Sam; she sat out a dance and a half quite alone, endeavoring to look as if her solitude were the result of choice and a sudden desire for maiden meditation. She went back to the dressing room from time to time to powder her nose, and toward the end of the evening, about the time the soles of her feet began to burn, she had half a dance with Bert, Mrs. Hewitt, of course, being for the moment lost to him, in another's terpsichorean embrace.

"Good party, isn't it?" said Bert politely. "Hear you're going away tomorrow for a visit"

He wasn't at all the same person, dancing with Lila, as dancing with Mrs. Hewitt. He held Lila's fingers like fingers, and placed his hand lightly in the middle of her back with a nice regard for the frailty of her frock.

Lila worked hard for a spark, but to no avail.

"I'm going to be gone a month," she murmured.

"Nice time of year to go North," said Bert. "Hope you have a wonderful time."

"I'm fearfully tired of Columbia," said Lila daringly.

Bert responded with comfortable density, "Oh, everybody needs a change once in a while."

"You know," said Lila rather shyly—after all, she was not, at heart, a hussy' "you know, Bert, I won a prize in a scenario contest a little bit ago."

"Seems to me I heard something about it," said Bert. "Fine business! I suppose now you'll be going in for that sort of thing. I hear it pays pretty well. What was the name of your story?"

Lila told him in a last desperate fling, "Lawless Love."

"Hot dog!" said Bert inelegantly. "No wonder you took a prize!"

"I'm going to spend the whole thing in one month," said Lila.

She looked up at him from under her nice thick lashes. He was watching to see if anyone had cut in on Mrs. Hewitt, and if so, who.

"In one month!" she repeated impressively.

"Where did you say?" asked Bert.

"Bert," said Lila, "I think you're perfectly horrid!" She let her underlip sulk and her eyes appeal, in a not-so-feeble imitation of his goddess.

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"Sorry—did I step on your foot?" inquired Bert, courteously perturbed.

Lila told him with her chin in the air, "If I said you'd stepped on my heart you'd run a mile—wouldn't you, Bert?"

"I'd be flattered to death," said Bert cautiously.

But Lila caught the instinct for cover in his slackening fingers, the smiling aloofness of his look. She made a face at him, deliberately.

"Don't worry; I'm not going to say it. I only wanted to see you jump."

"You're a bit grouchy tonight, aren't you, Lila?" Bert suggested solicitously. "Bet you've been packing all day—and here you are dancing half the night. You women are all alike!"

"Oh—are we!" jeered Lila. "In that case, why——"

She wisely didn't finish. She was quite well aware of having aroused in Bert's consciousness already a faint suspicion that once more his fatal charm had gotten in its work on a husband-hunting girl and that in the future Bert, if not avoiding her outright, would yet go by with one foot in the stirrup.

Funny! Bert, with Mrs. Hewitt, an ardent romanticist, a dark-browed darling of a suitor! Bert, with Lila, a keen-eyed, cautious resolute bystander! If Mrs. Hewitt could make a Lancelot and a Tristram out of Bert—why couldn't Lila?

"If I were married—so that he needn't be afraid of me—I could!" cried Lila to herself, on a rushing wave of that fury which hell is commonly supposed to lack.

She sent Bert back to his fangless charmer; she retrieved Sam with a pathetic hand on his arm and a plea for home. She said good night to Grace and Myra in a group near the punchbowl.

"I'm fearfully tired, and half my packing isn't done. I've got to go home—really!"

"We'll miss you dreadfully," said Myra. "Oh, Lila, I was going to get you to go into the city with me next week, to have little Jimmy's tonsils out. He's so fond of you, he's always good with you!"

"And I did want you to help me with my paper for the Intelligentzia," put in Grace, with a groan. "Why I ever joined the darned thing! I can't even pronounce it comfortably."

"Sorry!" said Lila, smiling. "I'll only be gone a month——"

"She needs a change too," said Sam grudgingly. Nice old Sam!—even if his frank concern did turn the eyes of the rest upon Lila like so many spotlights.

"Going to write to me, Lila?" asked Grace affectionately.

"I'm not going to write to a soul," said Lila calmly. "I'm not even going to give anyone my address." She added with a curious little smile, "I'm going for a complete rest."

"And to tear off another scenario," suggested Tommy Hardin placidly. "What'd you do with your thousand, Lila? Going to spend it all on your trip?"

"I'm going to do my best," said Lila.

"Cousin Maisie told me," contributed Myra Field, "that you were going to stay with a Cousin Katrina Somebody—in Stamford, Connecticut."

"Yes, Cousin Katrina does live in Stamford," said Lila.

She made her good-nights final, kissed the women, shook hands with all the men. "A lovely party, Grace! Thanks so much, Tommy!"

Getting into Sam's car at the foot of the clubhouse steps a few minutes later she added casually, "And one more party like that would finish me—coil!"

"For the love of Mike!" said Sam, staring at her as they rushed through the dark. "What's the matter now?"

"Don't you ever come to a place where you've got to—leave the trail—or die?" demanded Lila.

"Lots of people have left the trail and died," Sam assured her sensibly. Lila didn't answer him. There was usually too much truth in what he said to need an answer. He added presently, "Gosh, I'm going to miss you like all the world, Lila!"

"That's very sweet of you, Sam."

"We generally have a pretty good time together, don't we?"

"Oh—a lovely time!"

"You've got so much more sense than most girls."

Lila wondered if he were leading up to what Cousin Maisie would call an offer. She let him take one hand away from the wheel and warmly engulf hers. She hadn't any qualms on the subject. Most of the bachelors in Columbia were excellent one-hand drivers, and not a few of the married men.

"Lila going to write to me?"

"Oh, Sam I'm not going to write to anybody!"

"Well—I don't like you to think of me as just anybody."

She told him softly, uncertain of his next words, "I don't. I'm awfully fond of you."

"That's good," said Sam. He cleared his throat slightly. "Because I'm terribly fond of you. Matter of fact—I like you—about as well matter of fact, Lila, I like you better—than any girl I've ever known."

"Oh, Sam!" murmured Lila tritely.

She was conscious of a stricken wonder as to what she should do—and how she would feel—if Sam kissed her. She had a momentary cinematographic vision of Sam's mouth—his clean wide schoolboy mouth—and she felt panic stealing through her veins. She wasn't at all sure she wanted him to kiss her; he would probably do it with heartbreaking clumsiness.

"You see," Sam was going on, rather more clearly, "I'd hate not to have you like me—as much as I like you. It always seems pretty sad for a man to go around—liking a girl—a lot more than she likes him. I'd want to be pretty certain."

Light flushed Lila's mental horizon like a sunrise.

Sam would want to be pretty certain. She could have him if she went halfway to meet him. He was ready to be caught if she were ready to catch. Romance, dead as Pan!—with honeysuckle hedges either side the road, sweeter than first love in the starlight.

"I'd want to be pretty certain."

Was that the sort of thing that Bert was by now saying to Mrs. Hewitt—under the same stars, driving between the same massed garlands of honeysuckle? Mrs. Hewitt, who was no prettier than Lila, no more wistful of love, no more a woman.

Lila knew it wasn't. Lila knew just how Bert was wooing—Mrs. Hewitt leaning.

Something within Lila's restless resentful soul said suddenly and clearly, "This isn't good enough!" And Lila laughed aloud.

"What's so funny?" asked Sam with offended sharpness.

"You, Sam! How could you? Asking a girl to—give you a lead!"

"Most of 'em do it without the asking," said Sam a trifle sulkily. He disliked being laughed at.

"Well, it isn't pretty," said Lila stubbornly.

"It's only fair," said Sam.

"Fairness," said Lila scornfully, "is one thing a man has a healthy nerve to ask for, from a woman."

"Gosh! That's no way for a girl to talk," said Sam, "when a man's just asked her——"

"Yes, yes, go on!" said Lila meanly.

"When a man's just told her——"

"Yes, Sam. Just told her?"

"Darn it all!" said Sam, sending the car along in a wicked burst of speed. "That's no way for a girl to talk!"

"I thought you said I had such a good head," objected Lila. She began to feel a little ashamed of herself. "Don't go so fast, Sammy; you get dust in my eyes!"

"You've got a good head all right," Sam assured her bitterly. "Any man that can put dust in your eyes——"

"He's good, isn't he?" said Lila. She laughed with brevity.

"I don't see that I've said anything to laugh at," repeated Sam doggedly. He slowed down to his usual temperate pace, kept his eyes straight ahead. "Some fellows don't care how big a fool they make of themselves; some fellows go skidding along without ever knowing where they're going to come out. That's not me."

"I see it's not," said Lila meekly.

"All I want is a lead."

"All that I want is love!" murmured Lila emotionally.

"I don't know what's the matter with you tonight," said Sam. He was driving with both hands now, and attending strictly to the road. "All this stuff about a married woman having a better time than a girl, it sounds like the movies. You want to be careful that writing scenarios doesn't spoil you."

"I know," said Lila, "I don't want to lose my girlish sweetness, do I?"

"You don't want to get cynical," said Sam with wounded dignity, "and hard, and

Continued on Page 64

Six GMC Tractor Trucks haul 16 semi-trailers for the Waldorf Paper Products Company, Minneapolis, Minn

GMC Tractor Trucks Reduce Ton Mile Costs

For transporting volume tonnage—for hauling jobs where loading and unloading is a slow operation—

GMC tractor trucks provide the means of utilizing a power unit to its full capacity, and at the same time they reduce materially the ton mile cost of hauling.

Consider the Waldorf Paper Products Co. of Minneapolis, manufacturers of cardboard containers. Six GMC tractor trucks with semi-trailer equipment are kept constantly busy hauling from six to eleven tons.

Like switch engines, these tractor trucks "spot" the semi-trailers anywhere to await loading with scrap paper and likewise leave them for unloading new containers.

The saving, because of the flexibility of this equipment, is at once apparent. Further savings are made possible by GMC tractor trucks exclusively, because the famous GMC Two-Range transmission provides speed over good roads, and pulling power on bad.

Ask the nearest GMC dealer for definite facts and figures on the economy of tractor trucks in hauling volume tonnage, or write for special booklet.

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Akron	*Memphis
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GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY—*Pontiac, Michigan*
Division of General Motors Corporation

In the Dominion of Canada
General Motors Truck Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

General Motors Trucks

GMC

Shaving sticks, *like men*, differ in the grasp they offer

THIS new Williams Doublecap Stick offers you a *man's* grasp—obviously better than the slippery, finger-tip hold of old-style shaving sticks.

You'll make friends with Doublecap from the first. The metal holder goes clear to *the middle* of this stick. There's plenty of room for your fingers. And the big hold *stays the same* from first to last! When one end of the stick is worn down, start on the other. And when both are used, the remaining thin wafer of soap fits nicely on a Williams Re-Load.

Williams Re-loads cost less than the original package. The metal Doublecap container lasts indefinitely. It is highly polished, non-corrosive, a fit neighbor for your handsomest silver toilet articles.

The soap in Doublecap gives that same shave for which Williams is noted—faster softening of the beard; smoother, easier cutting because of the lubric element in the lather; and finally, delightful after-care of the skin. You'll find Doublecap the perfect stick.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd.
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We've scored again! Aqua Velva is the new product—a scientific formula for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 15-A.

Williams

Doublecap
Shaving Stick

By the makers of the famous Williams Holder-Top Stick, and Williams Shaving Cream with the Hinge-Cap

(Continued from Page 62)

all that. One thing a man does like is a nice gentle sort of a girl."

"One that's willing to tell him before he asks her."

"Not at all! A man doesn't want to be run after."

"I see. He only wants to be—run to! Is that it? It's so hard to be sure just what you expect of us!"

"You know what I mean all right," said Sam. And from that point he diverged to the weather.

Lila knew that she could—with a word almost, the shy lifting of an eyelash, the delicate pressure of a finger, the tactful concession of a phrase—have gone home that night a promised bride.

She knew that she had, from the average feminine standpoint, unpardonably muffed a fair catch, and she was unrepentant. She didn't want what Sam was prepared to offer to her admission of willingness. It didn't sufficiently interest her.

"Either," Lila said to herself, "there's more—the sort of thing that Bert, with no right in the world, is giving Mrs. Hewitt—or the whole show's a mistake. In which case ——"

She said very little to Sam for the rest of that homeward drive, and Sam said very little to her. But once more upon the steps, beneath the starry spray of virgin's bower which wound the veranda posts of her ancestral home, Lila thawed to a farewell at least reasonably tender.

"I'm sorry if I was horrid, Sam. I am tired. I do need a change!"

"You'll feel better when you come back," suggested Sam, instantly hopeful.

Lila smothered a brutal rejoinder to the effect that she might feel best of all if she had never to come back again.

She said with a twist of her soft red mouth, "I'll be a better girl—or a worse."

"There you go again!" said Sam reprovingly. "You know you don't mean that!"

"Don't I?" said Lila.

"You're just tired out. Wait till you come back."

A tender menace; she shrank imperceptibly before it.

"I'll be at the station tomorrow," said Sam, shook hands in a friendly way and departed.

If she wanted him, Lila realized, watching him go down the walk, she had been a fool to trifle with him. She had for the time being, at least, definitely lost him. One thing sang in her clearly—she hadn't wanted him!

Pressing the hidden ring against the softness of her breast she went stealthily into the hall, turned out the light, reached for the key in the door.

From cool musty darkness at the head of the stairs a whisper drifted down: "Lil-ly, that you? Who brought you home—Sam Humphreys?" Cousin Maisie, dimly outlined against a shaft of light from her bedroom door, Cousin Maisie, curl-papered and cotton-nightgowned. Cousin Maisie, the fat graceless epitome of what years might mean to Lila if she, once too often, refused to give Sam Humphreys a lead!

"Yes, Cousin Maisie," said Lila.

She went up the stairs with honest weariness in every step. The old house lay still and faintly fragrant of decay—as old houses do after a rain.

Small creaking noises in the wainscoting. Vague shifting shadows near the windows. A clock ticking loudly. A rose branch scratching on the wall.

Cousin Maisie went back into her room and got into bed. She called in her fat comfortable little voice, "Come in and tell me about the party! Pity's sake, child, it's after twelve!"

Lila stood in the doorway and looked down at her coolly, down at the thin grayish braids, the twisted curl papers, the cotton ruffle about the short creasy throat. She hated the sparrowish curiosity in Cousin Maisie's bright black eyes, and hated herself for hating it.

"Oh, it was just like all the rest of the parties," she said.

"D'you have a good time?"

"Fair."

"Wasn't Sam nice?"

"Sam's always nice."

"He didn't stay long—at the door."

An angry flush rose along Lila's throat.

"I'm tired to death, Cousin Maisie."

"Well," grumbled Cousin Maisie, "it's no good tryin' to get anything out of you when you don't feel like telling it. Go on to bed, child. I put a glass of milk and some crackers on your little table."

That was Cousin Maisie—tying your hands with kindness while she affronted your soul with her peerings and pryings!

Lila finished packing and locked her trunk before she slept. She wanted, as badly as that, to be gone.

SAM was at the station at a quarter of noon next day. He carried a box of chocolates and two magazines. "Flowers," he explained, "you just have to give 'em to the porter. What's the use?"

Lila thanked him with remorseful sweetness. She was ready to be sweet to everybody in Columbia now that she was getting out of it.

"Have you got your money, child?" demanded Cousin Maisie, very red-faced and fussy in a black-and-white muslin with a terrible little hat. "Have you got your ticket? And your checks? And everything? I wish you had let me put up a little lunch for you, just some chicken and a few little cup cakes."

Lila thought how bitterly she would have loathed some chicken and a few little cup cakes, eaten in the seclusion of the Pullman.

She kissed Cousin Maisie good-by and said truthfully, "I'm quite happy without it."

"And you're not going to write to any of us?" cried Myra reproachfully.

Lila shook her head and smiled. She kissed Myra good-by and thanked her for a box of homemade salted almonds.

"She won't even let me write to her!" wailed Cousin Maisie.

"I'm going on a rest cure," said Lila. "For a whole long month. Good-by, Gracie dear! I know your Intelligentzia paper will be splendid!"

She kissed Grace good-by and thanked her for a copy of Black Oxen. It was Black Oxen about which Gracie was writing a paper. Gracie was really having a hard time with the paper because the thing she chiefly felt about the book—that the heroine's rejuvenating operation wasn't quite nice—didn't seem exactly the thing to say in black and white.

The train came in with ostentatious haste, as trains do.

Sam took Lila aboard and settled her in her section. He stood with his hat in his hand and a broad uneasy smile on his nice mouth.

"Well," he said, "take good care of yourself!"

"I'm going to," said Lila.

She could see he wanted to kiss her. She didn't want him to. Even less than the night before did she want him to kiss her.

She said, "You mustn't get carried off with me, Sam."

"Make a scandal, wouldn't it?" he grinned nervously.

They shook hands. Sam crushed Lila's fingers unmercifully. He said again, "Take good care of yourself. Hurry back!"

Then the train shuddered in a preliminary way, and Sam fled down the aisle putting on his hat as he went, and treading on the porter.

Cousin Maisie and Myra and Gracie and Sam stood in a little group beneath Lila's window and made affectionate grimaces till the train pulled out. The last Lila saw of them, Sam was waving his hat—an abandoned gesture for him.

Lila turned away from the window and sat looking ahead of her, smiling faintly. She wore the new beige suit and one of the so-simple blouses, a small brown hat and a wisp of peacock-blue bandanna depending from a pocket. She looked twenty-four, and deliciously excited over something.

As the train roared out of the city limits of Columbia—not a difficult matter for a train of any length—Lila took a frail gold chain from about her throat, took a ring off the chain, put the chain away in her purse.

The ring was of platinum, pale and beautiful, graven with orange blossoms, lettered romantically.

"Amor," said the ring, among other things.

Lila slipped it on the white third finger of her left hand, twirled it caressingly, and left it there.

So the porter glimpsed it when he came by a little later on his errands of mercy.

"Madam," said the porter, "would yo' like a bag fo' yo' hat?"

"Yes, if you please," said Lila, "and a nice strong one, porter. I'm going all the way to New York!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Is your motor car a liability or an asset?

Most motoring grief comes from one cause now easily remedied

LAST year the American public paid $2,000,000,000 for new cars and $5,000,000,000 for upkeep. Is your motor car costing you too much to run? If it is, we venture to say that the fault lies not in the car, but in *you*. And we believe we offer you the remedy—if you'll hear this story through.

If you own a popular make of car, it must be good or it wouldn't be popular. Tires, gasoline and oil should cover practically all your upkeep costs. Depreciation should be small.

But if you are like most motorists, you have another cost—the repairs, depreciation and replacements that come from *lack of proper lubrication*. Every day you are paying the toll, even though you may not know.

For engineers state that 80% of all repairs on moving parts on a motor car come from faulty lubrication.

Where the Fault Lies

There are 20 or more vital bearings in your chassis that need regular lubrication. Every 500 miles. Just as regularly as you put new oil in your motor.

It is for this reason that most cars come equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System (over 4,000,000 today). If Alemite is on your car, use it. That's why the manufacturer put it on. To make it easy for you to care for these vital bearings—and thus save repairs.

Bearings thoroughly packed with fresh, clean lubricant every 500 miles are practically immune to wear. And this thorough lubrication is a simple matter with Alemite.

A turn or two on the Alemite compressor shoots fresh clean lubricant into the very heart of the bearing, at the same time forcing out the old, dirty and worn grease.

Alemite is easy to use yourself. But if you wish, there's an Alemite Service Station around the corner to do the work for you at a nominal charge.

If Alemite Isn't On Your Car

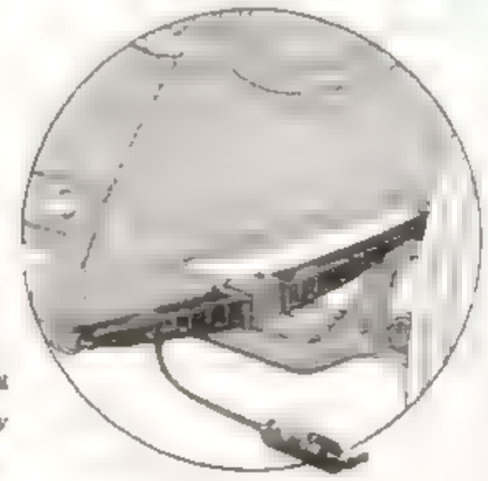
If the particular car you own doesn't happen to be Alemite equipped there's nothing more thrifty you can do than to have it installed. Write us and we'll tell you where you can have it done—$5 to $20 according to make and model of car. (Chevrolet, $3.99; Ford, $6.25; Overland, $5.67.) (Canadian prices higher.)

A Booklet for Motorists

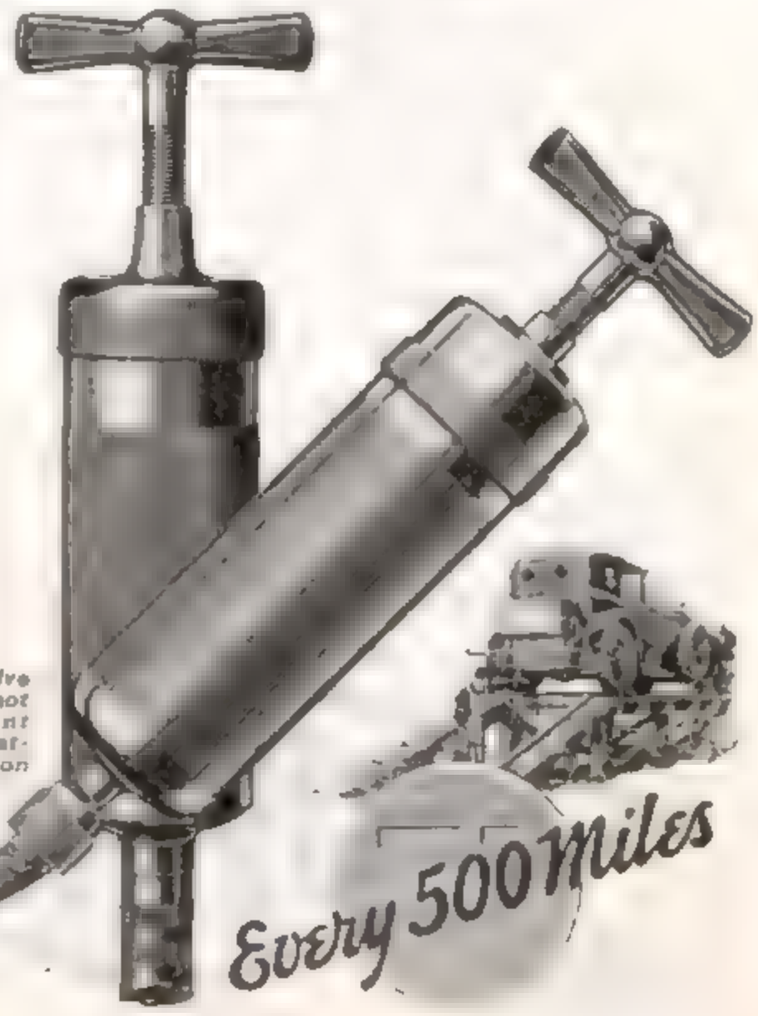
An enlightening booklet on motor car lubrication—"Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch." A reading of this booklet will return you dollars and cents. Write for it today.

OIL OR GREASE

Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure, solidified oil, especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put."



Alemite All Metal Lubricating Spring Covers make any car ride easier



Alemite Fitting with Cross Pin

New spiral valve coupling does not release lubricant until actually attached to fitting on bearing. Then it opens automatically

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Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

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"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High pressure lubricating system

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Every 500 miles

One Dollar

—for underwear satisfaction

TO BE sure of getting the most for your money when you buy athletic union suits, follow these rules—

Pay One Dollar—no more.

Look for the Topkis label.

Comfort? You'll hardly know you have Topkis on! Roomy all over; especially legs and arm-holes. Topkis *fits*—because it is properly designed and material is not skimped anywhere.

Better material, too, than you get in many higher priced suits. Best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics. Sound tailoring. Buttons sewed on tightly. Topkis wears and wears.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c a garment. Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Buy Topkis by the Box — six union suits for $6. Some men pay as much for three suits—but they don't know Topkis.

Free Booklet tells the whole story. Write for it.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the TOPKIS label.

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

EDWARD AND THE GLASS SLIPPER

Continued from Page 25

"Almost home!" he said happily, and Edward returned his smile.

The snow on the road and pavements was trampled here; the falling flakes tried vainly to fill up the hollows of footprints. Ahead of them black smoke was rising, hovering thickly just below the swollen clouds.

"There!" exclaimed Frederick Innis, leaning forward. "You can just see the factory!" He fumbled in the garments which had transformed a frail old man into an absurdly large bulk, drew out his watch. "Five minutes of five!" Emotion transformed his face; his blue eyes peered through the distance. "We'll be just in time to see the men coming out!"

Edward was silent. Houses—double houses, triple houses, ranging two-story tenements—obstructed the view at either side; the snow, grimy even in its passage through the air, dropped to a dirty trodden earth. From the huddled cluster of buildings which swallowed all the open country before them a clock boomed five times. The chauffeur, as though he sensed his master's impatience, let the car leap ahead.

On either side of the road sprawled gray wooden buildings, oblong, like shoe boxes. A bluish light shot from their windows, illuminating the street; from their open doors filed men and women, talking loudly, laughing, gesturing. The car slowed its speed necessarily, and Edward saw the faces of the people who worked all day making shoes—heavy boots, like their own, and little silver slippers. A cleared field, trampled and furrowed, was black with small greasy cars awaiting their owners; they looked, to Edward, like flies on the surface of a frosted birthday cake. And beside them, behind that triple row of wooden prisons, reared the factory, immense walls of blood-red brick, punctured by windows which gave forth a blinding yellow light. It was like a huge animal, with a thousand piercing malevolent eyes, leering down at the town whose destinies it controlled; it was like a splendid, awful conqueror.

Edward looked at the thick blue rug which covered his knees; the warmth of the limousine seemed suddenly stifling. He kept his eyes averted from that huge thing which had seized this part of the New England countryside and dragged it to an ugliness so unmitigated that its own horrible form had become glorified. Uncle Fred's voice had been rising excitedly for almost a minute before his words began to reach his nephew's consciousness.

"—— rest room that will accommodate two hundred employes at a time . . . cafeteria that takes care of 'em all . . . tennis courts for 'em Saturday afternoons ——"

The car turned about a corner, into a wide street walled by lighted stores and glaring white restaurants with broad uncurtained windows.

"I guess you never saw anything like that in Europe, young man!" His uncle's face was turned back, like the face of a lover, for a last look at his factory, and Edward shuddered.

"No," he agreed unreluctantly, "I never did."

It was Frederick Innis' suggestion that Edward go into the factory as any other young man, that the similarity of his name and the owner's be considered a coincidence. Edward agreed with a fervor which he did not understand.

"I think I'll start you off in the export department," his uncle said during their conversation the next morning. "You can talk these foreign languages, and it seems to me that a good-looking young man like you might even have noticed the kind of shoes ladies in foreign countries like to wear. This exporting business is still in its rompers, and there's a fine chance for some young fellow who knows what's going on on both sides of the ocean."

Shrewdly Frederick Innis had said the one thing that did not actively antagonize his nephew, the one thing which, to Edward's mind, bore a faint relation to beauty. It was almost a crusade to consider the exportation of pretty shoes to certain countries of Europe!

But as he walked at his uncle's side through the factory toward the office of the general manager, any thoughts of beauty melted before the interminable lines of benches at which silent men stood beneath biting lights, working at bits of leather.

The general manager sat at the largest desk Edward had ever seen, a desk covered with wire baskets and wooden trays and stacks of letters. Three telephones were at his right hand, a stenographer at his left; a row of buttons faced him. Edward had not imagined that any introduction could be so perfunctory; in less than a minute the general manager knew his name and what he wanted, and his uncle had departed. He was offered a chair, and he sat down, head whirling. Surely the general manager was the busiest man in the world!

"'—— hear from you at y'r conv'ience,'" the general manager completed a letter. "All right, Innis. This way."

They walked rapidly down a long corridor, and men and women, approaching them at irregular intervals, mirrored their own desperate haste, just as though they were, all of them, bits of machinery traveling along an invisible belt.

Through open doors Edward saw other men facing herculean tasks of their own. The general manager paused for a moment to check one of the men in that line that streamed past them, and Edward, halting, too, found himself staring into a square sunny room.

Half a hundred girls sat at typewriters, heads down, fingers blurred by the rapidity with which they moved up and down, like white rods in an immense machine. A large woman, Buddha-like in the tranquillity with which she surveyed the baskets of papers before her, faced them from a desk. And as Edward stared, dazed, one of the stenographers, lifting her head and expanding her cramped shoulders, met his eyes.

Experimentally he smiled. Was it a girl, then, after all? Its lips twitched in an answering smile; its head bent over the machine; its fingers began again that mechanical vibration upon the keys.

Edward discovered himself mechanically rushing after the retreating figure of the general manager, just as though the belt had pulled him into action.

Another office, identical to the one from which they had come. Another introduction: "'S Mr. Innis; the president says to put 'm in exports. 'S Mr. Graves, manager export."

The general manager was gone; the man at the desk nodded to Edward.

"Just a minute. Will you sit down?" He tore open the letter which his nervous hands had picked up from a stack before him even while he had been addressing Edward. "'John R. Elwell, The Holly Ad Co., 328 Brunswick Street ——'"

Another of those human mechanisms was making tracks on a notebook with a dagger-sharp pencil. Peering over her shoulder, Edward saw that page after page was already filled with them. His eyes almost reluctantly traveled to the gleaming surface of the desk, saw the baskets of unopened mail, wooden trays: Outgoing, Incoming, Rush, Dillingham.

"'S'cerely.' Send for Dillingham, please."

Edward had seen a long finger reach out and press a button; the boy who had appeared at the side of the export manager vanished as miraculously as he had come; now the manager was opening another letter.

"'—— pleased t' have you come in and talk matter over ——' Oh, Miss Dillingham." Edward had an impression of another female person, dressed in blue serge, standing, soldierlike, beside the desk. The manager's hands were at last empty. As though startled by such an occurrence he turned and smiled at Edward. "Miss Dillingham is my assistant," he explained. "She'll tell you what you want to know. Mr. Innis will be in our department, Miss Dillingham. Tell him what we're doing. Show him any reports. Pleased t' have met you, Mr. Innis. See you later."

And Edward was following the blue serge figure out of the office, down another corridor.

"No; to the right." The creature laughed as he stopped, bewildered, at a crossroads of corridors. "You'll get used to it after a while; it's a regular labyrinth."

(Continued on Page 68)

The Studebaker Code

Car-building principles and policies which caused our amazing growth

STUDEBAKER has in late years been Motordom's sensation. Our growth has been amazing. Sales have almost trebled in the past three years.

Today our assets are $90,000,000. Our plant investment, $50,000,000. Our demand calls for an output of 150,000 fine cars yearly.

Anyone interested in a quality car wants to know how Studebaker reached those heights. And reached them by leaps and bounds. This is to set down those reasons—exactly—as we see them.

A grand old name

Our chief incentive was a grand old name. Studebaker has for 72 years stood for leadership, for quality, for class.

On wagons it stood for honest values. On carriages it stood for style, beautiful coach work, fine construction. Studebaker reigned in those fields for two generations.

Now we make motor cars only, Sixes only. And our only logical place in that field was the top.

Giving extra values

Great success in this field now comes through extra values. And those depend in large part on quantity production.

The major expenses in motor car building are about the same on small outputs as large. For instance, engineering. An engineering department like ours costs about $500,000 yearly regardless of the output. Overhead expenses may be about the same on 20,000 cars as on 150,000.

So we struggled for quantity output, until last year we sold 145,167 Studebaker cars.

* * *

Another great factor in extra value is the saving of middlemen's profits. So we aimed to build complete cars. We invested $50,000,000 in plants and equipment. About $38,000,000 of that has been invested in the past five years. It is up-to-date and efficient. $8,000,000 went into a drop forge plant, $10,000,000 into body plants. But the economies they bring are enormous. We save you up to $300 on some types by building them ourselves.

If we "assembled" our cars, we would have to pay a profit to the makers of major parts.

Maximum quality

Another essential is maximum quality. No fine car can hope for great success if any part is stinted.

So we established a Bureau of Methods and Standards, a Department of Research and Experiment. We employed 125 experts to watch and develop Studebaker standards. To fix for every part and detail maximum requirements.

They have created 35 formulas for steel, each of them best for its purpose.

On some of those steels we pay the makers a premium of 15% for exactness.

We make 500,000 tests per year to check parts and materials with our requirements.

During manufacture a Studebaker car passes 32,000 inspections, made by 1,200 men.

Luxury and class

The buyer of a fine car desires beauty, luxury, finish, style.

There Studebaker is at home. This is headquarters for fine coach building. It has been for generations. Here sons, fathers and grandfathers, working side-by-side, have this art bred in them.

The finish on a Studebaker body requires many operations, including 15 coats of paint and varnish.

The upholstery we use in closed cars is the finest. It is Chase Mohair, made from silky fleece of Angora goats. Cotton or ordinary wool, or a combination of both, would reduce our price $100 to $150, but it would sacrifice Studebaker quality.

We give unusual extras.

Men—above all

But our greatest study is men. How to keep them, how to develop them, how to secure their co-operation in our aims.

We make them partners by selling them stock on very attractive terms. We give them vacations with pay. We give them an annual dividend on wages. After five years that annual dividend adds 10% to their wages.

All this to keep men happy, to maintain their enthusiasm, to get them to save and develop, to make them sharers in success.

* * *

Those, in brief, are the major reasons for Studebaker growth. We have built the best cars possible. We produce them economically. We cater to the love of beauty. We give scores of extra values. And we claim none can match our prices for equal quality.

Find out what these things mean to you before you buy a fine car. The factors which win 150,000 yearly are sure to win you when you know them.

Learn What Extra Values Result
Send for the Book

The result of these principles is a demand for 150,000 Studebaker cars per year.

Fine car buyers last year paid $201,000,000 for them.

Then don't choose a car at $1,000 or over without knowing what this line offers—and don't try to judge the value of any car by price.

Send the coupon for our book, "Why You Cannot Judge Value By Price"—it may save you hundreds of dollars when you buy a car.

LIGHT-SIX		SPECIAL-SIX		BIG-SIX	
5-Pass. 112-in. W. B. 40 H. P.		*5-Pass. 119-in. W. B. 50 H. P.*		*7-Pass. 126-in. W. B. 60 H. P.*	
Touring	$1045	Touring	$1425	Touring	$1750
Roadster (3-Pass.)	1025	Roadster (2-Pass.)	1400	Speedster (5-Pass.)	1835
Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.)	1195	Coupe (5-Pass.)	1895	Coupe (5-Pass.)	2495
Coupe (5-Pass.)	1395	Sedan	1985	Sedan	2685
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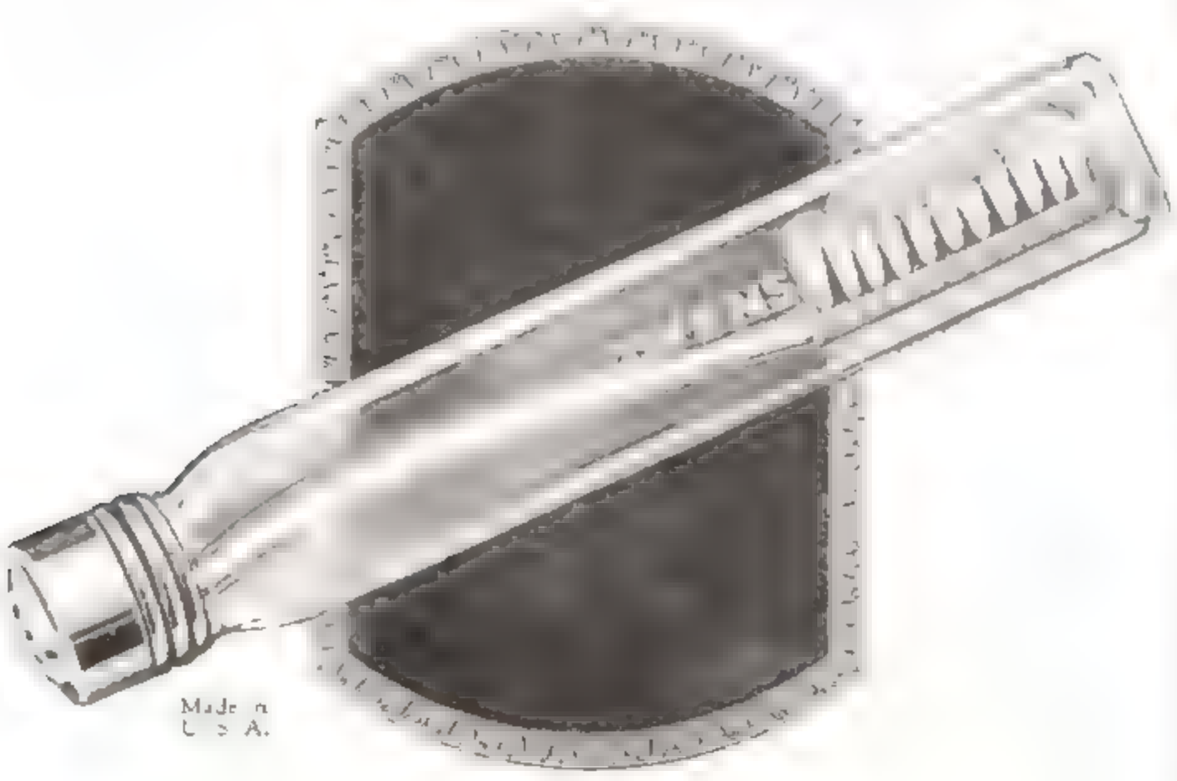


Your love of cleanliness tells you to own an OWENS

HASN'T it made you almost "shiver" sometimes to see thoughtless fingers rubbing over the bristles in a tooth brush? And then to think that you may put a brush into your mouth that unclean hands have thumbed!

There's no need to take this chance again. The Owens Staple-tied Tooth Brush comes to you protected in a sanitary glass container. It is unnecessary to expose it.

Cleanliness alone will make you prefer it at first. But once you've used the Owens, you'll see why so many dentists have called it the best all-purpose brush ever designed. The cut of the trim—shape of the handle—and spacing of bristles all combine to make it ideal for the correct care of the teeth!

And the improved Staple-tied method of manufacture practically eliminates all danger of bristles coming out in your mouth. Each bristle tuft is permanently tied into the handle by a hidden staple.

See the Owens at your druggist's. Improved in every way, yet costing no more than ordinary tooth brushes. 30, 40 and 50 cents, in child's, youth's and adult's sizes

Two features you'll like

Handles are made in six different colors, red, blue, amber, green, purple and white. One for each member of your family.

Every Owens Tooth Brush is delivered to the customer in a sanitary glass container. This method of packing is the most sanitary ever devised for tooth brushes, and the glass container is meant to be thrown away when the tooth brush has been removed.

OWENS

Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

(Continued from Page 66)

He stared at her back with a feeling of revulsion. What business had a wheel in this terrifying machine with a voice like music? A door was opened, and Edward found himself face to face with Miss Dillingham, thought disgustedly, "What right has that got to be pretty?" and sat down in the chair which she indicated.

"You're familiar with the shoe business, Mr. Innis?"

Edward started savagely at those words and the soft voice in which they were spoken. It was immoral!

"No," he said shortly.

"Then we'll have to start at the beginning, won't we?"

She began at the beginning, and Edward, because shoes were the last thing in an already sufficiently dull world which interested him, fell to studying her. He hadn't realized before how small she was; now, behind her great desk, leaning back in a swivel chair, she seemed like a child. She had brown hair, twisted into braided pinwheels over her ears, and a pale oval face. Brown eyes. In fact, decided Edward, she was a remarkably pretty girl. He studied the blue serge frock thoughtfully.

"We are only beginning to consider the manufacture of a special line for exporting. Mr. Innis!" said Miss Dillingham, her voice rising severely. Her small red mouth was drawn into a disapproving line; her brown eyes regarded him hostilely.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Edward, caught unaware by her disapproval, and he blushed.

During the rest of their interview he tried desperately to keep his eyes on the floor and his mind on the shoe business. It was his first business experience with a woman, as well as with shoes, and he seemed equally unsuccessful at both.

A gong reverberated through the corridors; Miss Dillingham rose decidedly, crossed to a closet, and brought out a short caracul coat, a small and—Edward approved—thoroughly chic green hat.

"We'll go into the reports after lunch," she said briefly, and disappeared through the door of her office.

Edward, standing beside the desk, stared after her retreating figure. Even after she had turned the first corner in that yellow-oak labyrinth he found that his eyes held the picture of a slender figure, muffled in a tawny fur coat, of an oval face, framed by brown hair and a small emerald hat.

In the first month of Edward's apprenticeship at the factory Frederick Innis congratulated himself many times on his shrewdness in placing that young man in the export department. The fact that he wanted, passionately, for Edward to make good, lent no prejudice to his realization that his nephew was actually doing that thing. What he did not realize—since he had barely seen the girl—was that it was Lucy Dillingham, and not boots and shoes, which was holding Edward's attention.

During that month Edward himself felt rather like a small boat tossed about on a great ocean. He had undertaken the voyage more or less of his own accord; Europe had grown stale; he had been curious about America—and his mother had wished it. In Brockland, with the factory before him, he had regretted his step, but he was there, and submission was easier than revolt. His most vehement rebellion came when he read in his mother's letters that eternal query, veiled in solicitude, concerning his uncle's health. He did not like to think that he was there merely waiting for Frederick Innis to die. In fact, it was his slow realization that that was Madge's only reason which made escape to Europe—and her—impossible. The thought that the income which supported her at Cannes was derived, even indirectly, from the sale of Innis shoes was beginning to cast an unpleasant shadow over all of Europe.

The lesson which he learned most quickly—perhaps because it interested him most—was that his one ground of contact with Lucy Dillingham lay in an interest in shoes.

"You know, you're improving," she told him one day in March. "At first I thought that the only useful thing you could ever learn about shoes was how to clean 'em!"

Edward laughed easily. "I've had an able and charming teacher," he said, and instantly lost half a mile or so of ground. Miss Dillingham's expression had frozen.

The worst of it was, he realized, that she didn't in the least object to talking about other topics than shoes to other men in the department. She had singled him out, so far as he could see, unreasonably, and she refused to let their relationship become even remotely one of friendship.

The memory of their first interview—or at least of his share in it—had faded completely from Edward's mind; he had forgotten the insolently ignorant young man, in his well-cut English suit, his blue shirt with its soft blue collar fastened by a platinum collar pin beneath a hyacinth-blue tie. Even now, when he was beginning to comprehend the appalling amount of work that fell on the shoulders of Lucy Dillingham, he did not realize how his bored manner of defying her to interest him in her business, that first day, had alienated her. If he had known that she had returned to her mother that evening with the indignant announcement that the manager had tucked under her wing the most appallingly disagreeable, spoiled, vain and affected young man she had ever had the misfortune to see in her entire life, he wouldn't have known what she was talking about.

But he sensed her contempt, and doggedly worked over reports, read his way through bulging letter files, went down, even, into the crowded manufacturing department to talk with shirt-sleeved men, in effort to lessen it. The praise he received from her was slight, yet a grain of it counted more than all his uncle's frank approval.

It was after he had proved his contention that letters to France cannot be successfully worded with the terseness of identical letters to America, by an unusually large order for evening slippers, that two things happened.

He had remained late at the office, and he did not know that Lucy Dillingham was still about, until she came quietly into the room and stood beside his desk.

"I feel that I owe you an apology, Mr. Innis," she said, speaking very rapidly. "I thought you were wrong about all this—this exaggerated politeness—you wanted to put into the Dubois letters. It seemed sort of—oh, affected and stuck-up. But—well, I was wrong."

She held out her hand, and Edward, moved more than he would have admitted, took it.

"Why—I—it's just that I know the French pretty well," he stammered. "They do go in for that sort of thing, you know."

"You've lived in France a lot, haven't you?"

It was the first personal question she had ever put to him, and hope leaped in his heart. He nodded.

"I guess that's why you seemed so—well, different—when you first came here."

She smiled at him, a radiant, forgiving smile, and wished him good night.

Edward sat down again, overcome by the realization of what she had meant. She had been excusing him, because he was not a—well, an American! He shook his head, mystified.

The second event was equally flattering, but less pleasant. Uncle Fred, too, had heard about the order from France.

"You're working into things, my boy!" he said with real emotion. "You're your grandfather's grandson! Liking it better now, aren't you?"

Edward, with the remembrance of Lucy's little hand in his not at all blurred by the more recent pressure of his uncle's, nodded.

Frederick Innis rubbed the palms of his old hands together and nodded his own head up and down, smiling contentedly.

"Of course I put you into the exports just as a beginning," he said. "I had a hunch that it might catch your fancy—more of a connection between it and the things you've known for the last ten years. But I don't intend you to stay there. No, sir!" He beamed at his nephew's startled face. "Going to transfer you to the manufacturing next week, my boy. Let you see how we make shoes, let you find out the difference between a good shoe and a bad one. Lots of interesting things down there! Then, when you've learned that, we'll shoot you up to the sales department. Got to learn how we sell Innis shoes against a dozen-odd competitors, all of 'em with a line that isn't bad. It's a sharp business, my boy! And after you've learned that ——" He stretched out his hands, began again that contented nodding of his white head. "Time to talk of that later!"

But Edward was not thinking of the promises in his uncle's smile; he was remembering, with a sinking heart, the appalling distance between the manufacturing department and the export offices.

(Continued on Page 70)

Strength and Health come from your daily food

"There are few persons in America today who reach the age of forty sound and normal in every part of the body." —*How to Live*

"Accidents, damaged products and ruined machinery, as well as physical discomfort and mental suffering, are the price which society is paying for living in such a way as to foster the early degeneration of the body tissues and consequently early loss of youth . . . .

"There can no longer be any doubt that faulty nutrition is one of the most important factors contributing to this condition."
—*American Home Diet*

"When the human body is deprived of needed nutrients it preys upon itself and uses up its reserve that should be drawn upon only in cases of illness or extreme nervous strain. Some persons live in such a way as to never have any reserve of strength and energy to call upon but use up each day all the body can produce and so become physical bankrupts when they should be in their prime."
—*Human Foods*

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you daily need, in the form your body can quickly and smoothly digest and transform into health and strength.

"Since it is necessary for normal metabolism that the greater number of calories of body heat be produced by carbohydrate foods, it is essential that some kind of cereal food form a part of the daily food allowance."
—*Food and Its Preparation*

Grape-Nuts gives you the carbohydrates in the most easily digested and most nourishing form. Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts are the precious carbohydrates.

"Mastication is an important part of digestion, and when foods are not thoroughly masticated, additional work is required of the stomach, which is usually an overworked organ because of doing the work of the mouth as well."
—*Human Foods*

Grape-Nuts is in a form that makes you chew. This makes your mouth do its work which, if it doesn't do, your stomach must do in addition to its own.

Yet this, too, is equally true: that from the same source spring the stifling weeds of weakness and disease. This today is an established fact in the world of science.

Into the future of each human life stretch two broad highways. The road you travel is of your own choice.

Malnutrition

One is the road of *malnutrition*. It is the road you take if you overburden your body with the wrong kind of food. It is the road of ill health and unhappiness.

Nourishment

The other is the road of *nourishment*. It is the road you travel if you supply your body with nourishing food it can *properly digest*. It is the road of strength and health.

In this food is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest

To keep you on this road of health, at least one-third of your nourishment should come from the *carbohydrates* (starches and sugar). In them is stored *the power that daily renews your mental and physical strength and vigor*.

Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts are the precious *carbohydrates*—in the form your body easily digests and absorbs into nourishment.

Dextrinized—to meet the needs of your body

The *carbohydrates* must be *rightly* prepared so that your body may have no difficulty in extracting the full value of their nourishment. Otherwise they may become a burden and do more harm than good.

In Grape-Nuts the *carbohydrates* have been *dextrinized*. Scientifically broken down into a form your body readily digests and turns into strength and vitality.

No matter how much you have abused your body with difficult foods, you can digest Grape-Nuts quickly and easily. It actually helps you build a sound digestion.

Healthy exercise for each digestive organ without burdening any! A delicious food that meets the demands of your body—and yields you nourishment you daily need.

The first step to a sound digestion

Grape-Nuts comes in crisp golden kernels you must chew. This chewing keeps your whole mouth healthy. It starts the proper flow of the salivary and gastric juices—the *first step to sound digestion*.

There is no other food like Grape-Nuts in form or taste. You will like it and it will do you good. Served with milk or cream—a delicious, well-balanced ration.

Eat this delicious food for a week and see how much better you feel. It tones up your system—does much to keep you mentally and physically alive and alert.

All grocers have Grape-Nuts. Hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion.

The Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full its crispness and flavor

The crisp golden grains delight you if you're hungry, tempt you if you're not.

4 Sample Packages Free

Send today for four of the individual packages—free. Enough Grape-Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts.

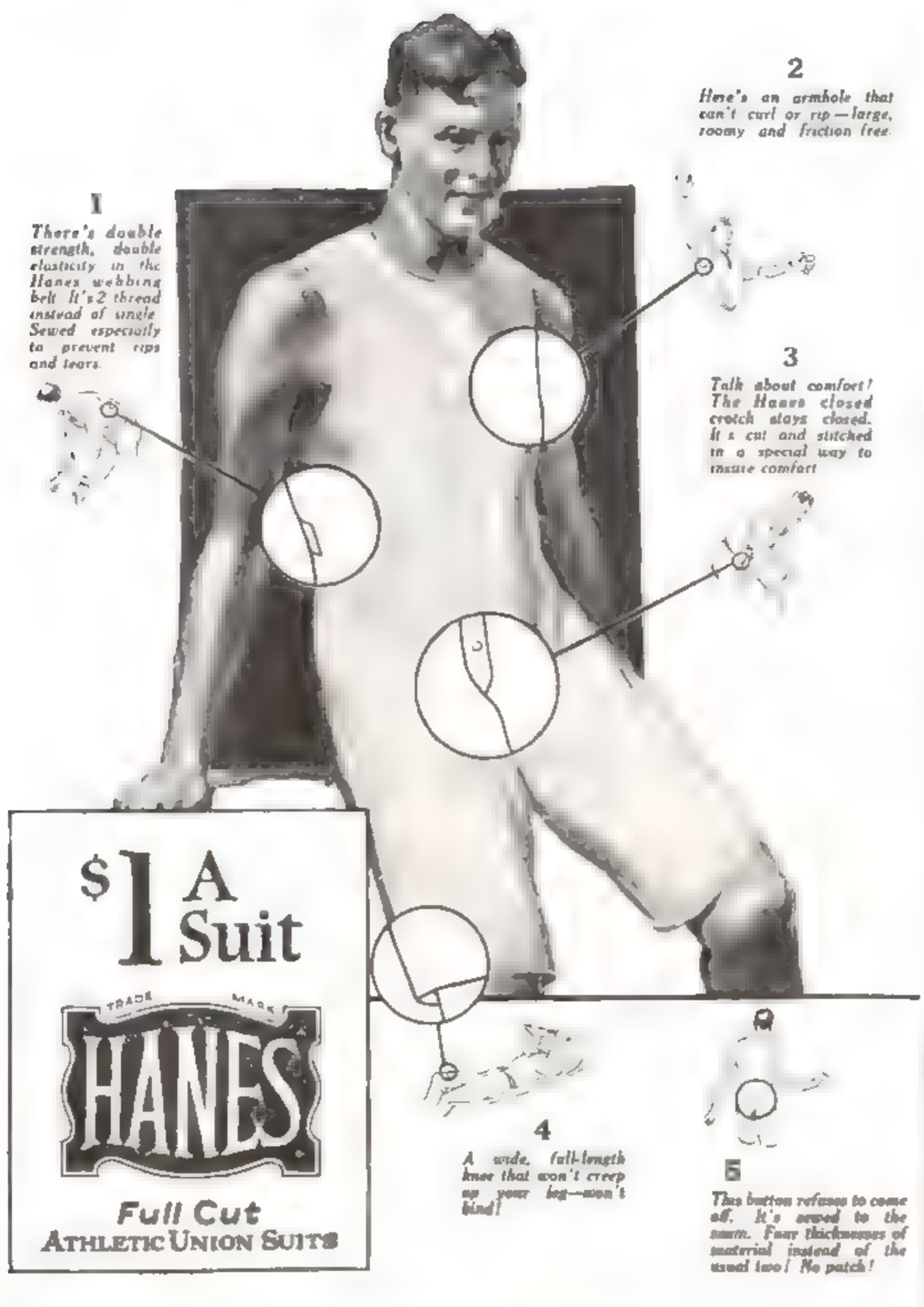
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.,
Dept. S-9, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free trial packages and booklet

Name _____

Address

If you live in Canada, address Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.


1
There's double strength, double elasticity in the Hanes webbing belt It's 2 thread instead of single Sewed especially to prevent rips and tears.
2
Here's an armhole that can't curl or rip—large, roomy and friction free.
3
Talk about comfort! The Hanes closed crotch stays closed. It s cut and stitched in a special way to insure comfort
4
A wide, full-length knee that won't creep up your leg—won't bind!
5
This button refuses to come off. It's sewed to the seam. Four thicknesses of material instead of the usual two! No patch!
$1 A Suit
TRADE MARK
HANES
Full Cut
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

It takes real "fit" for summer underwear comfort

STICKY DAYS!! But you can come mighty close to comfort even when the cushion of your office chair feels as if it had been held over a blast furnace.

Hanes Athletics were built for your summer comfort. Think of free, easy, loose-fitting legs that never crawl into a bunch. A closed crotch that really stays closed. Think of all the things that have made you underwear-conscious in hot weather. Square them against the famous five Hanes points!!

The price? A dollar. How we can make such underwear at such a price is the wonder of comfortable men everywhere. Hanes will pay you bigger returns in comfort and wear than any underwear investment you ever made. It's unbeatable value!!

Go in to your regular dealer's to-day and say "Hanes Athletics." If he can't supply you at once, let us know.

Hanes is made for youngsters, too. Ages 2 to 16—sizes 20 to 34.

This is the Hanes Guarantee: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

New York Office, 366 Broadway

Next Winter Wear Hanes Winter Underwear

(Continued from Page 68)

It is obvious that the manufacturing department of a successful manufacturing firm must be its largest and busiest sector. Even Edward, sublimely innocent of business, realized that, yet he found himself unprepared for the breath-taking activity of the new world into which he was plunged.

The terseness of the general manager and the export manager seemed garrulity itself compared to the words and phrases which Herford, chief of this new sphere, found time to fling at him during that first week. At intervals in those early days before he was accustomed to the frenzy which reigned about him—a frenzy only the more appalling because it was orderly—Edward found himself unconsciously reaching out to grasp the edge of a desk or the back of a chair, as though to keep his equilibrium.

That part of his mind which was protesting bitterly against his banishment from the exports and Lucy Dillingham found no time to become articulate in the hours between eight-thirty and five—or half past five, or six. Like a bit of leather, Edward Innis was fed into the mechanism of the new department, tossed from wheel to wheel, cut, shaped and polished, without volition. And when increasing understanding of the manner in which shoes are made permitted an exhaust for the bewilderment which had filled him, his thoughts naturally returned to Lucy Dillingham. He wondered how the export department was getting on, and what its chief assistant was doing. Several times he looked for her when the factory opened its doors for the night, but she was lost in the crowd of workers. If only there were some business to be transacted which needed her cooperation!

It came, unexpectedly.

He was in the supply room one morning, learning the differences in slipper satins, when his eyes fell on a pile of gleaming rolls of cloth, pushed into a corner.

"Now that's an example of what we come up against," said his instructor, the fifth assistant of the department, following his eyes. "A whole order of cloth-of-silver that came in last week and that's perfectly useless. In transmission, I suppose—look at the stuff!"

He kicked one of the packages, and a glistening carpet unrolled, like a moon path, over the dark floor.

Edward picked up a corner of the stiff material and examined it. Something defective in its manufacture, or some atmospheric condition, had transformed it from its original clear silver to a pinkish color. It reminded him of a reflected sunrise on the sea.

"That means a loss to us, doesn't it?"

"The factory that made it'll have to take it back, of course. But it holds up the evening-slipper department, checks our output in that line. Indirectly, we share the loss with the firm that made it."

After they had returned to their own department Edward sat at his desk, thinking. Then abruptly he returned to the supply room, cut off a strip of the silver cloth with his knife and, whistling to himself, started along the corridor in the direction of the export department.

He had to cross the courtyard, treading a concrete path between planes of new green grass; the summer sun, directly above him, dropped its rays upon the piece of material and gave it life. He bounded up the steps of the executive building, whistled in the elevator that bore him nearer to Lucy Dillingham.

She was wearing a soft crêpe de chine frock of the palest green, and his appearance brought color into her cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Innis!" She held out her hand, smiling welcome. "It's nice to see you! Getting along well?"

Edward nodded radiantly, and felt his heart hammer against his chest as they talked, for ten full minutes, of unimportant matters.

"I want you to look at this sample," he descended to business at last.

Lucy looked, and her lips parted. "It's lovely! I've never seen anything like it! That pinky background makes all the difference in the world."

Edward nodded. "Do you think women would like it?"

Lucy appeared to banish her own personality, and to become an integral part of the Innis Boot and Shoe Company.

"Yes," she said decidedly. "It's more practical than the usual cloth-of-silver. It won't show tarnish, you see. It would be ideal for summer slippers—silver deteriorates so rapidly at the seashore."

The twelve o'clock whistle, for which Edward had been waiting, sounded its call.

"Why don't you have lunch with me?" he suggested, trying to make his voice casual. "I'd like to talk with you about this. I have an idea."

Lucy's flush was a signal of surrender. "I'd love to," she said.

It was a simple matter for Edward to have the faulty material turned over to him; with his transfer into the manufacturing department, and the obvious conclusion that the president was training him for a job higher up, his identity had leaked out. The chief offered him any cooperation he needed.

But Edward wanted no help in his project other than the assistance of Miss Lucy Dillingham; the amount of time, during and after office hours, that those two found necessary to spend in discussing the new pinkish-silver slipper, was surprising. They had agreed that it had to be unusual in design, and what was more natural than that, at first, Miss Dillingham's foot should be used as a model? Edward gulped when Lucy extended that foot, and with a descriptive gesture of her small white hand showed him the section of her instep which might be covered with a broad band of silver.

"Your—your middle name isn't Cinderella, is it?" he demanded.

Lucy no longer took offense at personal questions.

"My feet are really too small, I think," she admitted modestly. "But they're a great saving to a poor working girl!" As he looked inquiring she continued, tucking the discussed foot out of sight beneath her chair, "You see I can buy model shoes for next to nothing. Nobody, hardly, wears such tiny ones, but they do make them once in a while, just for freaks like me. Then they mark 'em down!"

Edward could not share her casualness in regard to that little foot; it seemed to him the most perfect thing he had ever seen. It even created enthusiasm in the disillusioned old hand they called in from the designing department. The new slipper grew daily more alluring.

Edward knew a great deal about Lucy Dillingham now, and just as her charm tended to draw him away from duties in the too distant manufacturing department, her history pulled him back and spurred him on to harder work. For Lucy had worked up to her present enviable position—it was the third most important held by a woman in the entire factory—from the humble job of fastening the metal ends on shoe strings at the age of seventeen.

Her father, who had died then, had been a teacher of languages in the Brockland High School; he had been a lanky, impractical, overcultured man, who had returned from ten wasted years of art study in Paris, to marry a New England school-teacher. In every way unfit to be head of a family, he had insisted on his wife's abandoning her own work, and had inadequately supported her by the only means he knew—the teaching of French and German, which he spoke very well, and of Spanish, which he knew as adequately as most instructors receiving his salary. He left, at his death, a wife deprived of her earning capacity, a young daughter, and a few bills.

Mrs. Dillingham had found work as a substitute teacher, and Lucy, hugging to her breast her perfect knowledge of French and German, had gone into the Innis factory in the only position open to her, and studied stenography at night. In two years she was secretary in the desired export department; in four she had reached her present pinnacle. She was still ambitious; business, which Edward had thought an ugly grind, was to her a fascinating game, and unconsciously he absorbed some of her spirit.

"I want your advice, Edward," she told him one day when they met, by prearrangement, outside the factory.

They walked together down the hot main street of the town, turned into the road which led to Lucy's house.

"Have dinner with me," he suggested eagerly.

"Have dinner with us," she corrected him. "I'd like you to meet my mother, anyway."

Lucy's home and Lucy's mother were a decided shock to Edward, and he showed it. He had not expected a setting like his mother's apartment in Paris, yet he wondered at the presence of so much ugly black walnut; his feet almost recoiled from the

(Continued on Page 72)

Economical, Care-Free Service The Proof of Maxwell Goodness

The final proof of Maxwell goodness is its economical, care-free service.

And in that great and conclusive test, the Maxwell has made good in most convincing manner.

Only the finest materials—carefully analyzed, tested and inspected—skillful and painstaking engineering, and strong, rugged construction, go into it.

The phenomenal smoothness of its motor is the quiet, vibrationless power-flow created by masterful engineering and wear-resisting materials that are balanced to hair-fineness, and hold their balance.

For example, you will find in the good Maxwell a crankshaft of 1⅝ inches diameter—a size and a weight that seem out of all reasonable proportion in a power plant of Maxwell piston displacement.

Comparison shows that the three bearings are oversize, and that total elimination of friction and wear is closely approached by a system of pressure lubrication so efficient that the crankshaft literally revolves on a cushion of oil, rather than on the metal of the bearings.

But Maxwell engineering goes still further. It selectively balances all piston and connecting rod assemblies, to within 1-100 of a pound.

Then, the final step in wiping out vibration is a floating spring mounting for the front end of the motor, instead of bolting the motor rigidly into the frame at this point.

This isolates the irreducible minimum of vibration to the engine itself, and prevents it from being transmitted to those in the car. Further, it shields the motor from much of the shock and twisting set up by driving on rough roads.

The Good Maxwell Sport Touring

And so all through. The mechanical and engineering principles and practices of the great Maxwell organization are the hidden but responsible sources of the goodness that Maxwell owners are so enthusiastic about.

These owners would tell you that the good Maxwell is a phenomenal car; that it is almost unbelievably free from service needs; that it is powerful beyond comparison with any other car of its price; that its pick-up is exhilarating; that its high tire mileage is gratifying. Owners generally report averages well over 22 miles per gallon of gas.

You want these qualities in your car—and you want them at the lowest cost. By the enthusiastic testimony of hundreds of thousands of owners, you will get them in greater degree from the good Maxwell than from any other car anywhere near its price.

The Maxwell is a revelation of what integrity and good engineering can accomplish.

Touring, $875; Sport Touring, $1025; Special Sport Touring, $1045; Roadster, $875; Sport Roadster, $9[illegible], Club Coupe, $995, Club Sedan, $10[illegible]; 4-Passenger Coupe, $1195, Sedan, $1295, Traveler, $[illegible]

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MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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The Good MAXWELL

One Little Book and One Little Wife

—DID THIS:

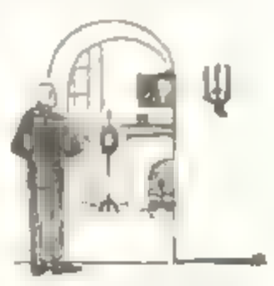
SHE *wanted a new home, though she loved the old house and the old furniture. So she sent* 10c *for the Murphy Book* NEW HOMES FOR OLD. *What a delight it was to watch that old place blossom into beauty and radiance. Soon the old home was new—*

IF you don't know what fun it is to make old things beautiful—mail the coupon below. If you don't believe that *you* can become expert in home decoration—get the books we are offering here and try.

It is sheer pleasure to re-create loveliness in old rooms and old furniture. And it's easy—when you have the proper instructions.

Not long ago a New York couple suddenly realized that ten years had passed since their marriage—and that nothing substantial had been done to improve their home during all that time. What with the war, and jumping rents, and then children, there had been too many other uses for every dollar of the family income.

The wife was a tiny woman, but her spirit was tremendous. She announced to her husband that she intended to refinish the entire house of eight rooms—floors, woodwork, furniture, porches and all. He was amused at the idea of so small a person undertaking so large a job. He smiled openly.



But the smile soon came off. Within a week this spirited little lady had obtained the cooperation of the Murphy Varnish Company. In two weeks the proper types of Univernish had been applied to the woodwork. In three weeks the floors had been Univernished; and the house began to take on a richness and dignity that it had never known before.

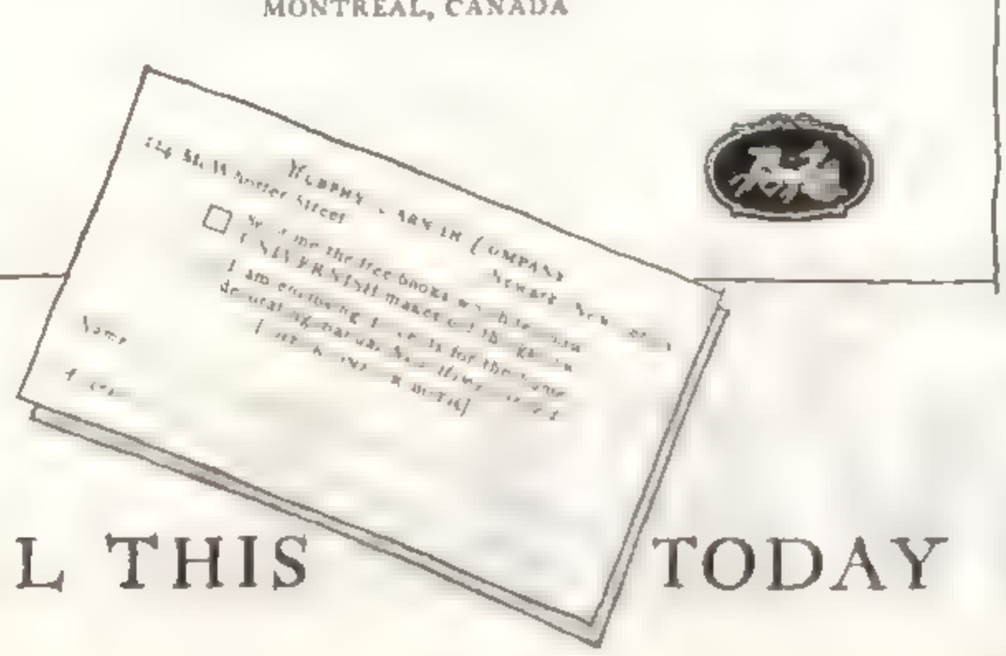
The husband was astonished. Before long he got busy on the oldest furniture. Never had he suspected that refinishing was so easy—so much fun. Together they hauled discarded pieces from the basement and from the woodshed. And it was while they worked on these that they made a discovery. They discovered that the old things often have more charm than the new, when they are properly cared for.

Thus was a new home made. It wasn't hard work—at least this couple will swear it wasn't. They give most of the credit to Univernish, and to the books which were sent to them by

"Save the surface and you save all" Murphy Varnish

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.
MONTREAL, CANADA



MAIL THIS TODAY

(Continued from Page 70)

clean straw matting which covered the floors. Lucy looked at him quizzically, but she said nothing; she seated him in the living room and joined her mother in the kitchen; through the open door she flung occasional casual remarks.

Mrs. Dillingham was a tall woman, of the type Edward had always heard described as "raw-boned Yankee." She was angular and brown, her strong bare arms freckled, her hazel eyes innocent of sophistication. There was no thought of personal adornment in her brown gingham dress; her sturdy brown oxfords were coverings for her feet and nothing more. Faced with her, Edward realized for the first time that he had contemplated asking Lucy to marry him, and the mere thought of a meeting on common ground between this woman and his exquisite mother was grotesque. While she talked with him his head was hammering with the comments Madge would make, and his attitude toward her was that of a young man toward an admirable servant.

The dinner which she cooked was a paean to the New England art, ending with a strawberry shortcake which led him past all bounds of decency, but if his appetite unbent, his manner did not. Afterward, when Mrs. Dillingham's voice rose in bits of song above the clattering of dishes in the kitchen, and he and Lucy sat side by side on the great walnut sofa, the restraint between them was greater even than that barrier of Edward's first days at the factory. Lucy regarded the opposite wall in stony silence; not an unfriendly word had been spoken, yet they had quarreled as deeply as though they had come to blows.

"You were going to ask my advice about something," reminded Edward dully after a long pause.

Lucy's laugh was self-conscious, harsh. "It really doesn't matter. Just that I've been offered a good position in New York and I'm trying to make up my mind."

He offered no remark; Lucy added none.

"How about a little light on the subject?" inquired Lucy's mother cheerfully, entering the room and pressing a thumb firmly on the electric button. She sat down in the armchair, looked at Edward tolerantly, amusedly, even. "Lucy tells me you're getting on pretty well at the factory, now."

"Yes," said Edward.

The subject of Lucy's new position was not reopened; they said good night stiffly, and the last words which rang in Edward's ears were Mrs. Dillingham's, calling after him, "It looks like it was making up to rain. You'd better hurry along!"

He had not needed her command; for some unaccountable reason he found himself hurrying quite as though he were running away from something.

Through the heavy trees that lined the driveway Edward saw that the long living room on the front of the old Innis house was a blaze of lights; the rain had begun to fall softly, and he hurried beneath the arch of swaying branches to the piazza. It was early, still; dinner at the Dillinghams' had been over by seven o'clock, but even so, it must be after nine, and Frederick Innis' bedtime.

Madge Innis arose quickly from the winged chair, vivid and exquisite as he had imagined her not an hour before, reproach and pleasure mingled in her gaze.

"Edward, dear!"

"Mother!"

He closed his eyes as the fragrance of her familiar perfume rose about him, calling forth picture after picture. The apartment in Avenue Montaigne; the short walk up the Champs Elysées, with the great arch looming against a blue sky, and the Bois beyond, to the shop of the creator of that perfume. It was good, comforting.

"Where have you been?" and "Why didn't you let me know you were coming?" mother and son demanded simultaneously, as emotion faded. They stepped apart and studied each other, with the new eyes of inseparables who have been divided.

"Been having dinner with the Dillinghams—girl who works at the factory. If I had known you were coming ——"

His mother's eyes still held reproach. He should have known that she was coming! He should have been there! Girl who works at the factory! And she had wanted to surprise him. How matter of fact they seemed suddenly.

"You're looking well," said Madge, sitting down.

"So're you." He sat down, smiling quietly at her. "Tell me all the scandals."

"They can wait. I want to hear about you." She frowned. "You look frightfully American! Who's this Dillingham person?"

The Dillingham person was the last thing Edward wanted to discuss, and as his reluctance became more apparent Madge's insistence increased. Could the young fool have fallen in love?

"You must bring her here and let me meet her," said Madge when they started upstairs for bed, at half past twelve. They had been talking about Lucy most of the evening.

Edward's thoughts, as reluctant as his conversation had been, continued to hover about the Dillinghams after he was in bed; his mother's appearance had crystallized his feelings about Lucy's mother. The next morning he went reluctantly along the familiar path to the export department, where he told Lucy about his mother's arrival and asked her to have tea with them the following Sunday. He didn't want to ask Lucy for tea just then, yet he bore down her resistance as though it were the only thing he wanted in the world. He realized that her absence, after Madge's request, would cause him more disturbance than her presence.

"Why—all right, we'll come then," Lucy finally conceded diffidently.

Then her brown eyes met his, held them. They both knew that he had not meant to include Mrs. Dillingham in the invitation. His gaze dropped guiltily.

He did not see Lucy again until Sunday; it was his last week in the manufacturing department, and there were numerous affairs to be concluded. On Saturday night he closed his desk with a sigh; the inevitability of the factory appalled him. On Monday he would enter a new maze. And then there was the problem of Madge, and Lucy.

The vases in the living room were filled with fresh flowers from the garden; the tea things, the old silver service bearing his grandfather's monogram, twinkled in the sunlight that fell over the Hepplewhite table. His uncle was dressing slowly, and Edward, clothed, for some unaccountable reason, in the one suit he owned which had come from the hands of a French tailor, in a soft lavender shirt with its un-American collar of the same material, and a foulard tie of striped periwinkle blue and maroon, joined his mother moodily.

His reflection in the long mirror beneath the gilded eagle startled him; in Paris he would have given a brief nod of approval to that reflection—the gray suit just avoiding extremity in its cut, the soft colors harmonizing with his blond hair and blue eyes. But in spite of his mother's presence this was not Paris.

The Dillinghams arrived just as the grandfather's clock chimed the half hour after four; a brief amused flash from Lucy's eyes swept over him before she turned to his mother. He wriggled uncomfortably.

Madge sat at the tea table, and Edward, retired to the sofa, let his eyes wander from one to another of the occupants of the room, the four people whose existence was filling his life. His uncle and Mrs. Dillingham seemed engrossed in each other; they were curiously alike as they stood talking by the open window. Lucy was deliberately, almost maliciously pretty; in white from her close-fitting hat to her tiny kid slippers, graceful, smiling, young. Beside her Madge Innis was like a creature from another universe. Her gown, of American-beauty, embroidered in gold, was a French designer's conception of a sport dress; it was only natural that her lip rouge should repeat its brilliant color, only proper that her lashes should be heavily blackened, and her white hair covered by a smart black hat. She was thoroughly correct—and, Edward realized, with a start of surprise—much more an alien in this quiet lovely room of which he had grown so fond, than the brown Mrs. Dillingham!

"It's really so romantic, your progress," Madge was saying to Lucy. "It's just—well, just something that Edward and I can't grasp! We've been away from the States so long." She sighed softly, smiling at the girl. "Although I think this little touch of America will have been good for Edward," she conceded. "It will have given him a certain perspective to carry back with him. Or don't you think?"

Edward bit his tongue in an effort not to interrupt with the assertion that Miss Dillingham thought, quite often. But Lucy had agreed softly, and he continued to watch them silently, with a curious feeling

(Continued on Page 74)

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The sign of a progressive dealer

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that they had both become strangers to him.

"Paris is so lovely now!" continued Madge. "It's really the one place in the world to live. It spoils one for any other city."

"I've never been there," said Lucy. "But I hope to go some day—soon."

Edward recognized a fierceness in the quick look which his mother bent upon the girl. "You are very ambitious," she said. It was almost an accusation.

"To want to go to Paris?" Lucy asked her mildly.

"No; in other ways. Ambitious about—shall we say the Innis factory?"

Madge's tones were liquid, her smile sweet and her eyes like dark coals. Edward stared at her.

Lucy stared, too, incredulously, and color spotted her cheeks.

"I don't believe I understand what you mean, Mrs. Innis," she said in a clear voice.

"Oh, but I think you do!" Madge returned, laughing a little, as though she and the wide-eyed girl beside her shared a joke.

And perhaps Lucy did; Edward knew that he didn't. He understood only that something in his mother's manner had made Lucy acutely uncomfortable; and that, equally, the polite deference which had taken the place of Lucy's former friendliness was making lines of irritation deepen on Madge's forehead. He shook his head, and gave up speculation about them.

Madge's irritation became manifest that night at dinner.

"You've certainly been doing your best to turn Edward into just the type of American I detest!" she said petulantly to her brother-in-law.

Frederick Innis smiled. "I haven't been especially busy trying to turn Edward into anything," he remarked dryly.

Madge flushed. "But how absurd! You can't mean to sit there and deny that you've been trying to make him interested in your factory! You know that he hates it!"

"Isn't that rather for him to say?" his uncle asked without emotion.

"No!" said Madge. "I don't think you've played fair with me, Fred! I thought ——"

She faltered, realizing that it was quite impossible to say what she really thought, and her powers of invention were checked by her brother-in-law's smile.

"Let's go into the other room for coffee," he suggested. After the coffee was served and the doors closed he turned quietly to Madge. "My dear girl, you appear to have an entirely erroneous idea of things," he said. "You appear to think that I am forcing your son to take over my factory at my death. And nothing could be further from my thoughts."

Edward, too, lifted slightly startled eyes to his uncle.

"You know, to a certain extent, the feeling which I have about the factory," said Frederick Innis. "But perhaps you do not realize that I would quite as soon have my daughter—if I had one—sold to a stranger, or given into the hands of a man who did not love her, as my factory. When I die"—his eyes held Madge sternly as his voice emerged slowly—"you and Edward will each receive an ample share in my estate. But the factory is mine, to do with as I want. I would rather give it over to my workmen, many of whom have been with me for thirty or forty years, than give it over to someone who would sell it or, worse, permit it to go to waste."

Madge was silent.

"Gosh, I didn't know you felt like that!" said Edward, impressed.

Frederick Innis rose, and Edward saw that he was weak from his emotion. "Good night, Madge. Good night, Edward."

But Edward, respect glowing in his blue eyes, rose, too, and escorted his uncle to his room.

Two weeks after that evening Madge Innis returned to Europe. Her departure was preceded by the first quarrel between her and her son.

Edward had been in his new field—the sales department—for ten days before he discovered the absence of Lucy Dillingham. The export manager did not know where she had gone—she had spoken of a better position in New York—and he was surprised that Edward did not know. Further inquiries there became embarrassing. Her house bore a sign—To Let, Furnished—and Edward regarded it grimly. There was no proper reason for his feeling that it was Madge Innis who had sent her away, during that incomprehensible conversation over tea; he remembered only too well the dinner at the Dillinghams, and his own part in their estrangement. Yet if Madge had not come ——

He returned to the house, despondent and irritable. After his uncle had left them alone in the living room, conversation turned to the factory. They had to talk about something, and the gossip of Paris had become too remote to hold his attention. The factory, at least, was connected with Lucy

He told Madge about the new slipper—omitting Lucy's part in its inception.

"The manufacturing department's just turning out the first lot. We're beginning to worry about it in the sales. You see we've got to find some special slant—something that'll catch the people's interest. It's a novelty, and ——"

He stared, horrified, at his mother. Madge Innis was crying!

"I think," she sobbed, "you're perfectly horrible! A special slant—a novelty!" she mimicked him miserably. Suddenly she swept to her feet. "Frederick Innis makes me positively sick!" she stated. "Why doesn't he die? He said he was going to die! It'll be a year in December, and he looks just as well as he did in Paris. I believe it was just a bluff. He hasn't any more intention of dying than I have. He ——"

Edward was fearfully cool. "Remember that this is Uncle Fred's house and there are servants about," he said.

Madge's cheeks flamed at his reproof. "I don't care if your Uncle Fred is listening at the keyhole!" she said. "Does he expect us to wait forever? What's he doing to you?" She sank to the couch.

Edward made no move toward her. "I have no desire for my Uncle Fred's death," he said stiltedly. "As a matter of fact, I am as fond of him as of anyone else in the world." Which was a lie, as he would at that miserable moment have given a thousand Uncle Freds for one Lucy!

"Edward!" said his mother, aghast.

"I'm going upstairs," he said quietly. "I have a lot of thinking to do about the new slipper. They put me in entire charge of it today, and as it's entirely my gamble it's rather important."

And so Madge returned to Paris, and Edward remained with his uncle, no room for his mother in a mind that was crowded with thoughts of Lucy and the new slipper. It was impossible to banish either from his consciousness; Lucy reminded him of the slipper and the importance of its success, and his own; and the slipper, a graceful little affair, recalled, eternally, Lucy Dillingham. It was natural enough that these thoughts should finally merge into one unified idea; that the slipper and Lucy should be so inextricably tangled that Edward could never know whether it was love—for he called his feeling toward Lucy by that name now—or business which inspired it.

He unfolded his plan to his uncle, and Frederick Innis listened with almost childish pleasure.

"Good stuff!" he said. "I think, Edward, we'd better have a little talk now. This affair will about end the usefulness of the sales department for you, unless you're planning to remain there. What do you want to do next?" His nephew was silent, and the old man sighed. "I like you, Edward, and I've made up my mind to one thing. If you like, I'll make a settlement on you now—today—and you scoot along back to Paris."

Edward's expression did not change. "I don't know what I want to do, Uncle Fred," he answered. "It's hard to know. You see, there's a girl," he said simply.

"H'm-m," said his uncle thoughtfully. "Miss Dillingham. She worked on the slipper with you." He seemed to be piecing together odd bits of observation with things he had heard. "She's in New York, of course?" Edward started, and Frederick Innis chuckled. "Your wanting to take charge of the New York end of things," he explained his knowledge, as though to deny any powers of second sight. "Naturally she'll want to see the slipper. All women are curious"

"You—really think so?" asked Edward anxiously.

The older man nodded. "Yes. I'm beginning to wonder if you're a better salesman or lover!" he said, and chuckled. He studied his nephew, affection, a faint envy of him, shining in his face. "We'll talk

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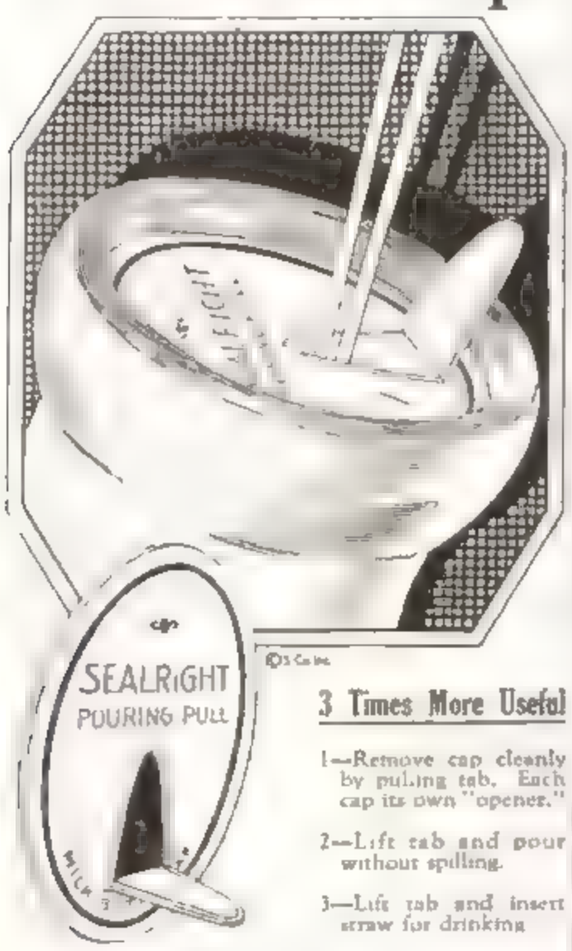

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3 Times more useful

(Continued from Page 74)

about your future later then." Pause. "Paris wouldn't be a bad place for a honeymoon, eh? Get it out of your system." He chuckled again, and rose, to go to his room.

New York City, the largest village in the world, and in spots the most sophisticated, is like a small town in its love for shows and occasions. Like the proud parent who leaves a busy day at the office to take his small son to the circus, and stands so enthralled that he does not notice young Junior, wailing bitterly in an impenetrable forest of adult legs and skirts, it has never completely grown up. There are the automobile show and the fashion show, the food fair and the own-your-own-home exhibition—fête days as endless as though it were a South American village instead of a modern city. Halls and palaces built especially for the purpose are constantly moving away one display to make place for another—and New York crowds the ticket offices.

The ballroom of the Vandoria Hotel had announced its privilege of entertaining the first great shoe show. Truck after truck had driven to the service doors of the hotel; the industry's foremost publicity men and decorators were working in passionate endeavors to outdo one another. Fashion editors and proprietors of shoe stores alike had marked the date of the opening on their calendars; feminine New York put off its shopping for footwear until after it had viewed what "they" were wearing.

Behind green curtains the enthusiasts of the Innis Boot and Shoe Company were carrying out Edward's scheme; memories brought back by the oldest and best-loved of fairy tales seemed to resurrect the energy of childhood. It was childish, of course, and Edward, impressed by the vastness of New York and the smallness of Lucy Dillingham, somewhere in its population, stood beside his uncle, watching the preparations disinterestedly. As a publicity stunt it might help the sale of the slipper. But for finding Lucy ——

The decorator was carefully unwrapping something from a cardboard box. Grinning, he set a small high-heeled slipper of shining glass upon a red velvet cushion.

At nine o'clock, when the orchestra in the balcony began to play, the ballroom of the Vandoria Hotel was crowded. Crystal chandeliers reflected their lights until the ceiling seemed a dazzling roof of ice, like the Snow Queen's palace in the fairy tale of Kay and Gerda. Beneath it the crowd moved slowly—women, with bright interested eyes; men, smiling with the tolerance of the male at the absurdities of feminine dress. The hall was flanked with gleaming cases of slippers. One would have thought that the world had never seen snow or rain, that it was carpeted with soft velvet for the tread of little feet. Slippers of silk and satin; slippers, even, of curling feathers and ruffled chiffon, slippers of everything but spun candy and spider webs.

The Innis display held one end of the room—the farther end. One entered the hall, picked one's way slowly, rapturously towards a crowded area where cloth-of-silver curtains tinged with faint pink, like the morning sky, made a shimmering background for something that was hidden by the figures of watching people. One elbowed through them, curiosity mounting with every step.

It had been done well—the floor covered with a rose-colored carpet, the page in old-blue velvet kneeling beside the wine-colored cushion. The slippers the Cinderella Slippers which had just burst into the advertising columns of every trade and fashion journal in the country—were wrapped neatly in their boxes, covered by silver paper, fastened by rose-colored tape. There was no need for printed placards, no necessity to spoil the setting with red-faced ballyhoo men. At nine o'clock the page had blown his silver trumpet, had announced a new ending to the old story. Whomsoever the glass slipper fitted would be presented with a pair of the new Cinderella Slippers, in return for her graciousness in treading the world with so small a foot. The pile of packages, in their silver wrappings, drew the women like magnets; the pride of her who possessed a tiny foot in this age of sports and common-sense shoes overbalanced her shyness. The woman who emerged from that crowd, a shining silver package in her hand, or beneath the arm of her escort, blushed for pleasure as much as for embarrassment, at finding herself the pivot of strange eyes.

"She won't come," said Edward gloomily to his uncle. "It isn't her sort of thing."

"She won't be able to help herself," retorted Frederick Innis. "Human curiosity." He shrugged. "Haven't I come myself? If she doesn't come tonight she'll come tomorrow. Your job is to be here—all the time."

Frederick Innis was right. He saw her before Edward did, standing on the outside of the crowd, face lighted with wistful pleasure as she looked at the slipper she had helped to create.

"I think I'll go back to the hotel," said Frederick Innis. "Will you telephone for the car, Edward?"

They moved in opposite directions, the older man toward a slender figure in blue serge.

"Mr. Innis!" She was surprised, and obviously not pleased, at the encounter. "It never entered my head that you would be here! Congratulations on the new slipper!"

Frederick Innis smiled and guided her masterfully away from the crowd.

"Shouldn't I congratulate you?" he asked, and was enthralled by her blush. "I want to talk to you a minute."

They sat down behind a bank of palms, Lucy ill at ease, the old man thoughtful.

"Miss Dillingham, are you in love with my nephew?" he asked her bluntly.

Lucy Dillingham flushed an angry red; only the old man's hand held her in her seat.

"Don't you think that's rather a personal question?" she demanded furiously. "I am not, as it happens! His mother seemed rather worried about it too!"

"Madge," returned Madge's brother-in-law calmly, "is a fool. In fact, she's done her best to make an equal fool of Edward, but she hasn't quite succeeded." He smiled blandly, quite as though she were not regarding him with the most hostile pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. "Miss Dillingham, I wish you would marry my nephew. I wish it almost as fervently as he does!"

Lucy stared at him. The president of the Innis factory, that very factory to which Madge Innis had referred so meaningly.

"I love my nephew," continued the old man. "And I love my factory. I want them both to go on to success, after I die. It's rather strange, isn't it—that my desire rests so completely in your hands?"

His steady gaze was melting her wrath like the beating of a hot sun upon a plate of ice cream.

"But, Mr. Innis," she faltered, "I don't understand ——"

"Don't you think, that for an old man, you could put aside pride just long enough to grant one favor?"

"I don't know," she answered honestly.

"Will you see Edward? Yes, he's here." Relief choked his throat at her blush, her suddenly downcast eyes.

"One woman has done her best to make a simpering idiot out of him and hasn't succeeded. Don't you think that gives promise to a woman who wants to do just the reverse?"

"If she—wanted to," said Lucy uncertainly

"And doesn't she, my dear?"

"But ——"

Frederick Innis' thin hand reached out and covered hers. "He's awfully sorry that he's been a fool," he said. "He's miserable. Won't you let him tell you?"

He took her silence for assent; contentment filled him as he left her. He waited outside, with the patience of an old man, smiling faintly at the murmur of their voices just behind him.

"They're going like hot cakes!" an excited salesman whispered in his ear.

Frederick Innis nodded his head. Edward brushed past him, flushed, bright-eyed, and uncermoniously seized the glass slipper in his right hand, stooped to pick up one of the silver packages with his left. "Bring it back in a minute!" he called to the astonished page.

And Frederick Innis waited. The thought of that scene just behind the bank of green, that scene for which the glass slipper had been manufactured, led him to them. They stood, facing each other, talking eagerly, the glass slipper and the silver package forgotten.

Frederick Innis sighed and moved quietly away. One of his salesmen nodded to him, offered the support of his arm. He took it gratefully; he was very tired. The orchestra commenced a dance tune, and he yawned openly.

"Ho-hum!" said the president of the Innis Boot and Shoe Company, leaning heavily upon the young man's arm. "Will you take me to my car? It's time for an old man to retire."

THE THIRD DEGREE

(Continued from Page 22

innumerable cases where, under severe examination, defendants have, because of criminal vanity and exhaustive questioning, acknowledged crimes they were not concerned in.

Sometimes the most severe and bullying methods of cross-examination are resorted to and fail. Psychology plays a very important part in the detection of crime, the examination of suspects and procuring confessions. Severe methods may get results from one individual where they will fail with another.

I have always found the pugnacious or roughneck type more susceptible to sympathetic treatment than to severity. The timid or weaker type of prisoner is most susceptible to severity. The slightest touch of human nature, commonly known as the sob method, frequently results in the procuring of confessions from prisoners or suspects when everything else fails.

Abuse and violence simply shut the criminal up. A very little sympathy, fairness and understanding of human nature, on the other hand, will often get straight to a criminal's heart, leading him to volunteer important information or become useful as an informant. We must, however, never overlook the fact that a criminal is a criminal—in many instances a dangerous enemy of law and order. He must not be pampered. The desperate violator of the law, ready to kill at a moment's notice, should be given no quarter. The same may be said of those evading arrest, planning and escaping from prison. It is better to kill a dozen desperate criminals than to forfeit the life of one defender of the law. The criminal should always be kept in his place until he shows some signs of reformation, and then one should be sure it is genuine and not faked.

My success in getting confessions from all types of criminals, the accidental one, the professional, the hardened has been due always to controlling my temper, satisfying the defendant of my absolute fairness, using sensible human methods beginning with matter-of-fact examination, always looking for weaknesses, carefully studying the defendant's eyes, mouth, nose, chin, hands, voice and handwriting without his knowing I was doing so, and also leading him to believe by my methods I am inexpert as an examiner. The thief is cunning and deceitful. He must be met with his own weapons.

Eventually talking his own language to him, I always begin with the best of English, slowly spoken. If he uses the vernacular, I use it. Sometimes he is more comfortable with it. It is difficult to obtain a confession with a third person present. A prisoner is much more likely to talk, confess, if alone with his examiner, because he has more confidence. His eyes tell more than any other feature. They squint and shift in the guilty, dodge straight searching glances. The ears redden.

But the mouth also is a great indicator. The excitement attending an examination, especially in the guilty, causes nervousness in the stomach and complete dryness in the mouth. Painful thirstiness weakens the voice. The hands and feet of the guilty are restless. The average prisoner about to confess craves water, a cigarette, relief. If he gets them, he gets his second wind and doesn't take the count. He is up fresh again, battling for himself.

Clearly understand that I am a believer in kid-glove methods of examining criminals. The humane examination, skillfully pursued, can be far more effective than severest, mental or bodily torture.

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76

The first step in the humane examination of a suspect is to get his confidence. With one type—and I am glad to say that it is by far the most common—this can be done by direct assurance that nothing but honorable methods will be used; that there will be no broken promises, no unfair advantage taken; that all the prisoner's legal rights will be respected.

I never argue with or belittle the defendant, but get his confidence because he believes in me doing everything I can do to help him if he helps me. Nearly always, in beginning the examination, I ask simple routine questions:

"What is your name? How old are you? Where do you live? Have you a father living—mother, brothers or sisters? What is your religion? Have you gone to church lately? Please let me have a sample of your handwriting—write your name and address—make some capital letters—write some figures."

These preliminaries have curiously different effects on two different types of persons. To the one who is an accessory to or guilty of a crime, yet has decent instincts, but who is afraid of brutal treatment by accomplices, and the innocent person with or without information bearing on crime, it is a demonstration that humane methods are to be used and that the examiner is not trying to trap him, but simply trying to get at the truth. This sort of type will generally respond and do all he can to help.

But another type of prisoner, suspicious, alert, with something to conceal, seeing me write down the answers to these apparently harmless questions, taking plenty of time, and doing it a little ponderously, jumps to the conclusion, pleasing to him, that I am harmless, evidently some country magistrate substituting for the real examiner who is probably away on his vacation. He finds my questions easy to answer without danger of involving himself. He inwardly breathes a sigh of relief, relaxes and begins figuring how to put it over on me.

Tricks of the Trade

These questions open up a field of inquiry that often proves most fruitful. After the suspect has given information about his identity, home, relatives and recent movements, it can be checked up by his dialect and examination of his clothing. Dialects are a fascinating study of contrasts—Eastern from Western, Southern from Northern, one state from another, one city from another, one country from another. I take up his hat and look for a name or initials, or the hat dealer's name and address. The name in the hat may be different from the one he has given me. Or he says he has lived the past five years in New York, while his hat, fairly new, bears the name of a San Francisco merchant. Other pertinent information may be found on the tailor's label in the inner coat pocket, on the strap by which the coat is hung, the trousers waistband, laundry marks, and so forth. Almost invariably he will have some kind of papers. The world of crime needs its instructions and records just as the world of business, and thieves particularly have a weakness for memorandums. When papers are discovered, he does not recognize them—didn't know he had them—somebody must have stuck them in his pocket. But his writing can be compared with that of the documents found on him, and often is identical.

These silent perplexities often bring out facts of the utmost importance. They can be elaborated in many ways, and are most disconcerting to a suspect in the humane examination. By prearrangement—staging—and the use of suitable types of people, the door will open while the suspect is answering questions and the assistant brings in a strange woman. The examiner reprimands him sharply, saying, "Why did you bring her in here before I gave the signal? You know I'm not ready for her yet." A detective or uniformed officer reports having arrested another suspect in the case, shows him in, and is praised and told to bring his prisoner back later. A secretary opens the door and announces, "That party is on your private wire, commissioner," and the examiner holds a conversation with someone who apparently has important information to disclose bearing on the case. A pretended meeting may be arranged over the phone, or the examiner thanks the mysterious party at the other end for information, saying, "Yes, I have evidence corroborating that." The suspect comes to the conclusion that you are an awful sucker for talking before him, and at the same time gets a purposely exaggerated idea of information you may have about him or his crime.

The preliminary examination by routine questions also opens up the vast field of the suspect's family, past life, associations—the people and things he cares about.

"Do you mean to tell me that you, raised in such-and-such a faith, or with a mother, or a wife and children, would do a thing like that?"

When you strike into this part of a suspect's life you touch him very closely if he has retained any decency or conscience.

To the experienced examiner the person under investigation begins to tell important facts almost before he or she has spoken.

The study of handwriting is of the utmost significance, provided the examiner has had experience in this field. As central on all bank forgeries for twelve years I have lived twenty-four hours a day with specimens of handwriting.

Criminal Vanity

There is, among detectives, something known as the murderer's eye. It is impossible to describe what it is, and I do not expect the reader to take my word for it that an experienced examiner can detect it in a suspect, any more than I should expect a court of law to accept as proof my assertion that a given person was a murderer because he had this murderer's eye. "Murder" is the worst word in the English language. It implies a dastardly, cowardly act—to assassinate, to kill, to slay a human being, frequently with malice aforethought, or premeditation. So hideous and serious is the crime that the perpetrator often aids in his own detection. Hardened as he may be in all other crimes, murder sets its mark effectively upon the perpetrator.

It is possible for a murderer to harden himself to the crime if repeated. His first slaying has the worst effect upon him. Committing the second, and following it up with others, tends to eliminate fear. He becomes accustomed to his work and gradually hardens to it—fascinated with the desire to continue to kill. But the first slaying shows in an indescribable expression of guilt in the eye. I have examined many prisoners charged with all kinds of murder, and could satisfy myself where there was no direct evidence as to the innocence or guilt of the suspect by a careful study of the eye. It is an expression of guilt, with fear of detection behind it, and can be seen, with practice, if the examiner is alertly watching for it. Many times people are suspected of murder who may have a guilty knowledge of crime, but are not participators therein. They, too, have the guilty eye; but it cannot be seen in the eye of an innocent man, no matter how many guilty circumstances may surround him.

One of the first traits to be looked for in examination is criminal vanity. It plays a most important part in securing information and confessions. Many amateur and accidental criminals, as well as hardened professionals are so vain of their talent and their work that they are eager to talk about them. It is not unusual to find as the motive for crime that the criminal, having established a reputation as a clever thief or a daring hold-up man, has committed further crimes in his line to maintain that reputation. The murderer Sage, who recently killed two policemen in Jersey City, declared after his arrest that he had the reputation of being a tough guy and had to live up to it. Newspaper notoriety secured by criminals works against law and order, and also for it. Against, by giving criminals the dubious glory that feeds their vanity, and on the side of the law by aiding the examiner in playing upon that weakness.

The examiner utilizes this vanity in such cases as one in which a single member of a mob has been caught under incriminating circumstances and refuses to talk, saying he will do his bit and protect his pals. Proud of his reputation, he is open to the suggestion that the rest of the mob are giving him the horselaugh for being caught while they went free. This suggestion so plays upon his vanity in a few days that he gives information leading to the arrest and conviction of his accomplices, saying, "They will give me the laugh, will they? Well, when you bring them in here we'll see who does the laughing!"

The criminal who has operated with others, and is arrested, hates to go the route alone. He knows his pals are as guilty as he is, that they are laughing at his hard luck. After arrest, he gets suspicious of a tip-off by someone. Who? Maybe it was Mike, Cinders or Darbo. "They have as much right to be here as I have." He gives them up gleefully, but with a promise that he's not to be known as a squealer.

There is some honor among thieves—but it can be put in a small-size thimble.

Take six honest persons, six dishonest persons who have never been convicted of crime, and six criminals who have served prison terms. Let them all be of the same general build and type. Without experience, few people could distinguish the three different groups; but the detective frequently sorts them, and as correctly as a mail handler slipping so many letters into the right boxes. The ex-convicts would be sorted out first by the marks left upon them by prison; and next the dishonest suspects, who bear their marks, too, made by suspicion, fear and the sense of guilt.

While in the police department in New York City as a deputy commissioner and chief of detectives, I could, when a prisoner was arraigned before me, without any previous information on the subject, tell for what crime he was arrested.

Years ago another young detective and I, detailed at large gatherings, on presidential tours, big conventions and the like, in various cities, used to pride ourselves, actually vie with each other, on picking up thieves we had never previously known. This is a proposition one cannot afford to make a mistake in. Like Davy Crockett, you must be sure you are right, then nail them. Many a new one we picked up. Some Frenchmen, Italians and Englishmen unknown in this country. This is called smelling 'em out.

In one city there had been a lot of complaints of big touches from the person by pickpockets. The chief of police admonished all the coppers on the job for not getting this clever bird. I picked up a fellow who looked wrong. It was on a Saturday. He protested too much about his arrest—what it was going to cost me for false arrest, and so forth.

By way of kidding him I asked, "What is your regular occupation?"

"I work in Smith's grocery store," he replied.

I took off his straw hat. It had a Niagara Falls label—the pickpockets' paradise. Saturday was, indeed, a bad day for Dapper Dan to be away from the grocery store on pleasure bent. He turned out to be an A-A thief, with two previous convictions, and confessed to all the thefts reported. Three years' absence from society was his prescription by the judge.

Winning Tactics

"And I'd like to give you ten if I could by the law. You robbed my brother-in-law, Dan Brady, the contractor," was the judge's parting shot.

My first experience as a confession-getter occurred quite a few years ago in New England. A series of masked burglaries at nighttime had been committed in a well-to-do summer-residence section, terrorizing that neighborhood. They had extended over several months, with no trace of the criminals or the loot. Working as a young operative, I had traced some of the property and finally came to the conclusion that the criminals were already in prison, having been arrested and sentenced for another crime.

When I turned up at the prison and told the warden I had come to try to get a confession from these convicts and recover some of the property, if possible, he looked at his somewhat boyish visitor with amusement and skepticism.

"Why, my lad, Inspector So-and-So of New York has been here and put these fellows through a five-hour examination, and he didn't get a single thing out of them. And Commissioner Smith had no better luck. What do you think you can do?"

This put me in the position of having to plead with the warden to see my suspects at all.

Fortunately, he was a kindly man, and he said, "Well, it would look bad if you had to go back and tell your principals you didn't even talk with the men. So I'll let you see them to save your face."

The convicts, one at a time, were brought to me in the council room. An hour later I asked the warden to come in and be present at the taking of a confession. He was

(Continued on Page 81)

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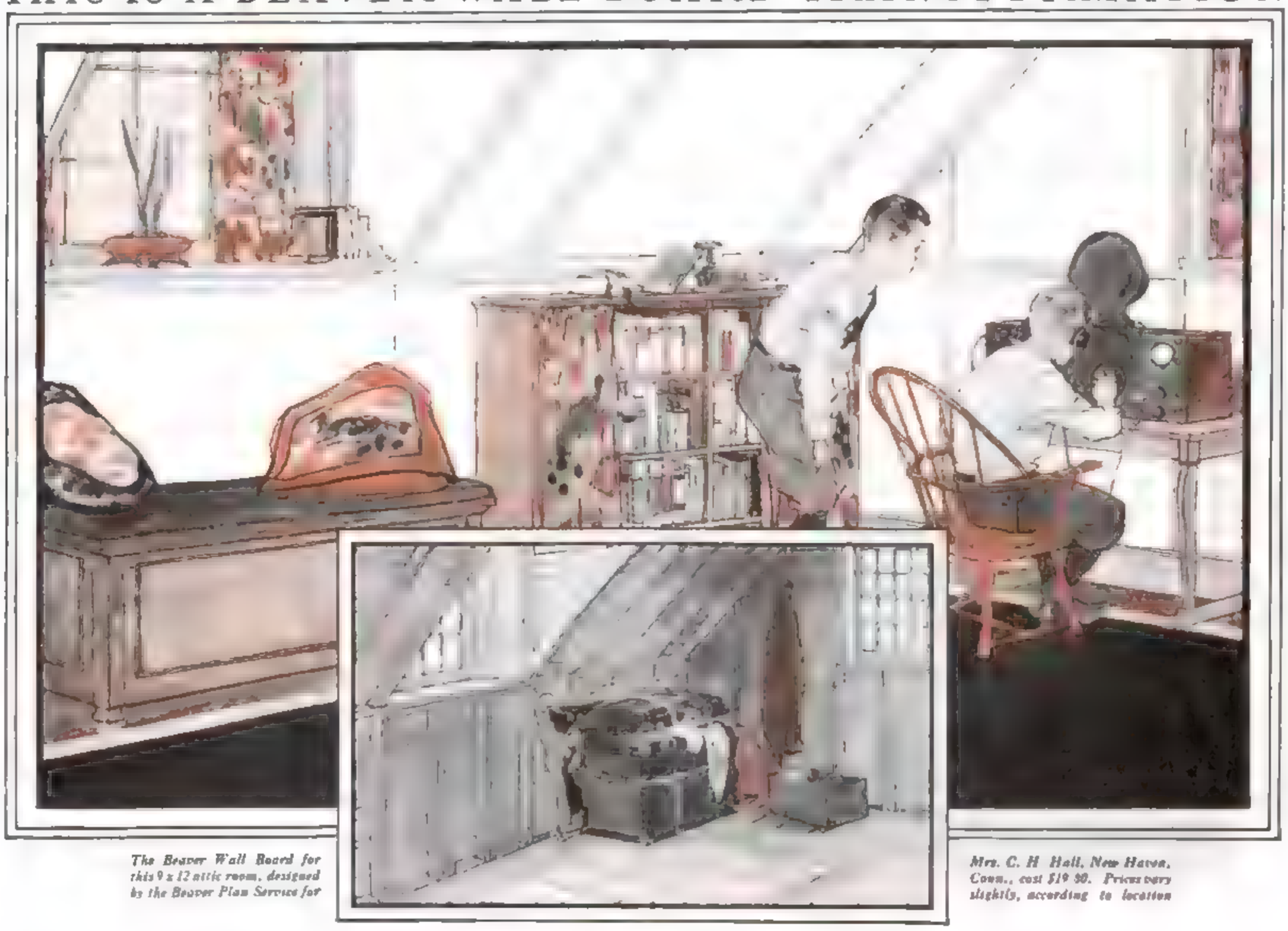

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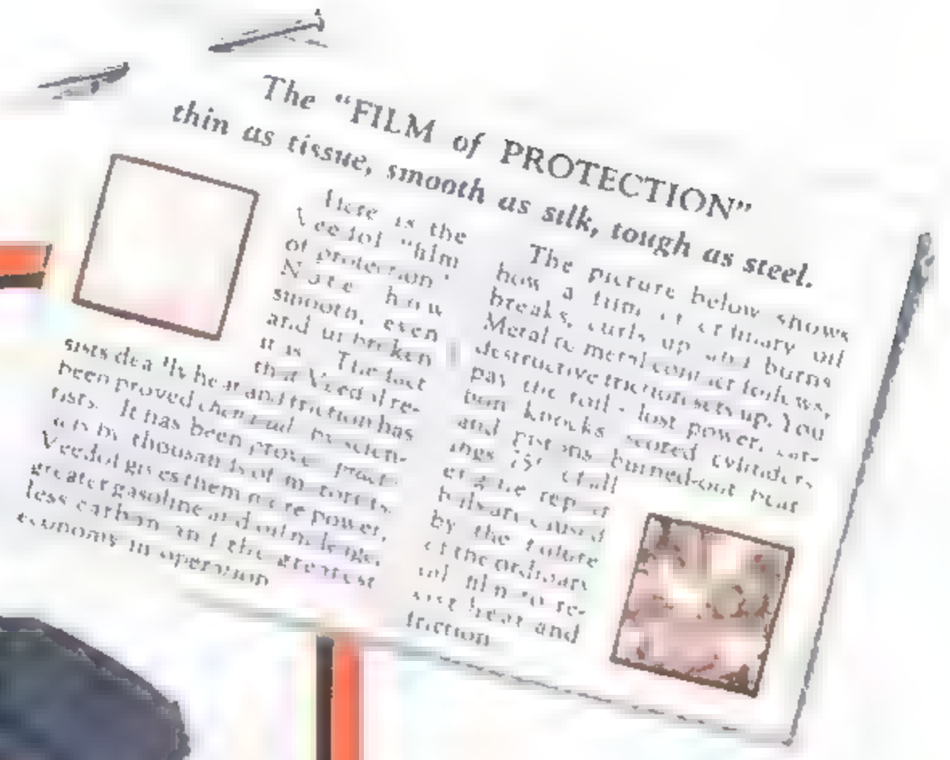
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Metal to metal contact follows,
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(Continued from Page 78)

astounded, of course, and also eager to know what occult kind of third degree I had used what subtle resources of terror or torture I had up my sleeve.

My method with the two convicts was entirely humane; and I may say that, having been a detective during the greater part of my career, humane examination of suspects and criminals would have been forced upon me even though I were disposed to use rough methods, which are utterly abhorrent to me temperamentally—and besides, not effective police measures.

When each convict was brought in I asked him to be seated, and instead of asking questions, trying to break down his stubborn resistance, and laying verbal traps, I painted a picture, from the standpoint of the victims, of the crimes they were suspected of having committed.

"I won't ask whether you did commit these robberies or whether you didn't. But I will ask you to consider the other side. Picture to yourself that once peaceful neighborhood where now nobody goes to bed at night feeling secure. Every woman and every little child lives in fear. Every sound alarms and frightens."

After elaborating this picture so he saw it clearly in his mind, and felt it, I presented the situation from another angle:

"Think what a wonderful thing it would be for that community to know that the robbers are not only in prison, where they need no longer be feared, but that one of them has revealed all the facts."

This was elaborated, in turn, and led up to what a salesman would call the closing.

"I know what you are thinking about—you are asking yourself, 'What good would such a confession do me, a convict here in prison?' I can't promise you any immunity. But think of the possible influence of those people upon your sentence. You're in for twenty years. If you did commit those robberies, and make some amends by restoring the peace of mind of those people—some of the most influential citizens in the state—do you suppose it is going to work to your disadvantage? No, you know that if it has any effect upon you at all, it will be good, for the shortening of your term."

"You astonish me," the hold-up answered. "Other officers have tried to get information from us by threats, saying that if we didn't come clean on these jobs they would fasten other crimes upon us, jobs we had no connection with; and piling up warrants and charges against us, keep us in prison the rest of our lives. Every question they asked, and their whole attitude, simply antagonized us and made us stubborn. You put things in a different way and I see the advantage of doing what you want me to."

The Trunk Mystery

It happened, in that case, that the other man could not confess, though he saw that it was the politic thing to do. For he had many relatives, some involved in crime and others entirely innocent, who would have been harmed in many ways by his confession. But the confesser was not involved in that way, and not so deeply involved in the robbery. He was free to confess, and his confession accomplished every desired purpose. People in the terrorized community were reassured, considerable stolen property was recovered, and the confession actually did what I had suggested as a possibility—shortened these convicts' sentences.

Some years ago a trunk containing the mutilated body of a woman was found floating in a Connecticut lake. Several months of patient investigation made it certain, short of the necessary evidence, that the crime had been committed by an Italian, the victim's husband. He was arrested in Buffalo and brought to me for examination in New York.

Our tracing of various clews and persons had involved the location of two young men and two young women, nephews and nieces of the murdered woman, who had lived with him until after the crime was committed, and then returned to Italy. Italian police officials arrested and examined these young people on the other side. They were innocent, but gave important information, which was sent us. Each sheet of the Italian report bore the royal arms of the King of Italy.

The suspected murderer spoke no English. He was an Italian peasant, accustomed to authority. When they brought him into my office I arose, placed a chair for him myself, and told the interpreter to ask him to sit down. This made a great impression upon him. Through the interpreter I explained his legal rights, told him he would have the assistance of an attorney, and then spread out the report of the Italian police, with the king's coat of arms This was a convincer. I let him read it. He took from his vest pocket a piece of paper, unwrapped a rosary, knelt before the coat of arms and crossed himself. Then he rose and made a full confession through the interpreter.

His wife had run away from him in Italy, taking his money, and come to this country with another man, with whom she lived. He followed and persuaded her to live with him again, forgave her; but she proved unfaithful a second time, and one night, coming home, he told her that he had discovered it. She spit in his face, an insult so maddening to a Latin that he murdered her in a frenzy. Long after she was dead from strangulation by his bare hands, he got a hammer and wire nails and drove the latter into her brain.

"That is the whole truth, excellency," he concluded. "I do not care what happens to me. You may now take me away to be electrocuted. But what a pleasure, what a privilege, to come here and confess to someone like you!"

Taking the Suspect's Side

The best results are usually secured where the examiner takes the suspect's side of the case. In the notorious Rosenthal murder some years ago, he, a New York gambler, was shot down in the theater district by gunmen who sped away in an automobile.

One of the first suspects I examined was a chauffeur named Libby who was identified by several witnesses of the shooting as the man who had driven the car when the crime was committed. Libby did not seem to be worried by this evidence against him, and I had reasons to believe that he had taken the car from a garage, turned it over to another driver and taken it back to the garage after the crime.

Who was that other driver?

Libby knew, but he would not tell. So I sought further information by going over to his side of the case, virtually becoming his attorney.

"You do not realize how serious the evidences of these witnesses will be if you are tried in court," I said. "To show what you would really be up against, I'm going to call the witnesses in one by one and question them in your presence just as though I were the prosecuting attorney and you were on trial."

This was done with such dramatic effect that Libby's confidence vanished. The very first witness made statements that would have convicted him. An especially serious phase of his case was that none of the people employed at the garage where the car was kept spoke English, being French and Italian. The upshot of it was that Libby revealed the real driver of the murder car, Shapiro. Later Libby went free. Had he been involved, his assistance to the state would have lightened his sentence.

This particular case furnishes proof of the effectiveness of feeding your suspect, something in which I have always been a great believer. By "feeding" I do not mean any mystery of examination, but simply a warm, hearty meal. The murder had occurred at two o'clock in the morning. Prisoners, witnesses and detectives had been kept at an uptown police station until six o'clock in the morning.

Four hours of excitement, questioning and sleeplessness without refreshment had made everybody tired. I saw that we were all in the wrong mood and also in the wrong place.

"Let's drop everything, go out and get a hearty breakfast and continue this inquiry in my own office at police headquarters, where we will be more comfortable," I said, and everybody went with me to a near-by restaurant, and there were no jaded appetities in that crowd. I know, because I paid all the checks. The very first thing that happened when we began again in my office was Libby's disclosure.

One day I was summoned hurriedly to a Brooklyn apartment. There, murdered, each shot through the heart, were three generations of a family all piled on top of one another—mother, daughter, daughter's daughter. A few hours' intense investigation indicated that the crime had been committed by the eldest woman's son—brother and uncle to the two others. It was hours before we found him, at one o'clock the next morning. He was an Italian, very dogged and stubborn. Everybody was trying all night long to get a confession out of him. His brother-in-law, the husband of his murdered sister and father of the dead child, prayed with him. He cried and moaned. We stuck to him till daylight. He did not speak much English, and all the examinations were through Italian detectives. They are sometimes temperamental and threatening to their own race.

John J. Coughlin, the present excellent inspector of New York City detectives, was with me. Laughingly I said to the inspector about seven A. M., "Let's feed the brute."

"Good idea," said the always jovial inspector.

We fed him—plenty and then some. He liked me best for the food and confessed, with his stomach full, to the triple murder. He was electrocuted.

Another illustration of what may be done by taking the suspect's side of the case and helping him:

An especially vexing series of forgeries had been perpetrated on Eastern banks. We got several of the presenters, criminals who had cashed fraudulent documents, but could not get evidence to convict the scratcher, or actual forger, one of the cleverest penmen in the business, though we knew that he was implicated—the man doing the work. Arresting and convicting his accomplices did little good in stopping the crime as long as he was at liberty and able to work. Finally we arrested a presenter who, though he had done twelve years in prison, had lived a decent life since his release.

He was married, had children and had gone straight as a string except for this single lapse. He had done the job under great temptation, was sincerely sorry for it, and I felt sincerely sorry for him.

I said to him, "Jim, I'm going to take the biggest possible chance with you, and give you the greatest chance you've ever had."

"What do you mean, chief?"

"Let you go free and get the penman for me." That was the forger. "I'm giving you a chance to help yourself. If you can stand him up for me it means your own liberty and a decent life with your family. I'm going to let you out. There will be people close to you. I want you to bring the penman to a certain park for a talk. When you're there, we'll arrest you both."

Confessions Attacked

This program was faithfully carried out by Jim. Both men were covered by shadows with instructions to shoot if anything went wrong. The penman did not know me. When he and Jim sat down to talk in the park to escape listeners, I walked over to the bench on which they sat and took a seat beside the penman. Detectives quietly seized and searched him and found enough specimens for evidence to convict.

We had a humane third degree right there on the park bench, and it was so quiet that young couples wooed and children played a dozen feet away. I showed the penman two alternatives. He could come down to headquarters with me, give information that would lead to the breaking up of his mob and his going to the penitentiary, or he could be taken forcibly. If he went the quiet way, so much the better. The penman got a long sentence. Jim went to the penitentiary for a few months. The rest of the outfit got suitable terms.

It is a great satisfaction to the police to procure confessions from persons suspected of crime, because they not only clear up the crime they are charged with but frequently clear up many other cases, implicate accomplices and assist in the recovery of stolen property. Confessions are always attacked by the defendant's attorney, who claims his client was coerced, forced or assaulted until he confessed to the crime. It is an old-time defense—questioning the integrity of the police.

The bench, jurors and the public are becoming more and more suspicious every day of confessions procured as a result of severe interrogation and examination. These points the police are beginning to understand more and more, and the methods employed to procure admission from the accused are humane ones. The cruel third degree is a thing of yesterday.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Dougherty. The next will appear in an early issue.

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POCONO SHOT

Continued from Page 31

"Wait!" said the doctor. "You see this ridge back of us? All of it from here to town, and for two miles below, and the opposite ridge, beginning at that dip there and running a mile and a half north, was owned at the time of his death by Emmet Mulhauser. The town was named for him. He came into this section sixty years ago and bought those ridges for about a nickel an acre. His father was a German who had married an American wife. His German blood gave him thrift, his Yankee blood shrewdness. The land cost him every cent he had, but he dammed the stream, put up a sawmill and hacked a road out from the mill up to the new railroad just going through. He slaved and saved, and the timber on the ridges and the lumber he cut got more and more valuable until he died, thirty years ago, worth over a hundred thousand in cash and half the timber still standing

"He left a son, a timid, overworked, browbeaten daughter and no will. The son had looked after things more and more as the old man gave out, and people thought it strange that no will was found. The son—his name was Emmet, too—told his sister that since he was a man, a generous man, willing to work, she could have the hundred thousand and he'd be satisfied with the standing timber and the mill. It's hard for a woman to resist cash, and she was a spineless thing, deathly afraid of her brother.

"She took the money and pulled out, leaving the second Emmet with timber worth half a million, just as it stood, and twice that when his mill got through with it.

"When his sister left, Emmet went down to New York and brought back a dazed immigrant woman—a Russian Jewess, with a sickly girl child about twelve years old Emmet's little deal with the immigrant woman was so simple that even she could understand it. She was to do Emmet's housework, look after two cows, pigs and chickens and prepare the noon meal for a timber crew of twenty men. For this, Emmet would give her and her child a home. It was a good deal—both parties were satisfied. Any place where Cossacks couldn't drop in for a little visit seemed like heaven to the woman, and the only cash required of Emmet was for a little cheap clothing for the woman and her child.

"The last deal didn't turn out quite so well as Emmet expected. The immigrant woman had looked like a good animal with a sound constitution, but four years of Emmet's work was all she stood. She got out of the bargain by dying. Emmet was disappointed in her naturally. He thought it all over and hit on a plan that looked good. The woman's child had picked up amazingly in this altitude. She matured early, as the women of her race do. Emmet married her two months after her mother's death. She was sixteen and big for her age and—poor Emmet,—looked capable of any amount of hard work for years to come.

"Well, I'm darned if she hadn't learned her mother's tricks. She did Emmet's work for three years and then, as we say in the Poconos, up and died on him. She'd taken an hour or so off to have a child one day—or perhaps it was at night after the work was done. At any rate, the baby was two years old when she died—a boy—and a pretty poor specimen.

"But that made no difference to Emmet. He had no friends and the child filled a big gap in his life. He gave him everything on earth he asked for from infancy on. Emmet's mother had been a Russian. This boy then was one-eighth Yankee, one-eighth German, one-quarter Slav and one-half Jew. That's quite a mixture; and he was raised on coffee, doughnuts, pies, candy and such truck from the day he learned to yell if he didn't get what he wanted.

"Emmet planned to make a gentleman of leisure out of him. He allowed him to go to school in town for a while and then imported a tutor for him who had been educated in Europe—mostly in France, I believe. The tutor stayed for several years. He filled Emmet's house and the boy's head with decadent French literature, and then had to get out to escape one of Emmet's lumberjacks who had a good-looking daughter. Emmet then sent the boy—he also was named Emmet—to a first-class boarding school and later to college, with summers abroad. After graduating, the boy spent a winter in New York and came up here for July and August; not that he liked it here, but in this one thing he didn't get what he wanted. Emmet Senior was determined to have him with him for those two months at least, and stuck it out.

"I saw Emmet Junior for the first time that summer. It was the third year I'd been here. I was standing on the post-office steps when a high-powered single-seated roadster pulled up to the curb. It was painted in three colors—queer colors that didn't belong together; that didn't belong anywhere except in a nightmare. The car was as startling on the streets of Emmetville as a pink monkey or a sky-blue elephant. The driver got out and passed me on his way into the post office, and he didn't belong in Emmetville any more than his car. I knew exactly where he belonged the minute I looked at him. He belonged back in Greenwich Village. I'd seen hundreds like him when I was practicing on Ninth Street. It's extraordinary how that sort run to type. I never realized it so strongly as when I got this first look at Emmet Junior, with the streets of Emmetville and pine ridges as a background. He was ——"

"I'm going to interrupt you, doctor," I broke in. "It's curious, but a friend of mine gave me a long dissertation on the type you seem to mean the night before I left New York. I'd like to ask you a question or two. In the first place, how would you define this type? Have you a specific name for it?"

"Well, no, not exactly. They call themselves bohemians or radicals around Washington Square. They're called a lot of things by other people. Parlor Bolsheviks, for one thing, when they got so enthusiastic over the Russian insanity."

"'Sophisticates' has become popular, lately," I said. "My friend seemed to prefer 'intelligentzia.' He says their sickness of mind is due to bodily anæmia."

"M-m-m," mused the doctor. "True in some cases, I should say."

"He thinks lack of outdoor exercise in adolescent youths of this type warps them permanently."

"They're warped, all right, and lack of exercise gives them a further twist; but how does he account for the women?"

"He didn't account for them, as I remember," I admitted.

"Well, I think it happens before birth."

"You mean heredity?"

"No," said the doctor. "I think it happens at the moment—if it is a moment—or during the period when sex is determined. These people are the result of malfunctioning in the process of sex determination. In extreme cases we have the hermaphrodite. Less complete results are the effeminate man and the masculine woman. There's your warp, mental and physical, for life."

"That does account for a great deal," said I, thinking it over.

"It accounts for it all," said the doctor promptly. "I believe the Anglo-Saxon is where he is today because he's been breeding truer to sex than other strains. So did the early Greek. So did the Roman. The Prussian, too; but he's been unlucky in his leaders recently. Cross breeding is apt to produce lack of complete definement of sex. It's responsible for the decline of most once-powerful races. It was responsible for Emmet Junior. I knew it when I saw his face and heard his voice at the post-office window and watched his gestures as he took his mail.

"I didn't come in close contact with him for some time. I'd get a glimpse of him driving through town or meet him on the road somewhere in his car. I don't think I ever saw that car again without a girl in it I'd heard that he was going to be a poet—or rather was a poet; he'd proved it by having some of his things published. Now we're about as much interested in poetry in Emmetville as in Sanskrit or the Einstein Theory; but some reviewer on a Philadelphia paper had spoken of Emmet Junior as the poet of the Poconos, and that got a purr out of us. Nobody had ever read any of Emmet Junior's poetry and nobody expected to, but anyone who could get us mentioned in a city paper wasn't altogether doless.

"I read some of Emmet Junior's verse by accident, in this way: August Firth had died two years before I got here. Mrs. Firth had turned Gaylord's into a boarding house after her father died, three years before that. She'd had tough going for six years

(Continued on Page 85)

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and that summer she broke down—jaundice, neuritis and general exhaustion. Her daughter Lucille ——"

"You're speaking of my Mrs. Firth?" I broke in.

"Is she yours?" said the doctor, twinkling. "Yes, that's who I mean."

"But you said her daughter. She's never mentioned a daughter to me."

Said the doctor, without any particular cheerfulness, "You've dragged me out of a stream with big trout rising to tell you about certain events. If you'll just ——"

I hastened to apologize. The doctor proceeded:

"Her daughter Lucille got an extra woman in to help and carried on after a fashion. Lucille was a pretty girl and a well-meaning one, I think; but selfish, with the natural selfishness of youth and her mother's encouragement. She was, for example, about the best-dressed girl in Emmetville. All her mother's doing; but then she accepted it. She also let her mother persuade her to keep her hands out of dishwater and away from any dirty or tiring work about the house, and that her schooling was too important to be interrupted by the fact that her mother was slaving day in and day out. So she went through the local school and then through the high school at Stroudsburg, which is supposed to be better than ours, taking the morning train down and returning on the 5:10 that evening.

"Gaylord's is so close to my place that I'd generally drop in to see Mrs. Firth after my day's work. I'd got her liver to working and the neuritis had yielded nicely to treatment; but her strength didn't seem to come back as it should, and I was calling every few days.

"I stopped there about nine o'clock one night. Lucille let me in. Two or three boarders were sitting in the parlor to the right of the hall in front of a wood fire as I went up the stairs.

"Mrs. Firth was in that room you're in now. It was one of those chilly nights that we have up here every now and then in the middle of summer. I'd just driven four miles without gloves and I walked over to the stovepipe to warm my hands before touching Mrs. Firth. Perhaps you know that if you stand close to that stovepipe you can hear everything that goes on in the kitchen."

"Yes," I said, "I've discovered it."

"Well, I heard a man's voice as I approached the pipe. I listened idly for a minute, and then he got my attention. He was speaking intently, in an over-cultivated, affected manner that I'd heard every day at one time, but not since I'd hit the Poconos. He was explaining that mating should be as untrammeled by convention as drawing the breath. He went on to say that man, in his coarseness and stupidity, had hedged himself and woman—particularly woman—with a lot of vulgar, prudish and unimaginative restrictions, and so stolen from the world the most beautiful thing that human life contained. 'But the new generation, just coming into being,' he said, 'just becoming articulate, is cutting those restrictions away. You can see by the books we have been reading,' he said, 'you can see by this tremendous novel by Lawrence we have been discussing tonight, that no one of any importance who is writing today will tolerate for a moment those stultifying bonds placed about us by the unthinking generations of an earlier, cruder civilization.'

"I stopped listening and went over and asked Mrs. Firth who was the man down in the kitchen. She told me weakly that it was Emmet Junior.

"'And Lucille?' I said.

"She said, 'Lucille and other girls. He's been very kind. He's organized a reading circle to help them understand the best writers.'

"I asked her who the girls were and she named them. I'll say this for Emmet Junior—he was some picker. This mountain air is good for anybody. Youngsters bloom in it. He'd culled the blossoms for his circle, make no mistake about that.

"When I left Mrs. Firth I took a chair at the head of the stairs and waited. What I'd heard via the stovepipe had interested me a lot. I wanted to hear from a member of the circle.

"They all came out of the kitchen at last—that is, the girls did—and giggled and chattered for a minute in the hall before they said good night. Lucille went back to the kitchen and I had a fairly long wait before she and Emmet Junior appeared in the hall together and she let him out the front door. I got up and walked downstairs.

"Lucille was startled.

"'Is mother worse?' she asked quickly.

"I told her I thought her mother was a little better.

"'But you've been here all this time,' she said.

"I told her I'd stayed to chat with her mother while she entertained her company.

"'Yes,' she said, curling her lip, 'in the kitchen. It's the only warm place in the house that isn't ——' She broke off and looked in at the parlor fire and the people sitting there.

"I said, 'I'm glad that you were in the kitchen tonight,' and explained, when she looked at me puzzled, that a lot of Emmet Junior's lecture had come up the stovepipe.

"She blushed, but threw back her head in a challenging sort of way and said, 'Well, what did you think of it?'

"'What did you think?' I said. 'That's the important thing.'

"She said, 'I think it was wonderful. I think he's wonderful. He's so far above any of us here—so far above me that it makes me sick. I keep telling myself that it's only the advantages he's had—college and New York and everything—but it's more than that. Look at this.'

"She pulled a magazine from under her arm, opened it, found a certain page and handed the magazine to me. On the page she'd found was a poem—I suppose you'd call it that—of Emmet Junior's. It didn't rime and the lines began with small letters. Some of the lines were long and some had only one or two words, for no apparent reason. You know the sort of thing I mean."

"Oh, quite," I said.

"I turned the pages of the magazine, after I'd read the poem, and found it full of drawings of deformed people afflicted with dropsy. They took me straight back to Greenwich Village, and drawings and paintings just like them tacked up on dirty walls in dirty rooms, by the thousands.

"I found Emmet Junior's poem again and said, 'Well, what does it mean?'

"Lucille said, 'I don't know, but I'm going to study it until I get an impression. Then he'll tell me whether the impression is the one I should get.'

"I said, 'You think he knows what it means himself?'

"'Of course,' she said; 'every word in it is absolutely necessary in conveying the exact shade of color he wants.'

"'Color'? I said. 'I thought this was a poem.'

"'It is,' she said; 'but all the arts are alike now. They don't use form any more. That's all in the past—with advanced minds, that is.'

"'He has an advanced mind, has he?' I said.

"Lucille told me Emmet Junior was in the front rank of the new movement.

"'Well,' I said, 'he wants to be careful or he'll advance himself into a building at Scranton, with keepers and padded cells and things like that.'

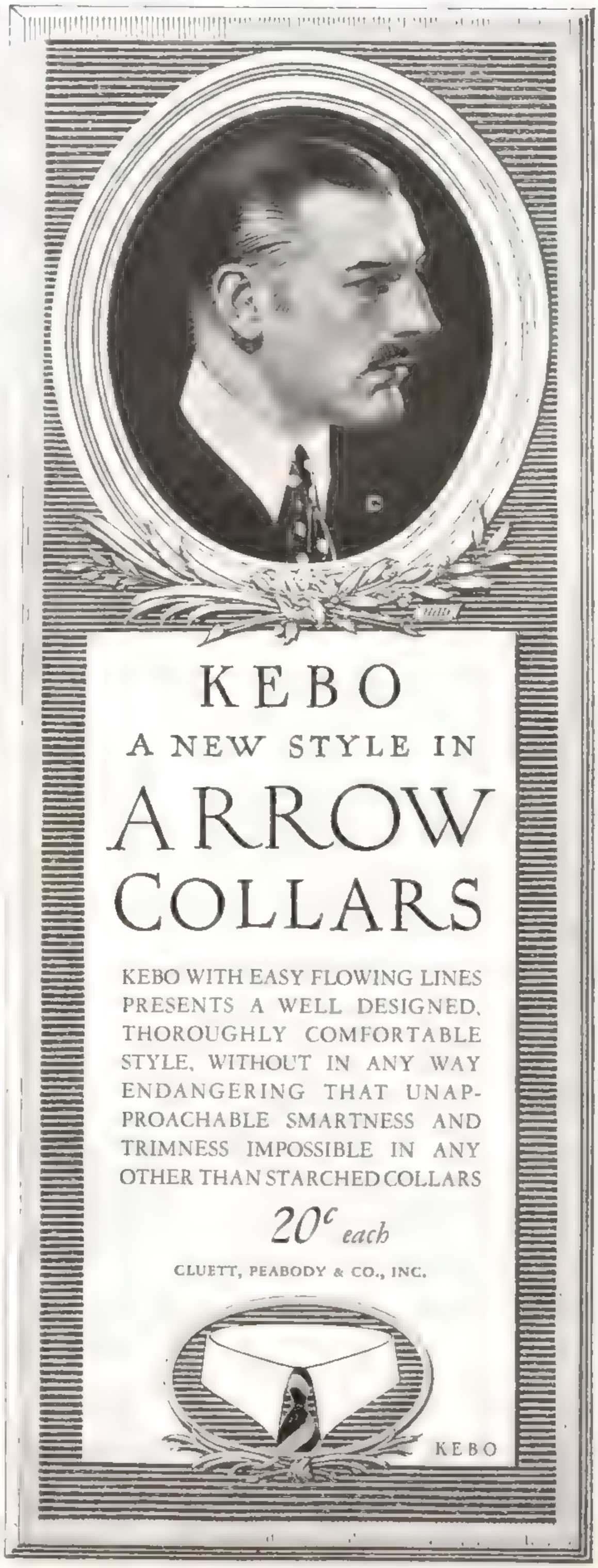
"She took the magazine from me and folded her arms across it in a sort of protective gesture.

"'Of course you'd talk like that,' she said quietly, but her cheeks were flushed and her eyes fairly blazed. 'You just don't know. You just don't realize what's happening in the world.' Then she said good night and went back into the kitchen with the magazine.

"On my way home I made up my mind that Emmet Junior's reading circle didn't belong in Emmetville any more than his car or himself. I was led to it by the impression he'd made on Lucille. In all probability the rest of the girls felt as she did.

"Emmet Junior, as I have said, was a pretty poor specimen; a sallow, thin-necked fellow with his eyes set close together. The girls he'd chosen for his circle wouldn't have given him a second look ordinarily; but he had the glamour of the city—of the great world—in the eyes of those country-raised maidens, and he'd topped this off with as exciting a line of propaganda as any healthy young female ever listened to.

"I drove up to the Mulhauser place next day and found Emmet reading in a hammock on the front porch. I sat in the car and he came out to the gate when I called. I told him who I was and that I'd been hearing something of his reading circle. 'I don't think you're doing those girls any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One is almost tempted to believe that by some black magic this ancient fence has been endowed with immortality. Yet the explanation of its longevity is simple. It is constructed of wrought iron.

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good,' I said, 'and I've driven up here to ask you to stop it.'

"He'd been looking down at the wheel of the car, not meeting my eyes, but his head came up with a jerk.

"'Stop what?' he said. 'What do you mean?'

"I told him I wanted the reading circle called off.

"'Oh,' he said, and passed his fingers over his narrow forehead and through his long hair, with just the sort of gesture you'd expect. 'The Emmetville point of view,' he said. 'Amusing!' He put on a pair of nose glasses attached to a broad black ribbon and gave me a languid stare. 'The mothers of the girls,' he said, in a tired voice, 'are, if I may say so, grateful that I'm giving their daughters a faint conception of modern literature.' He called it 'litrawchaw' and passed his hand through his hair again; then he said, 'You're getting out of your depths, if I may say so, doctor. Suppose you stick to pills.'

"One of the girls in the circle was Ruth Bascom, the daughter of Ed Bascom, sheriff of the county. Ed had been a Rough-rider under Roosevelt and a state trooper after that. He's covered with oak leather and filled with steel springs and dynamite.

"'You're not talking to anybody's mother now,' I said; 'you're talking to me. Unless you agree to cut out your literary activities with those girls you and Ruth Bascom can explain all about it to her father, and we'll see what he thinks.'

"Now birds of Emmet's feather sicken at the thought of standing up to anyone who might resort to physical violence. That's why I selected Bascom's daughter and mentioned Ed; but I wasn't prepared for what it did to Emmet Junior. He didn't turn white—he turned green. His glasses fell off and he had to take hold of the fence. His mouth opened and closed like the gills of a fish. I was startled. I didn't know any man—I don't mean man; I mean any human being—could be as yellow as that.

"When he could talk at all Emmet Junior promised to do anything I wanted if I'd say nothing to Bascom. 'Whatever he's done has been done,' I thought, 'and just an interview with Ed would kill this worm'; so I told him to call off the reading circle and I'd not go into it any further. I drove away and left him still hanging onto the fence.

"So I broke up the only reading circle Emmetville ever had." The doctor paused. A kingbird darted down from somewhere and zigzagged through a hatch of flies just coming off the stream.

"I was too late," said he, his eyes on the bird; "too late!"

He picked up a stone and tossed it into the water. The head of Pocono Shot came up at the splash. He got to his feet, shook himself and poked at the doctor with his nose.

"Not yet," said the doctor.

The dog turned to the stream, lapped a few swallows of water, then came and lay down again.

"Does he understand everything?" I asked.

"Pretty nearly, I guess. He'll bring me anything I mention that he can get hold of. Once I saw a stray kitten in the yard. I told him to bring it to me and he went out and brought it in—hardly ruffled its fur. He'll go uptown and bring me back the newspaper from the news stand or the mail from the post office. All I have to say is 'Mail' or 'Paper.' He barks at the right place and they give it to him. He'll shut any door in the house or ring a doorbell for me if it's the pull kind. All that's just monkey business. When he has to use his nose is where he shines. . . . Lord, look at that sun! The best of the fishing is from now on, you know."

The sun was sliding stealthily down upon the crest of the ridge at our backs, but that meant little. We had a good hour of daylight left.

"In order to do any fishing right now" I said, "you'll have to lick me first."

The doctor sighed and went on.

"About two weeks after my talk with Emmet Junior we got quite a shock in Emmetville. One morning about ten o'clock Ed Bascom and his daughter Ruth and Emmet Junior drove up to the courthouse and got a marriage license and walked down the street to old man Farrell's office, who was a justice of the peace. Ten minutes later Ruth Bascom was Mrs. Emmet Mulhauser, Jr. Ed drove the newly married pair up to the Mulhauser place and left them there, and that was that.

"Well, of course the town buzzed. The couple would have all of Emmet Senior's pile some day; but somehow nobody felt like discussing the marriage with Ed. Mrs. Bascom went everywhere explaining that Emmet Junior had persuaded Mr. Bascom into this sudden marriage because he wanted to take Ruth back to New York with him.

"But Emmet Junior didn't seem in such a hurry to get to New York. He didn't even take his wife on a wedding trip. They just stayed on at his father's, although he'd expected to leave Emmetville about that time. Mrs. Bascom began to explain that Ruth wasn't very well and that Emmet Junior was waiting until she was better before they left. Ruth wasn't ill enough to have a doctor apparently. I knew that because Kittridge—he's the other M.D. here—asked if I'd been up to the Mulhausers' and when I said no he said 'Neither have I. What are you doing for your scarlet-fever cases?' An epidemic of scarlet fever had developed among the school kids and we both of us were on the jump just then. In the rush I'd let some other things go and I hadn't seen Mrs. Firth for some time.

"I was passing there one evening, dog-tired, but I thought I'd better go in and have a look at her. The front door was open, so I walked in and up to her room. She was sitting by the window, so much improved that I advised her to begin taking short walks in the fresh air and lengthen them a little each day. She said she didn't know about the walks in the fresh air, but that she'd been going downstairs for three days and that she thought she'd start doing a little something about the house next day.

"I said, 'You'll do no such thing. You'll let Lucille manage for at least another week.'

"She gave me a troubled look and said, 'Doctor, I believe Lucille is sicker than I am, this minute. She won't admit it; she wouldn't let me send for you; but something is wrong with her. She looks terribly. She doesn't eat and I heard her crying late last night. I went in to her and asked her what was the matter and she said 'Nothing,' and then clung to me as she did when she was frightened as a little girl. After a while she said she'd got nervous for no reason at all, and she came and helped me back to bed. I think I know what's wrong. I'm telling you as a doctor. I wouldn't have it known for anything on earth, and Lucille would sooner die. I think she thought a lot of that young Mulhauser. She's been like this ever since his marriage. I think it's affected her health. I'd like to have you see her. She's downstairs. Don't say I asked you to see her. Just find her and act as though you wanted to tell her that I'm so much better. Then say you don't think she looks well herself, and that will lead up to your finding out just what's wrong with her. Do you understand?'

"I said yes and went downstairs. I found Lucille sitting by a kitchen table She was sound asleep, with her arms on the table. Her cheek was resting on the magazine she'd showed me. The pages were wet and tears were drying on her face. I put my hand on her shoulder and she moaned and sat up. When she recognized me she jumped to her feet and picked up the magazine.

"'Mother sent for you,' she said, backing away from me. 'There's nothing wrong with me and I won't have mother pretending there is. We've had enough doctor's bills in this house. Thank you for coming, but you needn't bother with me at all.' She'd been backing toward the door. Now she turned and darted through it and I heard her running up the stairs.

"She hadn't looked ill, especially—pale and tear-stained was about all—and she'd gone up the stairs a lot faster than I could have that night. After what she'd said about Emmet Junior and what her mother had just told me, to find her crying over the magazine seemed to indicate what a correct diagnosis would have been. There's nothing in the pharmacopœia for love sickness that I know of, so I went up and told her mother not to worry and dragged myself home.

"The scarlet-fever epidemic hung on until partridge season opened. I was wild Bill Trimble had asked me to come out as often as I could make it and—well, I guess you know how I felt."

"I can imagine," I admitted.

"I couldn't fix it to get away until Monday of the second week. I telephoned Earl Geiger Saturday evening—the Geiger farm

(Continued on Page 89)

815

Look at your house through a stranger's eyes—

Pretend you're a stranger the next time you pass your house. Has it an air of being kept up? How would you size up the owner—yourself—from its appearance? Here's the point:

A stranger notices a lot of things that you pass over because you're accustomed to them. He notices whether your house is beginning to look a little down at the heel—whether your roof is beginning to look battered—shabby. And the appearance of any house depends so much upon its roof.

Barrett Shingles will give your home the roof it needs. There are unlimited artistic possibilities in their soft colors. They give you a roof that blends with the landscape—a roof that harmonizes with the architecture of your house. Barrett Shingles are stoutly durable—give long years of efficient weather-tight protection. They require no painting or staining and can usually be laid right over the old wooden shingles. Highly fire-resistant, they mean safety to your property and your family. In brief, Barrett Shingles provide a roof that increases your pride in your home and adds to its value and salability.

Call on the nearest roofing dealer. Ask him to show you Barrett Shingles. (Leading dealers have them.) Meanwhile, write us for free literature describing these shingles and other types of Barrett Roofings. Drop us a postal or brief letter today.

For Flat or Nearly Flat Roof Buildings— Architects, engineers and contractors are practically unanimous concerning the superiority of built-up roofs constructed of alternate layers of pitch and felt. And they know it pays to see that the felt and pitch used are both labelled Barrett.

There is a comprehensive line of Barrett Built-Up Roofs headed by the famous Barrett Specification Roofs (bonded for 20 and 10 years).

There is a Barrett Roofing for every type of building, whether dwelling, garage office or industrial plant. It pays to be sure that the roofing you buy bears the Barrett label.

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

IN CANADA
The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Barrett ROOFINGS

Made By Stewart

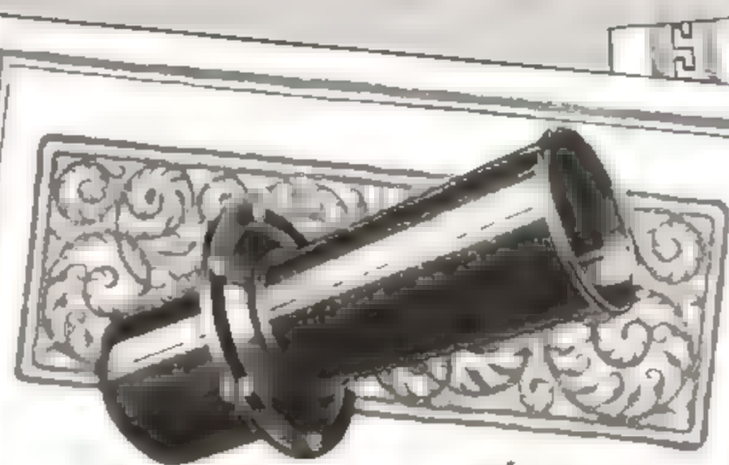
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

Stewart Mirror $2.00

A car-owner doesn't realize how necessary a mirror is until he uses one. Then he finds he can't do without it.

The man who wishes to stop, or turn a corner, and looks behind for an instant to see how close other cars may be, is just asking for trouble.

A Stewart Mirror is accident insurance you can't be without.



Stewart HORN $5.00

Western Price $5.25

$5.00—Think of that. It's a remarkably reasonable price for such a big, sturdy, full-toned horn with a real motor. It has a world of power and pep. They certainly clear the way when the Stewart shouts its warning.

Responds instantly to the slightest touch of a finger on the push button. Always dependable. Always on the job.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.

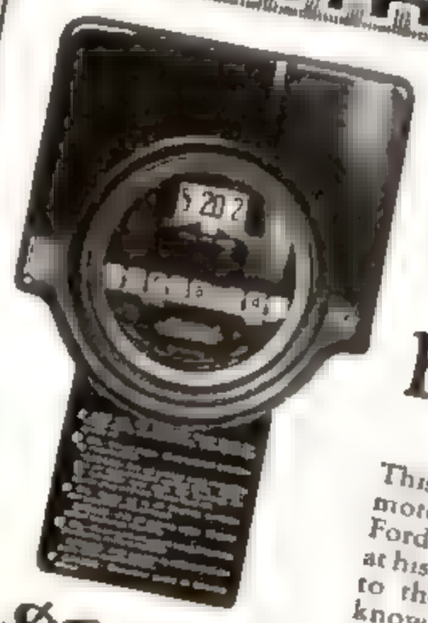
Stewart Searchlight

$4.00

Have you ever driven on crowded, strange roads at night where you couldn't use your "brights"? Then you know how necessary a Stewart Searchlight is. It illuminates the road without bothering oncoming motorists.

This attractive little searchlight can be snapped out of its bracket and used as a trouble-light when needed.

Throws a broad beam of light. Has silvered reflector. Attractively finished in black enamel with nickeled rim. Furnished for open or closed cars.



Stewart Speedometer for FORD CARS

$15.00

Western Price $15.50

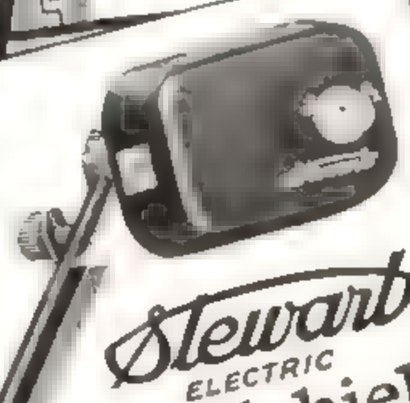
This is the "open season" for motorcycle officers. Many a Ford owner who has guessed at his speed has later explained to the judge that he didn't know he was going that fast.

Know your speed. Don't guess. "Fine and costs" in most cases will be more than the price of a Stewart Speedometer. Your Ford dealer or garage man can install one on your car.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.

Ask your dealer to explain the "color dials and lubrication chart" feature.

In buying replacement parts for the Stewart Speedometer, Vacuum Tank or other Stewart Accessories, demand genuine Stewart Parts with a Red Tag attached.



Stewart ELECTRIC Windshield Cleaner

$7.50

Western Price $7.75

(Has no connection with car's engine)

Any motorist who has worn out his arm and his patience attempting to keep the windshield clear in a heavy rain or snow, will welcome an electric cleaner at such a low price.

The Stewart's operation is not disturbed by the action of the car's engine. Its strong, steady stroke never varies.

"A clean windshield for safe driving" is a good rule to follow.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U.S.A.

Stewart CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

(Continued from Page 86)

isn't far from Bill's shack—to let Bill know I'd come out and spend Sunday night with him if nothing happened.

"Well, nothing happened. No new cases of the epidemic and nobody came down suddenly with anything. I got to Bill's shack about ten o'clock Sunday night. Bill was glad to see me, in his undemonstrative way, and we drank hot applejack toddies and talked for a couple of hours before we turned in.

"Monday turned out to be a soggy, cloudy day, almost warm, with no wind stirring. Hard shooting, with no sunlight to break the cover and a dark sky for a background, but just right for a dog's nose. There was no use to think about that, though, with this fellow—he nails 'em, wet or dry. We walked over from Bill's place to the nearest cover and Shot went straight down to the foot of the ridge and pointed in a patch of rhododendron. Two birds jumped. Bill got his. I missed mine in the poor light. We followed the line and Shot found in a swamp, but drew out carefully and started to go round, clear down on his belly. We knew what that meant—the bird was deep in the swamp and restless. Shot was going to try to come in from the other side and send it out our way. The bird flushed wild, for no reason, before he could get around. I took a crack at it to make it lie and was watching it rocket off over the trees, when somebody hollered from the top of the ridge, 'Is that you, Bill?'

"'Bill yelled back that it was, and whoever it was asked him to come on up there.

"Bill yelled, 'Have you got a gun?' He'd have called in Shot and headed in the opposite direction if he thought it was another hunter.

"Then the voice said, 'This is the sheriff. I want to see you right away.'

"I said, 'What have you been doing, Bill?' And he grinned and told Shot to heel and we worked up and found Ed Bascom on top of the ridge.

"'They tell me that dog will take a human trail and follow it if you tell him to,' Ed said. 'Is that right?'

"'That's correct,' said Bill.

"'I now swear you and this dog in as deputy sheriffs of this county,' said Ed. 'Come and get in my car. Sorry to spoil your hunt—and yours, too, doctor.'

"I said 'What's happened, sheriff?' Bascom started toward Bill's shack.

"'Lucille Firth was murdered last night,' he said."

The doctor turned and met my appalled eyes.

"I don't think anything I saw in France," he admitted, "gave me the jolt that those words did, and I saw some fearful things over there." He lapsed into silence.

As for me, I felt a curious tightening of the muscles of my throat, an unusual dryness of the mouth and lips. The doctor was such a wholesome, jolly-looking person. I had not expected him to shock me as he had. I thought of the silent woman at Gaylord's. I thought of Gaylord's itself. The staring, blindless house. The stare was one of horror! That was apparent now. And the grounds—bare maples ringed by wet sapsucker drillings above winter-killed, matted grass. Over that grass, beneath those maples, a child had toddled. Later, the surer tread of a schoolgirl had pressed down the grass; and later still the ardent feet of a glowing maiden. Those feet had borne her lightly through every part of the worn interior of the house. The chairs I'd sat in had held her warm young body; perhaps the very bed in which at night I lay—in that room with the stovepipe. Despite its grateful warmth, the smooth black cylinder grew sinister in my mind's eye. . . . The doctor's voice broke in upon my thoughts:

"The sheriff gave us the details as we crossed the clearing to Bill's shack. The girl had been killed close to the stream, just below the town, about ten o'clock the night before. Joe, the man at Gaylord's—you've seen him around there, of course—had come rushing into town, wet to the waist, with his hands and shirt covered with blood. He could speak just a word or two of English at that time and he was all but out of his head. None of the crowd that surrounded him could make out anything he said, but they gathered that something was wrong and somebody went for the sheriff.

"The Italian had managed to lead the sheriff and the crowd down to the bridge at the foot of the main rift and then down the edge of the stream to Lucille Firth's body, lying among some bowlders. Her head had been beaten in with a stone that was lying beside her.

"The Italian wouldn't go near the body, Bascom told us. He fell on his knees when they approached the spot and began to cross himself and jabber what must have been a prayer.

"The sheriff had told the crowd to keep back as soon as he saw what had happened. 'I've got a guard there now,' he told us; 'but most of the town's been as close to it as they could get, and the coroner had to walk around some, and his men, too, when they carried her to his office. I don't expect it's any use, but I'd like to give the dog a chance, Bill. I'd have been here sooner, only there was some moves made to take the Eyetalian out of jail and lynch him, so I had to wait for some state troopers I telephoned for to get in.'

"'You've got the Eyetalian locked up?' asked Bill.

"Ed said, 'Yes, he's locked up all right.'

"'Well, what do you want the dog for then?' asked Bill.

"We'd got to the shack by this time and were standing by the door. The sheriff didn't answer—he just looked at Shot. The dog was watching the sheriff's face intently, with that wise look he has.

"'He's sure giving me the once-over, ain't he?' said Ed.

"'He's thinking over your talk,' said Bill.

"The sheriff stared at Shot for a minute, with Shot staring back at him.

"'I'm darned if I don't believe it,' he said; 'and I'll tell you something: If he's got the nose they claim and is half as smart as he let's on to be, I won't have that Dago in jail this time tomorrow.'"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

George Island at the Entrance to Halifax Harbor, Nova Scotia

BOSCH
Ignition System
TYPE 600
$12.75
In Canada $19.00
Type 600 is built by the makers of the famous Bosch Magneto! A big, dependable, waterproof ignition system for Fords. It has automatic spark advance and many new features. It produces intense, perfectly-timed sparks that make Fords start easily, run smoothly, develop more power. It keeps plugs clean, eliminates timer troubles, stops "bucking," and saves gas and repairs.
You can use Type 600 Ignition on any Ford. Sold by 2500 Bosch Representatives and by live dealers everywhere. You get your money back if you're not entirely satisfied.
If you cannot buy Type 600 from your dealer, order direct C. O. D. giving year of your car.
DEALERS: Certain territories present unusual opportunities for live, well informed dealers. Write or wire now.
for FORDS
AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
Main Office and Works: SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

The importance of understanding *what effect your tooth paste has on the salivary glands*

Brushing alone is not enough to keep your teeth permanently clean

MOST tooth pastes are satisfactory as temporary cleansers—unless they contain constituents that will scratch the enamel or injure the sensitive edges of the gums.

But physicians and dentists now realize the importance of the salivary glands in protecting the teeth and they insist on knowing how the constituents of the dentifrice affect these important glands.

Nothing is more attractive—nothing is more vital to your health—than sound, shining teeth. Pebeco keeps the entire mouth cavity healthy and self-protecting.

The only real protection against the acids of decay

Only the alkaline fluids from these glands can permanently check the chief cause of tooth decay—the *mouth acids.*

These acids are forming constantly. And because our mouth glands have slowed down, their fluids are no longer sufficient to neutralize the acids.

Five minutes after you brush your teeth the acids are forming again.

This tooth paste makes these important glands work normally

Pebeco, however, gently stimulates these glands to work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth; in between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot reach. They thoroughly neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity.

Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'.

Free Offer

Send coupon for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. E-9
685 Greenwich St., New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large-sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name

Street

City State

A RING WITH RUBIES AT

(Continued from Page 11)

"A ring!" gasped Miss Cora. "A ring with rubies at!" She thrust the publication into his hands. "Read it once!"

Above, below and surrounding a particularly angry-looking ring from the stone of which fiery rays darted to the bounds of the column were the words:

STARTLING GEM OFFER

Our exclusive MILLENNIUM RING, known to satisfied thousands. Blue-white stone, perfect cut, set in elegant white-gold cup, surrounded by

CHOICE OF EMERALDS OR RUBIES

CREDIT TO OUR FRIENDS

This means you!

EXTRA SPECIAL

at $29.50

Simply enclose $10.00. Balance $2.50 per week. Our investment in friendship. We take all chances

LIMITED SUPPLY ORDER NOW

Elisha shook his head darkly and handed back the magazine.

"Say, now," he warned, gazing down at the innocent little creature curled up beside him, "don't go failin' ower this here! It might be some such trick in it. Them city sharpers ——"

"But look who it is a'ready! The Old Honest Goldsmith, H. Chadwick, Inc. I've knew about Mr. Inc since I was born a'ready. But what does it make to talk?" She spread her ten tiny empty fingers in a gesture of resignation over the piercing rays of the ring. "It ain't nobody where would go makin' such expensive inwestments at friendship just ower me! But och, my! If anybody up and got me such a ring with rubies at I wouldn't have eyes for nobody else, it would go that silly with me. I have afraid anyway ——"

But she was not so smitten with fear at that moment as was Elisha. He sprang up, kneecap cracking. His body slanted tensely toward the closed kitchen door, through which a voice was thundering:

"What does he mean by somepun like this anyhow? Lettin' the cow to milk fur me! It should give a good thrashing fur that one!"

"Your pop!" gasped the girl with lightning intuition.

Elisha did not pause to identify his parent verbally. He was already wresting open a door on the opposite side of the room. He whizzed through the chill dank of a parlor, wrangled a huge brass key at the ceremonial front door and zoomed out into the blackness of a porch.

"I got to go. It's gittin' late on me," he clattered back over his shoulder.

But he had not counted upon the celerity of his hostess. She was there beside him. Even as he landed upon the top step she thrust something beneath his arm.

"Take it along with! We ain't looked fur them China pigs!"

Elisha had no need to urge upon old Bess that time was the essence of their contract; she had not yet had her supper. She legged off the mile and a quarter between the two farms with such impatience that Elisha had fed her and had bedded both her and himself before he heard a door slammed in paternal wrath beneath him. He lay quivering in the bed beside the sleep-drenched Adam until he heard his father's footsteps clanking off to their own room; then he nested down with a great sigh.

It was long before the boy Elisha really slept. And yet, was it the boy Elisha who lay taut between the blankets that night, his forward jut of chin thrusting upward into the crisp air, his deep eyes matching the depth of shadow in the room? Had not the boy Elisha gone to sleep, beyond recall, two, three hours before? It was a naked soul, an elemental, at grips for the first time with the most powerful of the powers of the air. For assuredly it was not a man, this skinny thing which had finally much ado to keep from blubbering, from clutching at the big warm Adam and blubbering that he hadn't meant to do it, he hadn't meant to take Adam's sweetheart from him; but she just would have him, she just would!

Between his tossings, as he lay still-eyed, came again and again a memory seemingly detached from all he was thinking and all he was feeling: A long, long time ago when he was six and Adam was nine, the two of them, stumbling down the hill, behind their father, from the new grave under the beeches—Adam clutching his fingers until they hurt and whispering thinly: "You got me anyway! You got me anyway!"

And this was the Adam he was hurting! This was the Adam he was robbing!

He awoke, as usual, to the vigorous rattling of the stove in the room below. Adam did everything, not quickly, but vigorously. No brighter pans than Adam's in any kitchen of Buthouse County; no straighter furrow in any field. No better corn cakes turned for any table; no cleaner garden patch behind any house. It always had been rather fun to keep house with Adam; it had seemed no woman's task as Adam had carried it on, with slashing broom and swishing brush.

But today it was no fun. Elisha slunk about, with eyes down. Oh, he was heartbreakingly sorry for Adam!

And yet his heart beat with terrific triumph. Triumph that took him spasmodically by the legs and flipped him into a handspring. Triumph that took him by the wrist and made him shy a hatful of duck eggs, one by one, against the corncrib.

But there was no compromise in him. The jut of his chin was thrust definitely toward manhood—manhood symbolized, curiously enough, by that girl a mile and a quarter distant. A mile and a quarter? A world distant! And time—this was Friday—tomorrow Saturday. Well, Saturday night, then.

Upon his shoulder fell a heavy hand.

"Now, what about Saturday night?" demanded Adam. "Was you tellin' her a'ready I am keepin' comp'ny with her Saturday night?"

Like a bronze frog Elisha squatted, motionless. The hand twisted impatiently. Elisha slowly reached for a weed, slowly plucked it.

"It's somebody else—settin' up, keepin' comp'ny—Saturday night," he brought out.

The hand jerked him, dangling slantwise, to his feet.

"Somebody else?" roared Adam. "Who else, then? Answer me up now! That sleazy Schindler?"

"She—ain't sayin'."

"She better not be sayin'!" gritted the terrific Adam. When he knotted his fist like that the wrist tendons whipped out like live cords. "He'll git the right to git his neck twisted off fur him." He stalked away, kicking the clods.

Elisha oozed down upon the ground. He gazed after Adam, then he knotted his own fist and stared down upon his wrist; there were no cords there! Well, maybe, just maybe, he wouldn't interfere with Adam, Saturday night. But at that moment between his young ribs began to creep and whimper an alien thing, a spawn of distemper which was finally to strangle—and strangle—his love for Adam.

Hot of eye, hot of heart, he watched Adam on Saturday night as he bathed in the zinc tub behind the kitchen stove, as he covered his long clean muscles with splendid raiment, as he carefully parted the bronze glow of his hair and carefully curled up the lopside of it over his finger, as he donned his hat with slow deference to this same curl that it might follow the upward tilt of the felt. Adam never knew that when he closed the door upon his festive person, a man with the ache to kill shot to his feet with clenching fist and kicked murderously the leg of the table with the brass toeguard of his shoe.

But—he couldn't endure it! He cast a quick glance upon his father mumbling over the livestock quotations, raped his hat and coat from their nail and let himself out of the door. Down the lane crisped Adam's wheels upon the frozen ground; down the lane sped Elisha. He caught the tail of the buggy at last, jerked along agonizedly with it for a moment, then with a mighty heave landed in a clutching heap upon its narrow tail.

Ignominious, of course, jolting along back to back with Adam, the tailboard bruising into his flesh with every rut. But he was going, at any rate; he was getting there!

He got there, and he crouched like a mouse in the Hoopstetter wagonshed while Adam blanketed old Bess. Like a mouse he scurried to the window of the living room.

There, there she was—upon the settee just as he had held her in memory! The light from the hanging lamp made a nimbus

(Continued on Page 93)

Asbestos for every roof! Somewhere in this chart is listed the type of Asbestos roofing for whatever building you may be interested in. Which is it?

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black
Dwellings $3,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced asbestos shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black Standard rigid shingles—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or Colorblende rigid—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five colors blended with or without red or gray granule finish
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Asbestos Protected Metal
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

**Note*—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

Hundreds of firemen
—there before the fire

EVERY asbestos shingle is a fire-fighter—always ready to defend your home against the peril of flying sparks. Glowing embers, from your own chimney or wind-carried from afar, will harmlessly burn themselves out on a roof of Johns-Manville Asbestos.

But this is not all: Durability and weather resistance are as much a part of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing as they are of the rock beds from which these roofings come.

Two kinds of Asbestos Shingles

Johns-Manville make two kinds of Asbestos Shingles. One type—the Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingle—is a solid slab of permanence, asbestos rock fibre and Portland cement united under a tremendous hydraulic pressure.

The other type—the Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingle—is slate-surfaced like the ordinary composition shingle, but differs from it in the fact that the Flexstone Shingle is built up on a dense layer of asbestos rock fibre—for the better protection of your home.

Asbestos is not expensive at all!

Contrary to popular belief, asbestos is undoubtedly the cheapest of all roofings. Its long service, year after year, with little likelihood of repair costs, makes asbestos a real building economy. And there is a roof of Johns-Manville Asbestos for every type of building. See chart above.

Send for our booklets and tell us the kind of building in which you are interested.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
294 Madison Avenue, at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 62 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

You can lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof at a great saving.

Asbestos
and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PROTECTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofings

Chocolate Classics

Comparisons cannot be avoided in considering chocolates. All the candy assortments shown here are classics—they fall naturally into the highest class, a group of noble sweets.

Each package of Whitman's is planned and built up, piece by piece, in answer to a definite demand from candy lovers. The assortments are as different as the boxes. Get acquainted with the *variety* of the Sampler, the *romance* of Pleasure Island, the *originality* of Salmagundi, the *richness* of Nuts, Chocolate Covered, the selected chew-y centers of the Fussy Package, the wide range of chocolates in the Standard Package, the choice and exclusive contents of the Library Package.

There's a little book with colored illustrations that helps in selecting candies for any occasion. It is called, "On Choosing Chocolates". Write us to send you a copy.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Whitman's Quality Group

Continued from Page 90

of her dark curling hair. Her little feet, those pointed feet, were tipping gently this way and that. And her eyes, those wide innocent eyes, were also turning, first this way, then that. Upon whom? Upon the male Schindler and upon Adam, upon a disgruntled Schindler and upon a glum Adam with arms upright like stanchions upon his knees. There they sat, the three of them; and outside, loving, hating, Elisha. Outside, feasting, starving, Elisha.

Outside, that was it. Shivering for a quarter of an hour, there, outside. With a hard gulp he swung from that window at last. He had determined what he would do. He would do that which he had told himself for two days that he could not do.

He could not do it fast enough now. He lunged into a run, the aroused Hoopstetter hounds in full yelp behind him. The whole universe seemed in clamor. He liked it. It seemed right, considering the momentous thing he was about to undertake.

The house was dark, as he had expected, but he paused for an alert moment inside the door, his ear cocked cannily upward toward his father's bedroom. Then he tiptoed into the parlor and abstracted from the paternal stock of stationery between the leaves of the family Bible an envelope, a sheet of paper and a stamp. There was no need to withdraw from the lair beneath his own mattress the phrenetic pirate guarding the Startling Gem Offer of H. Chadwick, Inc. Did he not know by heart every syllable of the Old Honest Goldsmith?

Under slowly weaving tongue Elisha composed his first business letter, which for brevity has probably never been excelled in all the annals of financial correspondence:

Heitville Rural F D

Dear sir Mr Inc I send you still ten dollars. You send me Milennium Ring A3035 as per stricly confidential. With rubies at.

yours truely

ELISHA MAICE

The letter was only the husk of renunciation, of course. He swallowed the bitter kernel when he gazed his last upon the ten-dollar bill which had lain so warmingly above his heart. It dimmed into twice, thrice its size as he bungled it into the narrow white casket of his hopes beside the letter to Mr. Inc.

Well, anyway, the little canvas bag was not empty; it still contained two dollars and seventy-five cents—no, eighty-five, with Adam's dime. Two fifty for the first weekly payment, and something over. And within the week his father would be back from the stock market. It was all so safe, this investment in friendship in which Mr. Inc took all chances.

What really troubled him as he set out at once on a trot to the mail box at the crossroads—for had not Mr. Inc warned that he had but a Limited Supply?—what really troubled him on that half-mile trip was that he had not been able to accept the Old Honest Goldsmith's Sacrifice to the Public as set forth upon another full page of the magazine: The Mammoth Complex Dinner Ring; a Constellation of Seven Large Diamonds: Only $49.50, $15.00 down, $5.00 weekly. But, anyway, she had said she liked rubies. He saw again her ten tiny empty fingers spread above the pictorial rays of his ring—her ring—their ring. How surprised she would be when she opened the Royal Purple Plush Gift Case!

He could keep his secret, Elisha could! But he kept it at fearful odds when he sat once more upon the settee and proffered the portentous magazine to its owner.

"And was you findin' pigs at? Or, mebbe, somepun else intrusting?" she queried softly.

Elisha dug his heel into the carpet and shook his head. But she looked so concerned, so unutterably downcast that he found himself encouraging:

"Not anyways pigs. But I'm a-findin' somepun else. I'm a-findin' somepun else yet in that there book."

She looked up at him quickly. Then she trilled into gratified laughter. "What, anyway?" she whispered. "Tell me once!" He could feel the little confiding heap of her against his elbow. He heaved chastely from her.

Entered Mr. Hoopstetter with rattling newspaper and clanking boot.

"Is Maice a-loadin' his hogs Monday, then?" he queried grossly as he turned up the wick of the lamp. "It reads here where the market goes draggy at the soft pigs. I ain't a-lettin' mine till the price stiffens at them, that I give you."

Ominous words over which Elisha might well have felt apprehension, considering that his own financial solvency depended upon the prompt conveyance of his shoat to market! But all he was feeling for the moment was an intense dislike of the Hoopstetters; for Mr. Hoopstetter, who scraped his chair noisily underneath the hanging lamp; for Mrs. Hoopstetter, who ambled in with gingham apron overflowing with woolen socks, a darning needle stilettoed into her bosom.

They were always there, the Hoopstetters. It seemed as though Miss Cora Hepple was the only person in the world who recognized that he was a man.

"You ain't gittin' stuck after Cory, ain't you?" Thus Mr. Hoopstetter with ponderous playfulness during that first week of Elisha's daily visits.

Oh, yes, sometime during the day or during the evening Elisha managed to cover that mile and a quarter between the two farms. Sometimes he had only the two Hoopstetters to contend with; sometimes he had Adam, sometimes the damp-haired Schindler; sometimes he, Adam and Schindler sat in a jagged semicircle of hate beneath the hanging lamp. But Elisha gritted his teeth and held his place; he was openly in the running; he was shamelessly sure of his position with the lady. He knew that she simply endured the others because she was too gentle to rid herself of them.

If he was sure of the eternal bond between them during the first five days of their acquaintance, he was doubly sure after that. For on the fifth day appeared beneath the rusty tin flag on the Maice mail box, the ring. Be it said in honor of Elisha's rare restraint that he had it in his possession, in a hot lump, in a cold lump, in the canvas bag upon his chest for a full hour and a quarter before he delivered it. It came in the morning; he would wait until night. But night was an eternity distant; anything might happen; they might both be stricken dead! And with night might come Schindler or Adam or both. He dropped his ax at the woodpile, sauntered slowly under Adam's eye to the barn and through it, then tore across fields.

Of course, though, somebody had to interfere! Elisha dodging from one door to another of the Hoopstetter domicile, buffed full into Mrs. Hoopstetter as she ambled around the corner of the house.

"*Bei meiner seele!*" she gasped, rocking tumultuously. "It's Elisha once! But you look some pale, bubbie. Ain't you anything so well? Did you got a pain at your stummick or wherever?"

Was ever swain in travail to present a love token interrogated as to the condition of his internal organs? Elisha groaned.

Appeared in the window behind him a pink sunbonnet. He cast upon it a glance of despair.

"I see a'ready where I have overstepped myself," chuckled Mrs. Hoopstetter with obscene mirth. "He has got it at the heart still. Not anyways at the stummick."

By lover's guile Elisha abstracted his lady to a position behind the barn, and ensconced her upon a wagon tongue. His fingers, numb with ecstasy, fumbled forth the plush case. The sliding door crashed open behind them. Mr. Hoopstetter strode triumphantly forth, girt with a pitchfork, and bearing a large conical trap in which a small rodent squeaked frenzy.

Elisha rose in stiff-legged rage and retired his companion, squealing delicately, from the arena of slaughter. The animal in his trap could not have felt more baited than did Elisha as he cast a hunted eye about him. The landscape proffered no inviolable shelter; the fields, the flat garden patch behind the house, the family orchard with its leafless trees —— Toward the orchard strode Elisha with the pink sunbonnet in wake.

Arrived to the rear of these puny trunks, Elisha again brought forth the Royal Purple Plush Gift Case. For five days he had been framing verbal sentiments appropriate for the occasion, but the untoward circumstances of the hour and his own overwhelming emotions of the moment choked the words at the thither end of his Adam's apple. He silently extended the box and leaned back pallidly against an apple tree.

The moment was more satisfying, much more, than he had even anticipated. She gave a little cry, then a gasp, then another little cry. She plucked the ring quickly from the box and slipped it upon her finger. "A ring—with rubies at!" she breathed; and kissed it!

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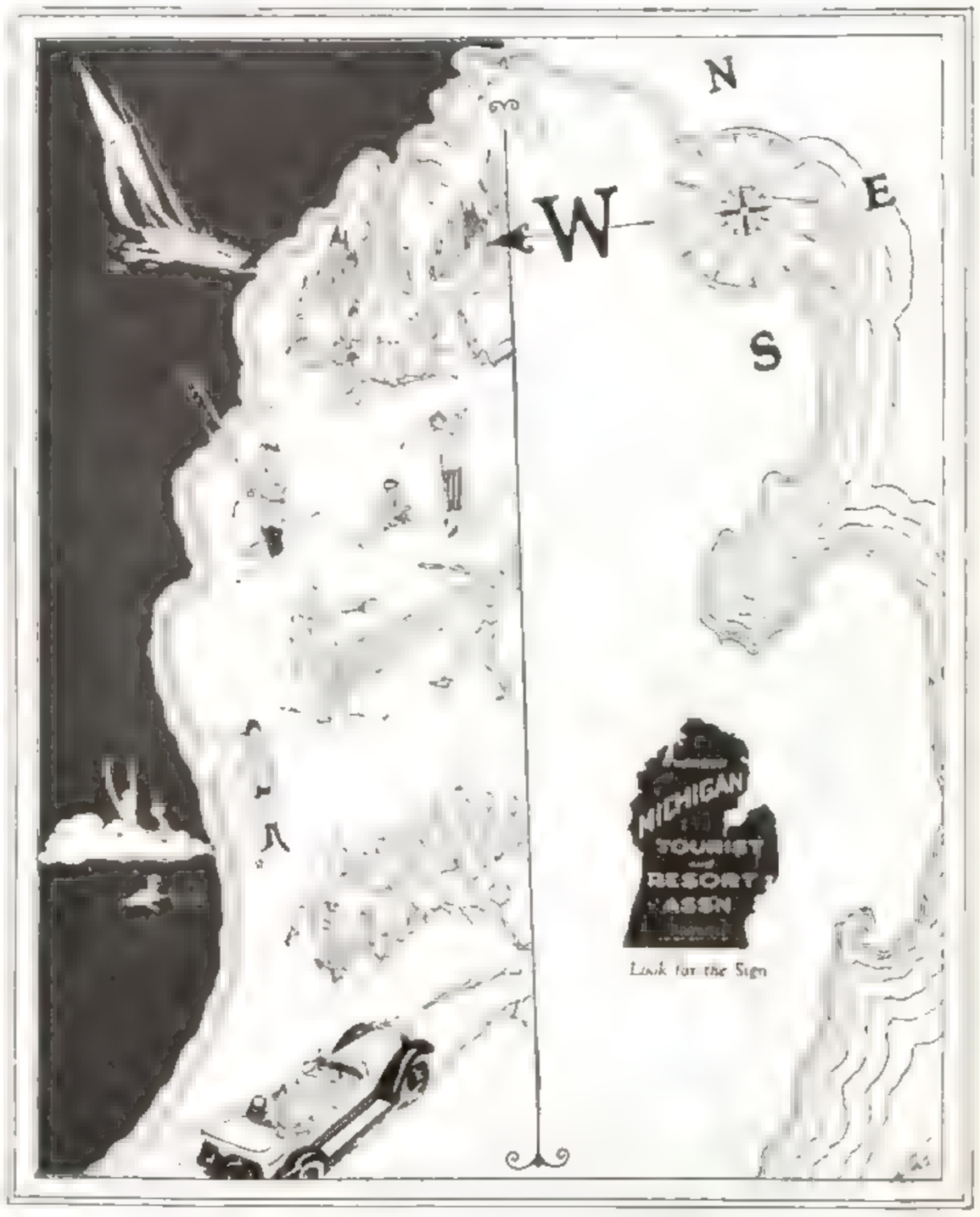

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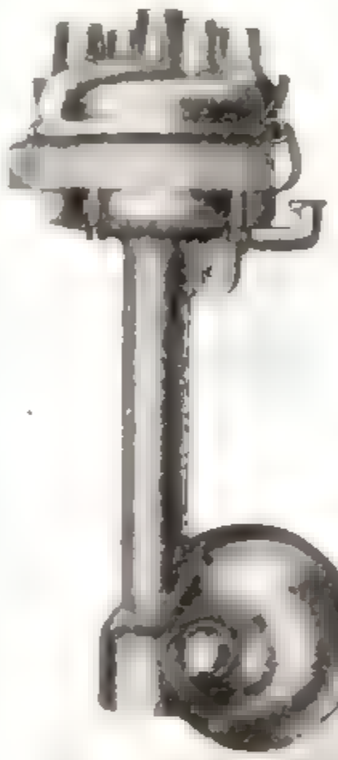

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She flung toward him and reached up her arms. Elisha backed blindly. He took one of her hands and shook it earnestly. She looked up at him, puzzled, a red curl swirling up into her cheeks. She laughed, as though uncertain what to do next; and stood, turning the ring this way and that.

"Ain't it is wonderful? And such a supprise on me! Och, my! Since I am born a'ready, I ain't seeing such a grandness!"

Elisha said nothing. He merely looked, his hand at his throat. It was his moment. Nothing would ever take it from him. He would see it always as he saw it then: The trees with their limbs naked in their sleep, and beneath them the girl, vivid, quivering, a slender lance of life, twisting this way and that upon her pointed toes, her bright glance flashing from him to the red stones upon her finger.

"My, ain't you the swell feller though! And the good guesser yet! I was wishing long a'ready fur a ring with rubies at. It will git me proud to my head, I have afraid, anyway!"

When at last Elisha found himself treading the impalpable air toward the rear of the house, he halted her abruptly at the garden gate.

"Look here," he panted, his green-flecked eyes upon her, "you leave me be your steady friend. Youse won't be leavin' them other two set up by you no more, ain't not?"

The girl went slowly through the gate and faced him across the pickets. "Well, this here is how it goes with me. I am soft-hearted that much that I can't, just to say, go sassing them off. Herbie he's my cousin from—marriages that way; and Adam he's your brother, ain't not?"

"No!" shouted Elisha, and added with dizzy penitence: "Anyways if he is, he ain't no more." He plucked at her sleeve as she turned from him. "But pass me your promise, anyways, where you ain't travelin' with him to the Ewangelical picnic. Nor with Schindler neither. Pass me your word you're goin' with me and not nobody else. Till it comes Saturday a week?"

"Saturday a week?" she mused, chewing the string of her sunbonnet. Then she laughed suddenly. "That I will oncet. I'll go with you and I'll stay with and I'll come home with. I pass you my promise on that!" She glanced over her shoulder, twisted off the ring and clapped it into her pocket. "There's Uncle Willie!" she whispered. "And this here's our secert! Just us both two together! Ain't not?"

For, of course, a Hoopstetter had to churn across that ineffable moment. Mr. Hoopstetter, angrily sideswiping at the ends of his mustache with his side teeth, crossed the back yard toward the tool house. He was carrying the large glass bowl of the hanging lamp.

"Such a wear on the coal oil!" he groaned loudly. "Sooner I git it filled, sooner it goes empty on me agin! I will give them mealymouths dare fur to pack their own oil along, that I will oncet!"

"Sh-h-h!" pierced Mrs. Hoopstetter from the kitchen door.

Scratching exultant ribs, Elisha hurdled homeward. She was going with him to the great social event of the year, the Evangelical Sunday-school picnic! Arm in arm they would parade all day, to the bitter envy of Adam, Schindler and other desolated suitors! And after that, there would be no question as to whom she belonged to; she would be sealed to him and to him only! As he vaulted the last fence he saw Adam swinging his discarded ax. After all, good old Adam! Poor old Adam!

Adam spoiled it all. Leaning upon the ax handle he smiled under frowning brows.

"I'm a-goin' to work and thrash you one if you don't stop pesterin' my girl. Now mind it! And here's somepun else: You got to stop follerin' me nights or I'll give you a shamed face in front of her, for I'll go to work and lay youse ower my knee yet. What do you conceit you are, anyhow, carrot-top? A man a'ready?"

Elisha's eyes darkened from blue to black. His shoulders drew stiffly upward; he lowered his fiery young head like a young bullock and dived straight for his brother's middle. A second later he was being held at arm's length like a helpless manikin. He saw haze. He hissed and drooled.

"Why!" gasped Adam. "Why!" He dropped Elisha. "Poor little brat!" He stared at him in amazed comprehension.

Poor! Little! Brat! Each one an insult. All three, a triple insult.

"I hate you!" stifled Elisha. "I—hate you!"

He did. From that moment he hated Adam as fiercely as he had loved him. And he hated most the things he had loved most -Adam's strength, his good looks, his kindness.

The hate swelled within him as the slow hours of that day passed until it seemed that it was all of him, that there was room for nothing else. But there was. There was room for active apprehension. It was his father who introduced the new agony.

Maice Senior was a stern, silent man. Silent Silas, the county called him. His tongue muscles might have grown flabby had he not exercised them nightly over the newspaper. He invariably read aloud, mumbling the news, droning the quotations. He read even the quotations which did not financially concern hum, such as Drugs and Dyes, Metals, Hides and Leather, Turpentine and Oils. He usually fell asleep midway of Turpentine and Oils, awoke strangling, blew his nose and went off to bed.

This night Elisha, somberly hunched over the stove with his back toward the others, would have been oblivious of anything unusual, had not Adam suddenly clanked down the tools with which he was half-soling Elisha's shoes and inquired in a strange voice: "What was that now? Was the hogs fell agin?"

Mr. Maice droned again: "'Slow, mostly 25 to 50 cents lower. Packer top $6.10. Shipper top $6.00. Packing sows, fairly active, $5.25. Few fat pigs, steady, around $5.25.'"

Adam did not take up his tools. After a moment he ventured: "Then you wouldn't, mebbe, be a-loadin' them this week?"

Mr. Maice snorted grimly and shook his thick grizzled thatch. He adjusted his paper and started upon Hides and Leather.

Still Adam's tools remained silent. Elisha turned startled, bloodshot eyes toward his father and shrilly challenged forth his one remark of the evening: "My shoat's Packer Top, $6.10!"

"'Wet Salted Markets Firm,'" intoned his father. "'Skins Stronger. Tallow Markets Easier. Take off of. Butcher Pelts steady ——.'"

Elisha slept little that night, not at all in the early hours. How could he, with insolvency pressing upon him, blacker than the night about him? Soon, horribly soon, his first weekly payment would be due. He clutched at the canvas bag beneath his nightshirt and tried to imagine that it still contained two dollars and eighty-five cents. But it did not. It contained one dollar and sixty cents. Yet he could not regret the red tie and the red-striped socks which had so devastated his hoard. Had she not said she liked red? He could even, in that sorry pass, have laughed aloud at Adam. Adam had recently purchased a green tie and a hat with a green band. Oh, yes, he was hating Adam as he lay there! He lay on the edge of the bed; he would not have touched Adam's body for the world; he had even considered sleeping in the barn.

He started at a voice in the darkness: "Say, give me the lend of that there ten dollars, wouldn't you? Just till pop goes comin' back from the hogs?"

Elisha lay taut. "No," he finally brought forth.

Adam tossed restlessly. "Aw, now, say! Leave me git the lend of them ten dollars and I'll put a dollar or whatever to it." Silence. "I'll swaller back what I said about my girl, all, if that's what's eatin' you. I give you dare fur to tag me to Hoopstetter's ower."

His girl! Tag him! Elisha projected his outraged self perilously over the edge of the bed. "Take another guess if you think it!" he sliced. "I guess youse couldn't git nothing off a 'poor little brat'!"

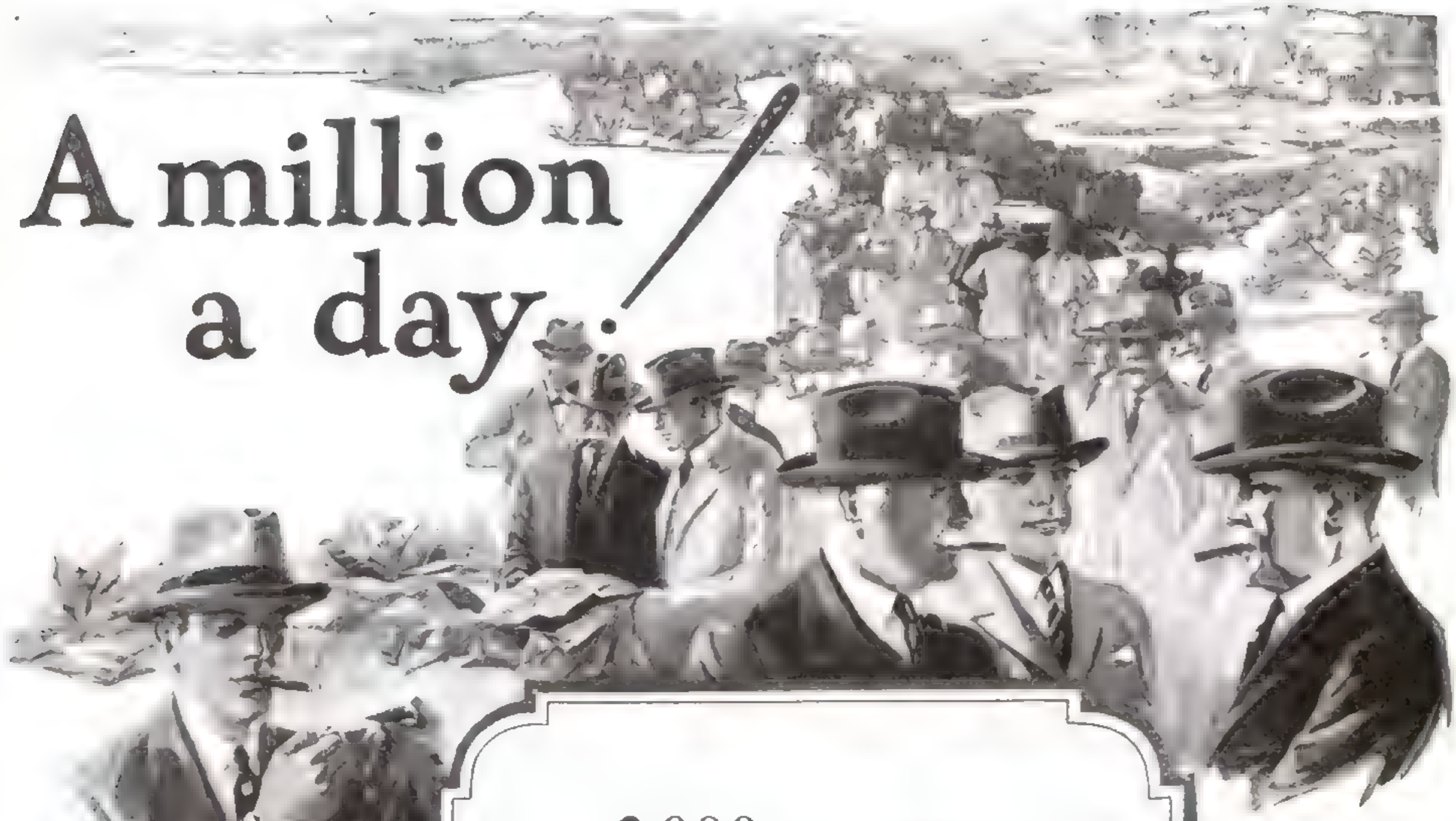
He lay in tremble. For a few moments he heard nothing, felt nothing, tasted nothing, but his own bitter words. He was tense for Adam to speak again. Adam did not. That hurt

He was surprised that Adam, also, was in financial straits. But it was easily accounted for Adam had purchased the top buggy a week after the girl had twinkled into Buthouse County upon her amazing little feet. Adam had gotten the buggy for the girl, and now he had gotten the girl from Adam After all, poor old Adam! He began to hate hating Loving, now, you just couldn't help, it just came But hating tore you. And yet you couldn't stop. You just held on to it. And there you were.

There he was; and the fun was all gone during the days that followed. And yet he

(Continued on Page 97)

A million a day...



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(Continued from Page 94)

had never been so fiercely happy in his life. Fiercely, that was it, when he was with the girl. "I do now take to you that much!" she would say; and Elisha would shiver hotly down his back. But away from her, that was different; away from her, fumbling at the limp bag and speculating as to how long the unknown Mr. Inc would be willing to take all chances; away from her, harking with smitten ears to the evening reports of a dropping hog market; away from her with a strange alienated Adam stumping glumly about house and field. Gone the martial slash of broom and shovel and brush and ax; gone the banter with which Adam the resourceful had imparted a tang to life. "It's time fur to milk the milk!" he was used to yodel as he swung the pail from its high hook and tossed it to Elisha. Now Elisha reached for it in silence, in silence filled it and in silence slopped with it to the spring house.

Once he slanted his tormented forehead against the rough red pelt of the cow, bruised it there, as he thought that he would give anything, even the girl, if he could only tack back to the old happy days with Adam. But that was a black thought, treacherous to the girl; he knew it that night when she took the ring from her pocket, slipped it on and murmured: "My, I do now set awful store by this tony ring! And mebbe I ain't settin' store by youse, too, Elisha!" The rapture of the moment was chilled for Elisha by a curious defection of his eyesight. Glancing down upon the jewels he saw them as green instead of red.

"Why, what is it at them?" he stammered.

Miss Hepple giggled, thrust her fingers into her pocket, twisted from him, and a moment later the rubies flashed before him. "Was you blind or whatever?" she twitted him.

Mr. Inc did not keep him long in suspense—or did he only deepen his suspense? The Old Honest Goldsmith began to use stationery recklessly. Elisha, cannily meeting the mail carrier a full quarter mile from the house, had delivered into his prescient fingers once, twice, thrice, typewritten statements and letters from which emanated a chill formality lacking in the initial correspondence between them.

Stumbling homeward with the latest of these documents, Elisha read and reread the ominous statement: "If the obligation is not paid forthwith, we will take such other and further steps as may be necessary to protect our interests in the matter." How long was "forthwith"? What would be the "steps"? Elisha sagged down under some sumacs to consider these momentous questions

He was presently distracted for a moment. At a point where the mail man's circling detour rejoined the main road Elisha saw Adam striding forth to meet the gig.

He was handed something; he went slowly up the road, head down. Was Adam, too, hailing the mail man surreptitiously?

Elisha returned home by way of the Hoopstetters'. His sojourn under the sumacs had yielded a single forlorn possibility. If it failed, ruin was upon him. But if he could get possession of the ring and return it in hasty loan to the importunate Mr. Inc, would not the jeweler be appeased until such time as he could redeem it? If he could ——

But he couldn't. He saw that at once when Miss Cora Hepple clapped her hand over her pocket and backed from him. "I'm that fond fur it, I would up and die if I was to lend it away!" she informed him.

"Just till it comes next week!" Elisha pleaded desperately. He shifted heavily from one foot to the other, then made terrific compromise with Fate: "Give me it oncet, and I'll change it off fur the Mammoth Complex Dinner Ring. Seven large diamonds. Forty-nine fifty still "

This gave Miss Hepple pause. Her red little mouth quirked, considering. "I tell you," she confided, "I give you dare fur to borrow it at the picnic. Or was you, mebbe, fergittin' to remember I was keepin' comp'ny with just only youse that day?"

Was he forgetting? But—the picnic was still six days distant!

Under the barn rafters that afternoon, upon the haymow, he composed another frantic letter to his creditor. Adam's voice came from below.

"Say, pop, market's up a quarter cent. And the agent at the freight says we could git a empty box car off the siding. I could go drivin' 'em in this after; and youse could start behind daylight tomorrow. He says where he'll go hookin' the car at the freighter where pulls through at four of the A.M. The market might go to work and fall on us agin if we go waitin'."

Elisha stiffened with his held breath. But he could hear only a discouraging mumble.

Ordinarily in the Maice family that would have ended it. "But," Adam's voice whanged nervously, "we're just throwin' good corn into them! We're a-losin' at them day after day. We could git—ruined over them!" This last held the crack of hysteria. There was silence.

Even hating Adam as he did, Elisha could not forbear a grudging admiration. No one had ever stood up to his father like that. But—ruin! And Adam didn't know, and his father didn't know, how closely the ugly word was hovering over the peak of the haymow at that moment. It all depended upon the time in which Mr. Inc would take those portentous steps as to whether Elisha would be crushed beneath them or not.

And yet he did not recognize the steps when he finally heard them approaching. They approached, in fact, upon wheels. Three afternoons later when he was cleaning the stalls, he heard an increasing roar, then a series of dying bangs. He ran to the door.

The male Schindler throned in the barnyard in his small automobile. Adam stood rigid, shovel in hand.

The visitor was exaggeratedly slow as he unbuttoned his overcoat, unbuttoned his coat, felt in one inside pocket and then the other, and finally pulled forth a long envelope. No judge upon tribunal ever looked down upon the docks with more implacability than did Mr. Schindler as his gaze swept from Adam to Elisha.

"I have here a certain legal dokiment which authorizes me to replevy two certain properties described as follows and to wit in this here letter which I hold at the present minute in this here hand."

He paused and again surveyed his quarry with judicial omnipotence.

Adam shook his shovel. "Git it through, then! But speak it in English!"

The visitor stiffened and scowled. "The H. Chadwick Company, Inc., has up and constituted me their attorney-at-law and as such I hereby make demands upon you and each of you for delivery of the possession of said two rings for which you have failured to comply with the contracts you have entered into with said company a'ready. And as aforesaid I now make demands for the conveyance to me of those two certain properties known and described in said letter as rings."

"Rings!" roared Adam. "I ain't never bought no two rings! If your bum comp'ny goes a-tryin' to git any two rings off me, they'll git their heads busted off fur 'em. I went and bought a ring, yes, that much I give you. But I ain't got it by me and I can't git it, and that's all to it."

"There's two defendants in this here action," intoned Schindler imperturbably, "and they're specified in this here insterment as Elisha James Maice and Adam Charles Maice. And if you failure to yield up said rings into my possessions herewith, I will require you and each of you to pay me a large attorney's fee all of which is provided for in said contracts ——"

He stopped, mouth open, and gazed upon his disrupted audience. At mention of their respective names, Adam had whirled toward the pallid Elisha.

"Look here!" he said hoarsely. "You ain't up and bought no ring! Answer me up now! You ain't bought no ring!"

Elisha wriggled futilely under his stout hand. "I guess I had dare to buy it if I wanted to," he said stubbornly.

Adam took his breath on a hissing intake. "You little dopple! Give it up, then!" He shook him. "Give it up! He's got the right to lawyer it off you!"

Elisha's throat was beginning to hurt. "I can't," he choked. His agonized glance flew involuntarily toward the Hoopstetters'.

"It ain't—there?" demanded Adam. "She—she ain't took—a ring—off you?"

Elisha gulped.

Adam's hand fell. He, too, gazed for a silent moment toward the Hoopstetters'; and in that moment faith, hope and even charity died from his face.

He walked slowly toward the machine. "We got the two rings all right," he remarked heavily. "But we ain't got 'em by us. They're ower by—Hoopstetter's."

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The papers crackling ostentatiously between the legal fingers lowered suddenly. The legal person himself metamorphosed before their eyes from the leading and only lawyer in Heitville to a Herbie young man with weak, very damp-looking hair.

"You don't mean—Hoopstetters'?" he fumbled. His incredulous eyes wavered from Adam to Elisha. "Why, it ain't true! I know it ain't true! Why, she told me she ain't got but one—and you never give her that!" He clutched at dignity, at authority. "Get in here!" he commanded. "We will see oncet!"

In the Hoopstetter lane Mrs. Hoopstetter was ambling about a small, freshly started bonfire, prodding it with the handle of a defunct broom. As the equipage with its freight of young masculinity ground to a stop beside her she chastely thrust further within the wreckage a pair of pink stays.

"Was you comin' from seein' her off, then?" she greeted them.

"Off?" squeaked Herbie.

"Off?" bellowed Adam.

Elisha merely formed the O.

Mrs. Hoopstetter reared back in amazement. "To be sure, off. Back on the trainroad to Stutz City. But ain't she tellin' youse? She had got only leave or what you call it fur two months. So, when her off was all, back she had got to go to the fact'ry agin. But, my souls"—her jovial gaze swept from one to the other of the stricken faces in the car—"don't do it to go takin' it so hard now! I ain't a-crying none, nor neither is mister yet." Mrs. Hoopstetter leaned like an oracle upon her staff and thus cryptically spake: "There's comp'ny, that I give you; and then agin, there's other comp'ny. Some such you cry somepun ower; and then agin, some such others you ain't." She turned and jabbed at a phrenetic pirate, who, though the flames were licking about him, still breathed polychrome defiance toward the faces above him.

"But—she can't be gone!" gibbered the demoralized Herbie. "Why, she was going to the picnic with me!"

Adam leaped from his seat. "With you? I guess anyhow not!" He jerked, glowering, toward Mrs. Hoopstetter: "When did she went, then?"

"Well," calculated Mrs. Hoopstetter, "I guess it was, mebbe, ten minutes back a'ready, or either eleven. The hired man packed her to the water tank where you make that way with the flag. Yes, mebbe you could ketch it, Herbie, if you make hurry plenty. But it does now wonder me terrible why she ain't ——"

What she wondered was lost in the startled whir of the engine. But one remark was made during the journey. "She's takin' on water," Schindler gritted as they whirled through a covered bridge and caught sight of the water tank, and at its base a huge dun caterpillar in three segments. Schindler was once more the stern exponent of the law; his fragile machine fairly careened under the weight of his Jovian frown.

Elisha numbly shunted his legs from the car and numbly followed the others around the end of the train. His middle went limp when he saw her. He knew she could explain; he had not lost faith in her for a moment. She was leaning out of an open window; her head was turned from them; she was talking animatedly to the conductor.

"I should guess I ain't from these here jaky parts! To see that, I guess it wouldn't take no dummy. And, say, mebbe you think I ain't glad to git back where it makes more lively."

She saw them, then; at least she saw two of them; Elisha could not drive his wretched self forward. He saw her clap smitten fingers to her face. He saw Schindler grab his papers from his pocket and wave them before her. He saw her red lip curl back over her teeth—but it was not the smile he knew. And after moments he heard her—or did he hear her?—those strident tones!

"The law on me yet! I never heard the likeness! For just only takin' such presents that way! Ain't you the smarties, though? Well, I ain't givin' 'em back, and that's flat enough plenty!"

A red flag of defiance shot through her cheeks; but her eyes blinked with fright. They flew desperately toward the engine.

The conductor laughed. Others began to laugh. Heads appeared in windows, projected out from the platforms. Elisha could not bear it. He sprang forward.

"Don't fault her none!" he choked. "I give it her fur keeps!"

Adam swept him back with a powerful arm.

If she saw him she gave no sign. Her trapped eyes swept him impersonally as they darted this way and that. Her knuckles clenched stubbornly against the window ledge. Then with one of her swift gestures she stripped a ring set with rubies over a burnished nail, stripped a ring set with emeralds over another burnished nail, and dropped them like hot coals into Schindler's upturned palm.

The antiquated engine gave a snort, ending in a long sigh. The train shuddered. The conductor with a cry of warning sprang upon the step.

"Here, you!" yelled Herbie Schindler. "That ain't all! You give up that there other! My ring!"

He sprang toward the steps. The conductor sternly shouted him back. He ran along by the side of the moving train, screaming incoherence. From a window waved a hand with shining nails, and upon it a Mammoth Complex Dinner Ring. Schindler backed toward the tank, staring vacantly.

"Forty-nine fifty! In a lump! Forty-nine fifty yet!"

They all stared vacantly at the train as it puffed angrily from them. No one moved. No one spoke. They scarcely breathed. The tension grew, and grew terrific.

Emotions wound and tangled—tighter—tighter.

Schindler rasped in with a grinding swing of his heel and a scratchy laugh: "The little feist! I'll fetch her yet and twist her that ring off! The skinny little devil!"

Elisha turned glassy eyes upon him. He slowly swelled; he slowly hunched. He lunged toward the legal ribs, striking out with both fists.

Schindler staggered; then with a backswipe of his long arm cut Elisha to the ground. With a roar Adam was upon him. They went down in tight crash.

They clenched and rolled there below the water tank. Elisha wound his arms tautly about his body and danced round and round them. He plucked at them, at Adam and at Schindler; he ached to be wedged between them, battering and being battered.

It was over in a minute, of course. Schindler was no match for Adam. Adam got up and stared down at the other.

Schindler waved his arms like feeble antennæ and swayed to his feet. He felt of his nose, of his forehead. His fingers cruised his pockets.

Adam whipped out a bandanna. "Here, then," he said.

Schindler took it and mopped his forehead. He smiled, and looked down. Adam smiled, and looked down. Without another word they turned toward the machine.

But Elisha had had no relief. He made little whimpering sounds like a small animal in pain. He walked crookedly and he walked past the car.

Adam grabbed him and hoisted him into the tonneau. The fields seemed to tip up on either side and to make a dim funnel through which they rushed.

But it seemed to him afterward that Adam had reached out and had clutched his fingers until they hurt. It seemed to him he had heard him whisper thinly: "You got me anyway! You got me anyway!"

They got out. But the machine hesitated. The legal gentleman, with a red lump hoisting his damp hair in the exact middle of his forehead, hesitated. He looked down earnestly at Elisha.

"You know, there's a proviso in those contracts. It says you can return the goods and select anything else from their catalogue. That's fair enough. There's watches and pens, and things. I might, mebbe, hold onto them rings for a few days."

Elisha walked on into the barn. He turned round and round in an empty stall and looked at it as though he had never seen it before.

Yodeled a voice behind him: "It's time fur to milk the milk!"

Elisha for the first time failed to catch the pail as Adam tossed it to him. But it rolled with such grotesque purposefulness to his very feet that he smiled—crookedly.

-scrub-scrub-scrub!

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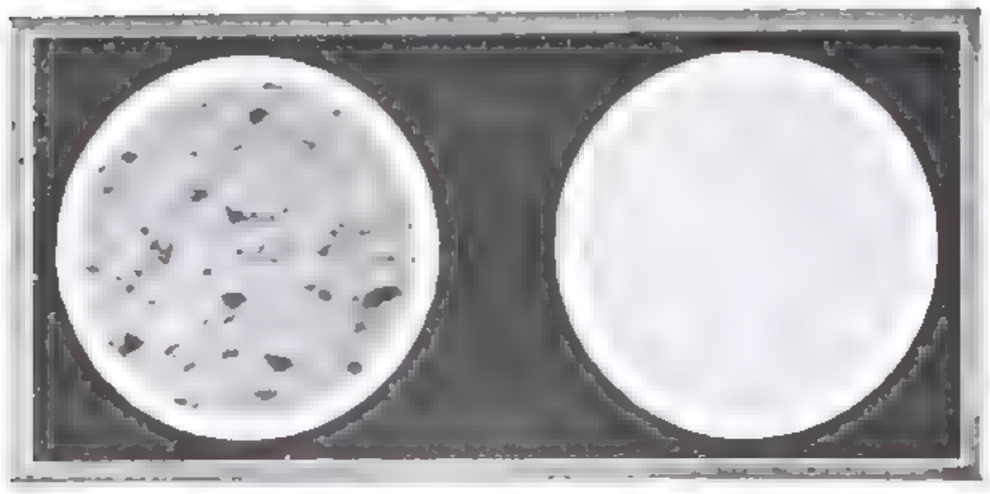

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(To the right) White painted woodwork—the charm of many homes, old and modern. It is easy to keep clean when painted with Barreled Sunlight.

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Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

DADDY DEFRIES

(Continued from Page 21)

"We'll settle that too. You and Ruath come ashore now and clear your ships, to sail tomorrow morning's tide. Meet me at lunch at the comprador's house and we'll all talk things over."

"But, dammit, sir, I only want you to say yes or no!" stuttered Daddy Defries surprisingly. Mackey's white eyebrows rose high.

"At lunch, at lunch," insisted Captain Mackey.

At lunch Helen was excited. Her cheeks were rosy and her black eyes snapped. She had protested hotly when her father told her that the two captains sought her hand in marriage, and that they were to have his opinion as to their acceptability at lunch. She had refused to be a chattel in a game of rewards. But she really did want to see the old gentleman retire. She knew he would continue in harness until she was settled; and widely different though Ruath and Defries were, they were the only two men in whom she had any interest. She had known both since girlhood, and had sailed voyages with them. If her father really urged her to marry one of them, she had no deep-rooted objections. She scarcely felt enough preference to choose. She had met few men in her life. She was a sailor's lass, almost a sailor herself, and could scarcely imagine any life unconnected with ships and sailors. So she accepted the situation, making one condition—she would tell the two captains herself. Now the time had come.

She was a picture of health, eagerness and challenge as she pushed away her table gear and held up one small brown hand. The eyes of the two suitors were fixed upon her face.

Ruath's gray-green eyes flashed as if about to spark; Daddy Defries' had the appearance of steady fires deep hidden behind baffling smoke. Old Mackey, well fed and warmed with wine, sat back, fiddling with a wineglass, a pink spot on each cheek, smiling benevolently over all.

"Listen!" cried Helen quickly. "Dad tells me I'm the bone of contention here. I'm glad. I love a fight. I wish you were more of a size so you could put up a scrap for me, since you seem to think you want me. As it is, I don't know which I like the best. You've both known me since I was as big as a cork fender. You both expect dad to give you an answer. I'll give you my own: I'll marry the winner of the race home!"

Daddy Defries and Ruath stared at her, then glared at each other. This was making the issue an open one with a vengeance. Then old Mackey stood up, capsizing a bottle and hurling down a plate in his haste.

"That's the challenge of a sailor's daughter!" he cried. "Fair, square and aboveboard! And I'll put a head to that, all shipshape and Bristol fashion, by Jupiter! I'll give the winning ship to my lass for a wedding portion! Now may the best man win!"

Excited as he was, old Captain Mackey was not excited enough to say he would give the ship to the winning skipper. But neither man noticed that. It was a sporting proposition, with comfortable stakes. Right there at the table, either man would gladly have relinquished all claim on the ship for a certain claim on the sparkling girl sitting there beside them

But Daddy Defries wanted to know something. He was aware that Ruath's ship was a little faster than the Wavecrest all around. That didn't worry him much. He conceded no man superiority in seamanship. He could afford to give Ruath that much advantage. But it would make a huge difference to him which ship had the honor of taking Helen Mackey home in the race. His face betrayed his feelings as he put the question. Ruath grinned at him. Once the heat of the moment had passed, Dominic Ruath had begun to think seriously of his real interest in the proposition. He was in love with Helen—with the savage, animal urge that is but a thin line removed from lust—and he would relish her as his mate. But after all, he would prefer to use her as a means to secure that fine ship she would own. For that he would go all out to win. Because of that, he did not care much if Helen decided to take Defries' ship. A woman had no place in a clipper-ship race, in Ruath's opinion. But he was careful not to show his feelings

"I know," said Helen. She was all alight with keenness, now the race was arranged. The greater the element of chance, the better she would like it. Since she herself was the stake, and had no decided bias, at least as far as she knew, she wanted chance to rule utterly in making the conditions, and wanted only seamanship and hard sailing to decide the issue. "I know. Call the table boy. Ask him to name the two ships in the anchorage. We'll sail home in the first one he names."

Nothing could be fairer. The Chinese boy was called, the question put. He grinned, rubbing his hands.

"Waveclest ——"

"That's enough," interrupted Ruath. "You win, Defries. Make the best of your good luck. I'll come aboard and take Helen from you when you arrive home."

He laughed loudly and got up from the table. Helen was chattering to the boy, and as Ruath rose she laughed merrily.

"A good omen for you, Daddy Defries!" she cried. "The race is as good as won!" She glanced mischievously up at Ruath. "Sam Fat says he can't pronounce Seahorse. Isn't that a scream? All right, Sam Fat, we sail in the Waveclest. Tell your master to have our baggage fetched from the hotel and put aboard right away."

Dominic ostentatiously shook hands with Daddy Defries before making his farewells to the Mackeys. Daddy went soberly on board to prepare for his passengers, and to see that all was ready for starting on the race which meant all to him. Ruath's boisterous merriment over his chances rang in his ears long after he entered his boat at the riverside steps. Daddy could afford to let Ruath laugh. In his mind there was now no trace of uncertainty regarding the outcome. His priceless smile wreathed about his eyes and mouth as he gave the steward his orders. His soft, low whistle penetrated to every corner of the dim, cool saloon as he went over his documents and put all in order for going to sea.

Mr. Tubbs, first mate, personally went all over all three tall masts of the Wavecrest before evening. He was an old shipmate of Captain Ruath. He believed he ought to have had command of the ship instead of Daddy Defries. But Daddy had told him of the race, of the tremendous stakes; and as a good first mate Tubbs took it upon himself to make sure that every bit of gear aloft was sound. He stopped Mr. Goodwin, the capable second mate, and the young third mate, saying he would personally see to the inspection. But Goodwin was a whole he-sailorman too. As soon as Tubbs came down and went below to wash up, reporting all perfect, young Goodwin went aloft like a monkey and did in half an hour what Tubbs had done in two hours. When he came down he spoke eagerly to the third mate, then also went to wash up for the evening meal, for the owner and his jolly daughter were to be present. It was while supper was proceeding that Mr. Tubbs made his report about the perfection of the ship's lofty top hamper.

"I saw to it myself, sir. No fear about it," he said, and said it with the air of a man who dares argument.

Daddy Defries nodded his approval. Old Mackey, still warmer with more wine, though not in any manner under the influence, beamed appreciation upon such a conscientious officer.

"I think you missed the seizing of the fore-topsail brace, sir," Goodwin put in.

He was there, at supper with the rest, at Mackey's special request. The third mate was sufficient to keep a deck watch. Old Mackey always used to give his officers a treat once in a while. Goodwin's face was in his plate as soon as he spoke, but Daddy Defries darted a glance at Tubbs, and there was little softness in the glance. It was incredibly keen. Tubbs' roughened red face was a picture of amazement. He looked as if he could cheerfully chase Goodwin right there at the table. Helen was smiling happily. She loved a conflict, and just for an instant she had caught in Daddy Defries' eyes the flash that told her he was a fighter for all his sober exterior.

"A fore-brace seizing is a very important matter, Mr. Tubbs," said Daddy gently. "See to it, please."

"I put it on, sir," said Goodwin, catching Helen's laughing eye and coloring confusedly. "I looked to everything, sir. I thought no precaution was too great in view of the race."

Not even the unmistakable hatred of Mr. Tubbs, evinced in every line of his scowling countenance, could erase from young Goodwin's heart the memory of the smiling approval he had seen in the dancing black eyes of Helen Mackey as he left the saloon.

A fresh breeze rippled the river in the early dawn. Two stately ships sped seaward, propelled by tugboats, making sail as they sped. The Seahorse first overranged her towrope, sailing too fast for the little steamer as snowy sail after snowy sail billowed and stretched from her yards and stays in the creeping sunlight. Aboard the Wavecrest the crew seemed unaccountably loggy. The great topsails had been mastheaded without a song, and with much intense, subdued profanity from the active second and third mates. Mr. Tubbs on the forecastle head appeared not to notice anything unusual, although there was no cheerful homeward-bound chantey at the capstan when heaving in the anchor. Daddy Defries knew; and he furtively watched Helen, all silent anxiety to see if she revealed by trace or sign where her heart might possibly lay. Old Captain Mackey had not bothered to leave his snug bed to see a dawn sailing. But Helen, the prize, meant to be on deck to see the race. And whether she cared either way or not, as far as the men were concerned, she did care that the ship on which she sailed was letting the other ship forge ahead.

"Stir 'em up, Daddy!" she cried. "Make 'em sing out! If I'd thought this was going to be a procession I'd have gone in the other ship. I don't mind so much being behind at the start of a race; but if it's a procession, then I want to be leading it. Tell the mate to stir 'em up, darn it!"

"The men look dopey," Daddy said. "They're good men. Can't understand it."

He blew his whistle and beckoned the mate to come aft. Mr. Tubbs sauntered along the main deck. Daddy met him before he had mounted halfway up the ladder, and spoke to him quietly, and at no great length; but when they separated again, Mr. Tubbs hurried forward much faster than he had gone aft, and Daddy Defries had a grimly set jaw and eyes that smoldered angrily. Tubbs paused for a moment to speak to Goodwin, then ran up to the forecastle head. There was a stir; half the men left the capstan and tumbled down the short ladder to join the men at the fore-topgallant halyards. They were clumsy, looked foolish, but young Goodwin got something out of them they had refused to show before.

"Start a song, somebody!" shouted the second mate. "The lady says this is a race, not a funeral. Sing out, you cripples!"

A grinning seaman rubbed a dirty hand across his dry lips.

"Ho, blow, my boys, I long to hear you!"

he roared. A mournful chorus, weak and unwilling, scarcely accented the haul:

"Blow, boys, blow!"

Mr. Goodwin thumped the nearest men. "Are you men?" he cried. "See that roaring bully yonder showing you his stern? What sort o' men are you, anyway? There's sailormen aboard the Seahorse, by the jumped-up jee! Look at the little lady aft! She's asking Daddy Defries what army hospital he dragged you out of! Sing out, men! Somebody's been feeding you sour pap, just like you were helpless little babbies. Sing!"

"Ho, blow, my boys, and blow forever!"

yelped the chanteyman hopefully, and there was more sound in the chorus:

"Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

"Ho, Congo she's a mighty river!
Blow, boys, blow!
The fever makes the white man shiver!
Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

The three topgallant sails were set; and then Mr. Tubbs, his anchor stowed, ran up two jibs, while, aft, some men hauled out the spanker. Immediately came a sharp toot-toot from the tug. The Wavecrest was running over her line. Time to cast off. The Seahorse no longer forged ahead. Seaward the whitecaps mottled the green water and the pilot boat danced among them, waiting for the first ship to discharge her pilot.

"This is better!" cried Helen, clapping her hands, almost dancing in the elation at holding the other ship at last. "Pile on sail, Daddy Defries! Throw out the muslin! Oh, darn it, don't I wish I were a man! Ruath is setting his main skysail! Daddy, you're letting him make a monkey out of you!"

Daddy Defries smiled slowly. His ship was holding her own. She would lose a trifle when she hauled up to drop the pilot, but after that he had little fear. Ruath had already got rid of his pilot and his three skysails were almost mastheaded. Daddy Defries was glad because Helen had revealed her thoughts.

"You hope the Wavecrest wins?" he smiled. She met his sober, grave smile, and blushed faintly pink.

"No!" she cried. "I'm sorry I'm not on the winning ship! I hope the Seahorse does win! You're too slow!"

"It's early in the race," he replied gently. He had seen something that made him hesitate to drive the men unduly. They were so obviously befuddled that he knew nothing better than confusion could result. A few hours in the open sea air would alter things, and there were many leagues of wide ocean to race over. "I'm bound to win, Helen," he said; and that slow, wreathing smile broke over his seamed face, transfiguring it. Helen was gazing at the pilot boat, now waiting for the ship to shake her sails, and missed the magic of that smile. She only heard the words. She was peeved.

"You're not the winning kind!" she snapped without taking her eyes from the pilot boat.

Daddy was watching the helmsman gently easing the ship into the wind so that the pilot boat could come to the boarding ladder, on which the pilot already clung with his feet in the water. So Daddy only heard her words without being able to watch her face.

"You're not the winning kind. Who ever heard of a man going to ask a father's consent before making love to a girl? That's speed, isn't it?"

Daddy heard and grew hot. He had done that very thing because in his old-fashioned code it was the only thing to do, in respect and courtesy. To be twitted about it was painful. It aroused the deep devil in him. Still watching his ship and the boat, he flung at her:

"Must I apologize for doing that, Helen? I believed it the proper thing to do. I understand Dominic Ruath did the same thing."

"He did! He did it because he wanted to be sure he wasn't going to offend the owner of the ship he commands!" snapped Helen impulsively, turning around and flashing her dancing black eyes full upon him.

He turned to meet her look, gloriously astonished at her outburst. But as their eyes met, Helen seemed to realize what her words might easily be thought to imply. She blushed warmly, flung around again, stared fixedly over the sea for a moment, then admitted defeat. She ran past him with bowed head and vanished through the saloon companionway doors.

"Bear away on your course, helmsman!" said Daddy Defries softly. The Wavecrest gathered speed again. As she bore away more, bringing the wind abeam, staysail after staysail fluttered up the stays between the lofty masts; a creaming wave rose higher at her keen stem, falling over in a glossy curl of blue and white with a gentle hollow murmur. The Seahorse was still ahead, but little, and was not gaining a fathom. Daddy Defries paced his spick-and-span deck, whistling musically. He whistled Maimuna. His queerly old face was alight with subdued fires. He stood for a few minutes at the forward poop rail, while the three mates rallied the crew into completing the hanging up of the gear. The thin, bald, sharkish cook leaned from the weather door of the galley, stirring a huge pot of mush, staring at the whistling skipper. The bulbous-nosed bos'n peeped around the fore side of the galley to stare, and the sight of his red, putty-nosed visage alongside the garfish-like countenance of the doctor proved too much for the staid, disciplined risibilities of Daddy. Daddy almost laughed outright as the mate ascended the ladder to take charge of the deck. Mr. Tubbs stared, but received the

(Continued on Page 105

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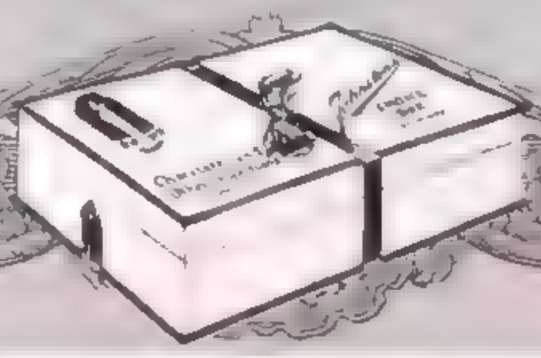

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(Continued from Page 100

course given with a curt repetition and made no comment. Daddy went below to prepare for breakfast.

"Don't seem to worry, does he?" grinned Mr. Goodwin, coming up beside the mate. "There's quite a stake in the race, I understand."

"No use worrying when he hasn't a chance from the start!" retorted Tubbs sourly, and turned his broad back.

Goodwin glanced at the Seahorse, piling up a roaring bow wave a mile away, and wondered. He was one of many hopeless admirers of Helen Mackey. He knew his case was hopeless. He had tried not to feed his feelings with futile thoughts. But he knew that if he were in Daddy Defries' shoes, with that dazzling prize to be won, he would show a bit more concern, at least while his rival held the lead, however slight.

For days the two stately clippers sailed in sight. Old Captain Mackey, after showing more or less keenness for three days, took to his big chair and book in the saloon, leaving orders to be notified when something happened worth while. Helen, too, seemed to have lost interest. The breezes had fallen light since leaving the river. The Seahorse had gone out of sight ahead on the second day, only to reappear on the lee quarter two days later. Daddy Defries whistled and sailed through calms as he did through tempest. He knew that Ruath could do no more with a ship than he could. But Daddy did wish that Helen had shown more interest, even though the race was not yet really in full career. It seemed as if she truly had no human feelings in the matter of her disposal whatever.

But Helen was not quite so indifferent. She buried herself in a deep lounge deck chair, with a book or sewing or knitting, it was true. She rarely spoke to Daddy; never about the race. But she was keenly alive to every happening just the same. Her chair was set by the lee rail of the poop, her feet rested on the coil of the main brace. She heard the murmur of the running seas along the hull. She knew when a brisker puff struck the canvas, because the lee chains dipped deeper and the sibilant swish of broken water grew to a deeper note, a roar. At such times she would glance swiftly up, and always see a glittering cascade of spray drops volleying like diamonds high over the weather bow. She tingled deliciously to hear the sharp pattering of hurled water in drenched canvas. It thrilled her to hear the hiss and burble of the creamy scupper wash as the ship leaned to the breeze. She took in every little trick put forth by Daddy Defries to give his ship the last ounce of drive from the fluctuating winds. And when it was safe, she stole into the chart room to note the ship's progress on the chart.

Hard winds followed the wavering breezes. Then Captain Mackey came on deck. Then Helen donned oilskins and sou'wester and stood where the sprays flew, radiant with excitement; for the Seahorse had been sighted from the masthead squarely abeam. It was the first time the ships had come together in more than a week. Daddy Defries studied the heavens intently. Helen thought he ought to study the other ship. But he knew what he knew, did Daddy Defries. Young Goodwin remained at the mainmasthead for an hour, hailing the deck at every move of the Seahorse.

"She's setting stuns'ls for'ard, sir!" yelled Goodwin, and Helen gripped Daddy's arm excitedly.

Daddy briefly told the second mate to come down, still with his sober gray face turned to the windward heavens.

"You can carry stuns'ls if he can, Daddy!" cried Helen.

Her black eyes snapped. She was all glistening with spray jewels, rosy like a dawn flower. Daddy whistled softly, shaking his head, smiling ever so gently. Goodwin reached the deck.

"Take a small pull on the braces all around, mister," said Daddy. He motioned to the helmsman and the ship's course was changed a trifle toward the Seahorse. Not much, but sufficient to make studding sails useless and to bring staysails into use.

"Oh, you're an old woman to race a ship!" cried Helen angrily, and flung away from him.

Daddy cautiously followed her until she had a grip on the rail, for the deck was wet and the ship had a motion. He never lost his slow smile. He even smiled at her anger. He had plotted his course, had taken full cognizance of the weather, and was gambling all upon his hunch. The Seahorse was sailing direct on her course, carrying studding sails, foaming through the seas like a live thing. The Wavecrest staggered with yards braced in, aside from her Mercator course, apparently heading into a black bank of dirty weather.

But in an hour, when the ships had lost sight of each other on divergent courses, under blacker skies, even old Captain Mackey came up again to see what was doing. Daddy stumped his poop, an old sou'wester tied down on his head with rope yarns, his long oilskin coat flapping about his legs, his solemn face puckered up until the eyes were like specks of fire in a gray mask, whistling through his teeth into the face of a gale that screamed athwart the curdling green seas and drove the Wavecrest through them roaring and groaning in her stress. Mr. Tubbs and Mr. Goodwin were both on deck. They were expecting the ship to roll down or something to burst. Yet neither would utter his thoughts while that queer gray figure stumped up and down, back and forth, whistling, smiling.

Helen came on deck and was whipped into Daddy's arms by the wind. He set her down by the mizzen fife rail gently but with amazing strength. She flashed one look at the long-sweeping surges, at the thundering torrent bursting alongside where the chain plates plowed up the lee seas, and one long, fascinated glance at the tremendous towers of sail. Then she looked with a new light in her eyes at Daddy Defries. Her lips were red and moist, and she smiled.

It was time for Daddy Defries to go below. He took a last look around him, carefully read the vernier of the mercurial barometer and briefly ordered Mr. Tubbs to take in the three royals.

"They only bury her," he said, ignoring Helen's glare of fresh contempt. "She can carry the rest very well, or drag it."

He went below and cleaned up in readiness for dinner. To look in upon him one might have thought he had already won the race and was dressing to receive his prize. Old Mackey did look in, did make the remark.

"Might as well say so, Captain Mackey," smiled Daddy, and astounded the old gentleman by laughing outright.

Daddy Defries had never been heard to laugh outright by anybody then aboard the Wavecrest. But Daddy had a reason. In the days of studding sails, few mariners were hardy enough to diverge from a straight course and studding sails to jam into a gale, no matter if the divergence carried them fair along a Great Circle track. Daddy Defries had done so, and every time his ship buried her rail, every time the lee clew of his foresail slashed through the seas, it was a fresh vindication of his hardihood.

"Yes, Captain Mackey, you might as well say so," he said.

The hard breezes lasted a full week. Daddy Defries never changed, even though his daily position, plotted at noon, showed him that the Seahorse would have to be making a much better run than the record to be even with him. He stumped his poop, whistling, whimsical, every sense alert for advantage. Mr. Tubbs tried to look elated, because young Goodwin and the third mate made no secret of their elation; but Mr. Tubbs kept glancing aloft with an expression that plainly announced that if something did not carry away it ought to.

Old Mackey made a great pretense of keeping a watch. He began to claim some credit for the ship's fine showing. Helen was on deck from early morning to late at night, and she had ceased to utter contemptuous thoughts aloud. There was something of puzzled respect in her black eyes whenever she looked at Daddy Defries. And he treated her so coolly. One would never imagine that she was the prize in a tremendous contest and he a champion contending for her. That attitude of his piqued her sorely.

One blustery evening when a sea filled the main deck with uproar and made the clipper reel, Helen was hurled from her feet straight toward the lee rail. Daddy Defries caught her. He caught her snug and tight in his unbelievably powerful arms, staggering to retain his own footing. She let herself go, cuddling close, for she had been a tiny bit frightened at the fierce suddenness of her peril. Daddy carried her to the fife rail and set her down. He did not offer to make her secure; did not warn her to go below to safety. He knew she was a sailor's daughter, and she was glad that he refrained from those two things. But neither did he offer to take the slightest advantage of his opportunity while he held her so close, with her spray-dewy face upturned to his. His eyes may have been a trifle brighter, but his smile did not change.

"Cold as a fish!" she breathed, in chagrin when he left her. But when she undressed that night she found bruises on her arms and shoulders where he had held her. When the light was put out and she was snug in her bed, she stole her arms to her lips and kissed those bruises.

The weather hardened. The wind changed direction until the Wavecrest was forced to make a long tack toward the track the Seahorse had taken. Daddy Defries carried sail until the mates refused to undress when turning in. And five days after changing course the Seahorse came in sight again, close-hauled on the other tack. Mr. Tubbs sighted her. He was aloft ostensibly to overhaul the gear. Daddy Defries had every bit of rope that was subject to strain carefully examined every day. Mr. Tubbs was so excited that he almost fell as he shouted the news. But he stayed aloft and completed a more than usually keen inspection; stayed until Daddy Defries ordered him down from aloft to tack ship.

"So you didn't gain much, did you?" said old Mackey gruffly.

The Seahorse was coming on fast, not more than five miles behind.

"Gained five miles," smiled Daddy, and gave the orders for putting the ship on the same tack as the Seahorse.

Tacking ship lost almost a mile; then the Wavecrest settled down to sail again.

That night a royal backstay parted in the collar. The ship was heavily pressed. The slender royal mast snapped and hurtled to the deck, bringing the royal yard and skysail yard with it. The crew labored through a full watch to clear the wreckage, while Daddy Defries kept the deck and sailed his ship rap-full.

"Better ease her, cap'n," said Captain Mackey.

"Send up the spare royal mast, Mr. Tubbs. Get the yards crossed again as quickly as you can," said Daddy Defries quietly.

The mate grumbled, saying something about overworking men. But the men did not growl. They belonged to a racing clipper.

Toward morning one of the weather-jib guys parted and the long jib boom buckled, the straining jibs tore at the stays, thundering until they shook the ship to the keel when their luffs sagged on the loosened gear so much that they were all in the wind.

"Bring her up and ease her! Rig preventer guys, mister! Hurry up!" said Daddy Defries.

He stood beside the helm himself, for in his lexicon "easing her" did not mean letting the ship stop. He was racing. So the clipper looked into the wind's eye while her crew toiled heroically in the pouring seas at the bows to secure the jib boom so that their ship might speed again. And relieved of much side pressure, the ship rolled. She slid and dipped as the great seas swept up, raised her, passed under and went on. So deliberately did those long seas roll up, under and pass on that unless they caught the ship midway of a recovery and crashed aboard the busy crew gave them no heed. Those seas seemed lazy. But one such lazy sea rolled up out of the slate pit of dawn, lifted the ship—oh, ever so gently, so slightly; and before it passed it dropped fifty tons of seething fury into the main deck and tore men and gear loose with a grimness nigh ludicrous. Chicken coops fell apart, scattering fourscore clucking fowls to the winds. A hatch tarpaulin ripped. A hatch tore adrift, admitting water into the hold. A spare topmast burst its lashings in the waist, driving like a javelin of wrath through the galley, where the shark-faced, bald, skinny doctor was struggling with a wood fire under an acrobatic coffeepot. The terrified doctor dropped his pot, darting out of the door. The sea slammed the door, nipping his foot between it and the sill. The scream that went up was the only sound that rose above the sea's thunder.

Daddy Defries heard it. Nobody else did. Every other man on deck except the helmsman was fighting for dear life in the welter forward. Daddy moved. He seemed as deliberate as ever. But before the scream had well died out he was battling his way through the torrent, avoiding the charging

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spar, until he reached the galley and extricated the whimpering doctor. He tore the man free and battled his way back to the poop, carrying him to safety.

"Mr. Tubbs cut them stays, cap'n!" sobbed the doctor, who believed he was dying.

Daddy Defries smiled gently, laid him down on the poop and examined a crushed foot that was no cause for alarm.

"Better heave to, cap'n!" cried old Mackey, running up in his night clothes at the crash of the spar, looking pale.

"What is the matter?" whispered Helen, creeping from the companionway, pale but bright-eyed in the watery dawn.

"Nothing's the matter," said Daddy Defries. "Dress this foot for the doctor, Helen. Send the steward up, Captain Mackey. Tell him to fix the coffee for the men."

Then Defries blew his whistle. The mate fought his way aft, and before he reached the ladder the jib boom snapped, the head gear fell slack, the jibs came down like broken wings, the ship swept into the wind and the race appeared over. Defries said not a word to the uneasy Mr. Tubbs until he had let go all the after sails and fought the ship off the wind before she was taken flat aback.

Then, with Mr. Tubbs still at the ladder head, Daddy Defries tersely said, "Go to your cabin, Mr. Tubbs. You are relieved."

Tubbs stood amazed. Captain Mackey protested. The ship was in extremity. The chief mate was needed. Tubbs caught the hint. He put his case to the owner right there.

"Go to your cabin!" said Daddy Defries.

Mackey stepped forward, but Daddy pushed him aside. Tubbs ignored him, a hand out to the owner. Daddy Defries caught the hand and Tubbs cringed under the grip.

"The owner is only a passenger," Defries said. "Go below, sir!"

"I'll put you where you belong, Defries!" blustered old Mackey. "You are casting away my ship!"

"I am racing for a prize, sir," returned Daddy Defries without heat. "I shall order you to your room if you meddle. Go below, Mr. Tubbs!"

The mate obeyed as if some unheard voice had told him that his disloyalty to the ship he sailed in, in the interest of the man his captain sailed against, was in some mysterious manner known. And while she bent over the shark-faced doctor's injured foot, Helen stole a glance of new respect at the sober gray figure already busy retrieving the disaster that had befallen his ship.

In broad daylight, while the Wavecrest lay hove to under repairs in the diminishing gale, the Seahorse stormed past her not half a mile distant. At her signal halyards she made a communication hoist of flags which repeated Dominic Ruath's promise to come and fetch Helen when the Wavecrest limped into harbor. Daddy Defries whistled as he read the message. Then he called all hands aft and repeated the message to them. They looked across the seas at the flying Seahorse, then up at their gray, quietly smiling captain, and growling luridly at the foolishness of such a delay, floundered through the streaming main deck back to their jobs.

Thirty days later the Wavecrest sailed fairly briskly through the variable winds above the trades. An untrimmed, square spare topmast was heavily lashed to the bowsprit, doing duty for a jib boom, and every sail in any way resembling a jib strained at full stretch upon it. Queer makeshifts bellied full from every yard and stay. Clear water gushed copiously across her decks from the pump spouts; weary men worked the pump brakes up and down, up and down. Yet there was no lack of spirit in their song as they pumped:

"Mizzoura she's a mighty river.
Awa-ay, yo' rollin' river!
Oh, Shanadore, I'll love yo' ever.
O-ho, we're bound away,
Crost the wide Mizzoura."

Stuns'ls billowed out on either side. The clipper snored through the smooth sea, scarcely leaning. She bore plentiful signs of hard usage. There were shroud knots in some of the backstays; the main hatch was crisscrossed with lashings. A boat was tied up, just a bundle of staves on the gallows. Some of the canvas was split, all of it patched. The sailmaker had a gang of men sewing; the bos'n and third mate were climbing over the lofty spars looking for weaknesses. Old Captain Mackey trod the poop nervously. He had remonstrated ever since the first mishap, advising Daddy Defries to ease up. Helen had grown strangely silent. There were dark circles around her eyes. The Seahorse had not been sighted since that slate-gray morning when she flung her braggart signal to the gale. Helen followed Daddy Defries with her intent gaze wherever he moved. She had been piqued because he never altered in his attitude toward her. Always that slow, stealing smile, that soft, musical whistle. When she stormed at him he smiled more sunnily. When she ignored him he let her go. But never was he out of reach when seas were roaring. She had suddenly begun to feel shy and diffident in his presence. She had never felt that way with Ruath, or with Daddy before. Now, silent, subdued, she strained her eyes upon the far horizon ahead. When night came with a speckless sea rim, her eyes closed reluctantly.

A warm sunlight poured all about the clipper, painting her in glossy black and mauve and gold. Boys polished her brass; between spells at the pumps, pulls on the braces, jigs on halyards, the weary men painted and tarred uncomplainingly. Swift squalls raced athwart the sea; there were feverish moments when the ship tore through the seas like a trampling stallion. Then Daddy Defries whistled loudly, watching his stuns'ls crack. Mackey stood by, muttering; but Daddy had grown unaccountably deaf. Then came a yell from aloft.

"The Seahorse ahead, sir!"

Men clambered into the rigging, peering forward. Helen sprang into the mizzen rigging with a glass, hanging precariously to the ratlines while she focused upon the distant speck. She stumbled and fell the last six feet, returning on deck, and Daddy Defries was there to catch her, and to smile that slow, whimsical smile into her flushed and excited face.

"Oh, can't you set more sail, Daddy?" she cried.

"If we can hang on to what we have we'll do well," he smiled.

The sailmaker and his gang sewed faster. Mr. Goodwin took his watch all around and sweated up every halyard and sheet. A tearing rain squall roared down upon the ship and she seemed to leap through the short seas. A stuns'l blew to rags. A boom cracked like macaroni. The squall raced ahead. It overtook the Seahorse, ripping stuns'ls from her like pieces of washing from a line. Old Mackey buttoned up his jacket, shrugged his shoulders and approached Daddy Defries. Daddy walked away, whistling softly.

"Send up a new boom, Mr. Goodwin. Sails, hurry up with that stuns'l!" cried Daddy.

Helen clapped her hands; her black eyes began to dance again.

"Land ho! Dead ahead!" roared a voice from the fore-topgallant yard. Then, "Seahorse is taking in all stuns'ls, sir!"

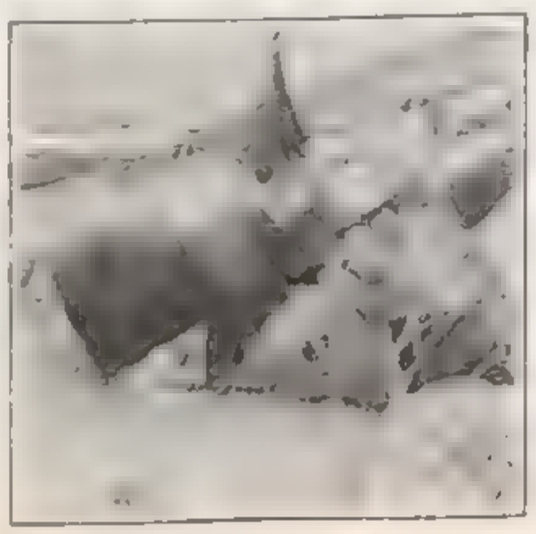
Squalls were marching down the wind like a regiment of blue-black genii. A white ridge of foam rushed along in the van. A forerunning puff tore loose the fresh stuns'l from the men in the top and wrapped it around them like a shroud. Helen gazed anxiously at Defries.

"Leave the pumps, men! Lend a hand with that sail!" shouted Daddy. "Lively, my lads! Bear a hand! D'you want the Seahorse to fly signals at you as you creep in to anchor?"

"Daddy Defries, you're splendid!" breathed Helen, her eyes all snapping.

"He's an idiot. I'll take the ship away from him soon's we get in—if ever!" snorted old Mackey.

Daddy Defries whistled. The new stuns'l was set and the ship surged forward



with a thundering of seas about her stressed hull. The squall passed. The next one came. Sails began to burst like gossamer. But the ship crept up on the Seahorse, whose stuns'ls did not go up again until the squalls passed. The Wavecrest's men worked like maniacs. From gantline to outhauls they rushed; from braces to pumps. Singing out, roaring a chantey, swearing stoutly and flinging ribald challenge to the black heavens. Old Mackey grew nervous. He had accustomed himself to thinking of Dominic Ruath as his future son-in-law. And the Wavecrest was sailing, sailing. The ships were not more than two miles apart; the Wavecrest was creeping up; the land was in plain sight ahead.

When the last squall blustered over, leaving the sea brightly blue and the skies smiling like lovers' eyes, the Wavecrest was at the flanks of the Seahorse, and creeping up. Under the loom of the land the smoke of a tug made a dusky feather. Every telescope or pair of glasses in the ship bore upon the ship ahead. Even old Mackey was imbued with the thrill of the tremendous finish to the race. His old eyes glittered. Every time the Seahorse gained a fathom he slapped his leg and grunted. But Daddy Defries was now steering his own ship. The Seahorse's gains stopped. The tug was but a mile off and the Wavecrest slowly stole toward her.

Then Helen cried out, "There's a man swimming! Look! He fell overboard from the Seahorse and they are not stopping for him!"

Daddy Defries glanced at the sea, at the bobbing speck that was a living man, slipping astern. He glanced at the Seahorse, for the moment holding her own; at the tug, now greeting them with her whistle. He met Helen's questioning eyes and his sober face went haggard. Old Mackey was staring at the Seahorse and the tug. In five minutes the tug would decide which was the leading ship, sheer over to her and the race would be done. It was a moment to thrill even him, no matter where his sympathies lay.

"In all stuns'ls! Stand by to lay the main yards aback! Clear away the quarter boat!" shouted Daddy Defries, and his teeth snapped shut with a harsh click.

Helen started toward him, then stopped with a little cry, went to the nearest life buoy and cast it out toward the swimmer. She again focused her glasses upon the bobbing speck and held it while the Wavecrest rounded to the wind and came to a stop with crashing and thundering of canvas.

The tug hooted. She sheered over to the Seahorse. From the trucks of the winner, her sails swiftly crumpling down, a triumphant string of flags fluttered. The race was over.

"Why, it's Toby!" cried Helen excitedly, as the swimmer, almost spent, clutched at the ring buoy and went under. The boat was lowered and picked the man up; then the Wavecrest slowly fell off to her course and Daddy gave up the helm to a seaman, taking his place at the poop rail, softly whistling, haggard and unsmiling.

Helen took care of Toby, kneeling over him, listening to his incoherent gratitude, and her black eyes began to snap and blaze. He was saying something more than thanks. He was whispering a tale of sharp practice. He told of hearing words spoken aboard the Seahorse which hinted that Mr. Tubbs would see that the Wavecrest could not win. And he told of facing Ruath boldly with his opinion; of being beaten up, near murdered; of plunging into the sea to escape and being allowed to drown unless Daddy Defries stopped for him.

Old Captain Mackey sensed that something was amiss. He looked troubled. But the race had been sailed and won. A promise was a promise. He went over to Helen as she stood up, her piquant face aflame.

"Well, lass," he said, "the race is finished. It's not the finish we all expected, is it? We'll call it off if you feel you don't want to marry the winner."

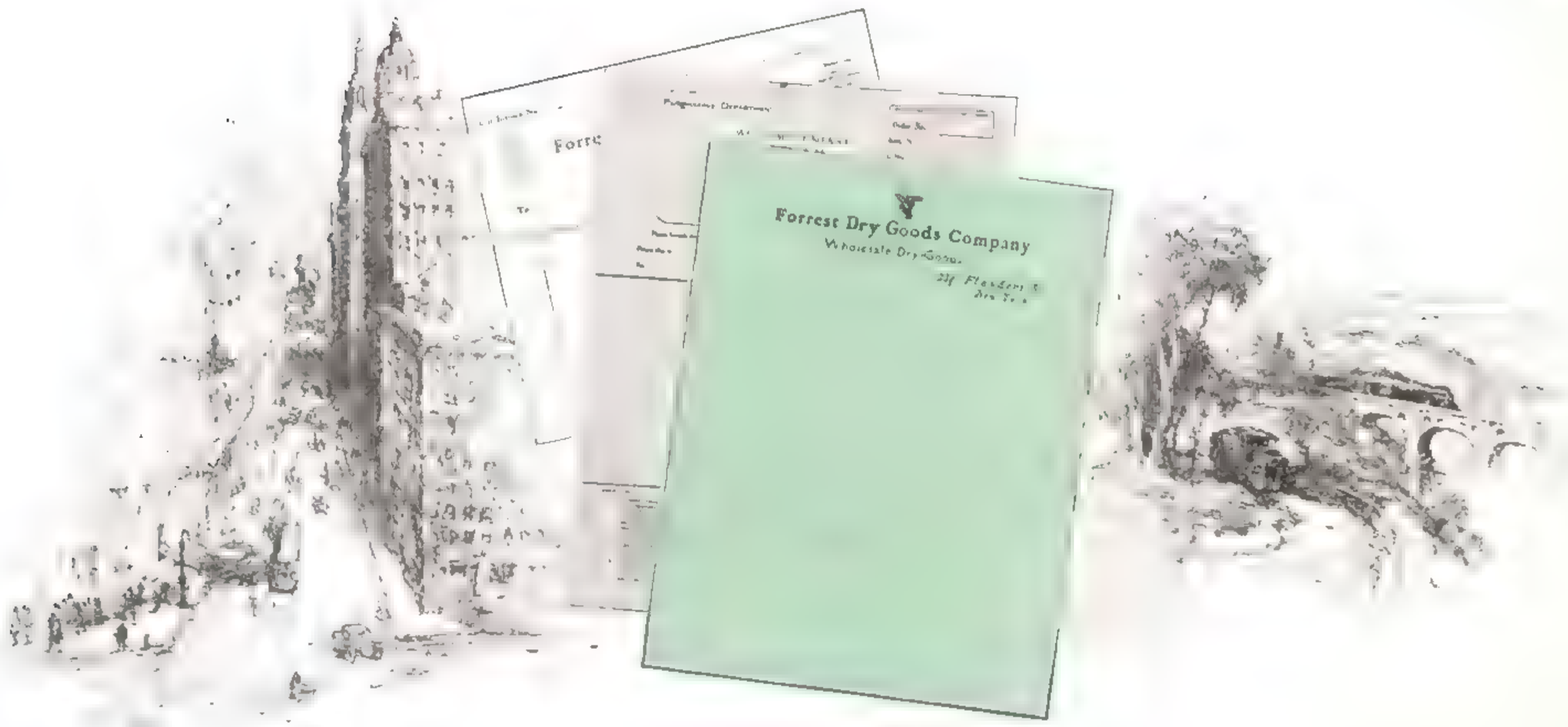
Helen looked at him queerly, then at Daddy Defries, bravely standing there at his post whistling in defeat.

"Just try to stop me'" she cried.

"Ruath won, girl," her father reminded her uncertainly, following her gaze, which was fixed steadily upon Daddy Defries.

"I marry the winner and he gets the ship!" she answered. "You have a talk with Toby!"

And with her face all shyly blushing, and her black eyes limpid and soft, she ran to Daddy Defries and kissed him on his dry salt lips.



803

Business seen from a distance is largely a matter of movement

FROM the top of a cliff or a high building, all business seems a series of movements. All work seems to consist of changing the shape or the position of things.

Business *is* movement. Movements of men, movements of money, movements of goods, movements of ideas.

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E 924

THE CIRCLE

(Continued from Page 12)

program, after everyone had cheered this year's team individually and collectively, and given a dozen or more nine long Harvards during the intervals, the toastmaster called upon "the bright particular star of last year's team who is trying to play the part of the modest violet—old Doc Hitchcock."

Jordan started. As all the eyes in the room were turned toward the man sitting beside him he felt for a moment in the limelight himself. He was quite as flustered as though it had been he who was called upon. But Hitchcock rose and without affectation made his little speech.

"I'm only an old grad now," he said. "We've all come here to honor this year's team—the only team that counts except next year's team. Personally, I'd hate to get into a game against either of them."

"From what I hear," said the toastmaster as Hitchcock sat down, "the doc hasn't lost anything of his pep. Old grad or not, he isn't yet sufficiently out of condition to make it safe for anyone to try to slip around his end."

They gave nine long Harvards for Hitchcock and called upon someone else. Suddenly Jordan felt as though he were looking at the table through the wrong end of opera glasses. No one called on him. Why should anyone call on him, either as of the present or of the past? But Hitchcock had spoken of next year's team.

"Say," said Jordan, "I have a boy who along about 1922 ——"

II

JORDAN was not trying to excuse himself, but as far as he could remember no one had ever shown him the ropes. His father, Harvard '70, after graduating from the law school, had settled in a small upstate town, where he had married and been blessed with five children. Jordan was the last one and had been allowed, within decent limits, to go his own way; not so much because of any greater confidence felt in him, but rather as the result of lowered vitality on the part of his parents. Even when his father did attempt to inspire him with good advice, it was in a half-hearted way—a sermon that had already been preached four times. When his mother tried to carry on with his music as she had done with the others, it was not with her old-time spirit. At the end of the second year she left him entirely to his teacher. Even the little drumming he had picked up in this fashion helped him in college, although of course there were forty men in his class who could play better. And this ratio held true in nearly everything else, including scholarship.

Looking back, it was clear he had as much out of college as he deserved. If no one knew him, it was because he had done nothing that made him worth knowing. Every position had been thrown wide open to him, but he had not availed himself of his opportunity. He might possibly have been able to figure even as an athletic hero had he tried for one of the teams. Clark, who at the start showed no more promise than he, succeeded in making his letter in baseball. Outside this field there had been plenty of other openings—on the college papers, in the dramatic and musical organizations and in the various positions as manager. Recalling the men who had won these prizes and so received recognition in the class, they were not, with few exceptions, possessed of any unusual ability. On the basis of general intelligence he could without egotism compare himself favorably with them. They had nothing more than he except the wit to exert themselves.

This squared, too, with his later experience. Those who crowded past him in the business world were not, on the whole, marked by extraordinary ability. Since leaving college he had not seen more than two men of peculiar genius, and in both cases certain defects more than offset their gifts. The big fellows were distinguished more by self-confidence and energy. If as a freshman he had known what he knew today he could easily have been one of them. Now they had a lead which it was difficult to overcome in a race where every day counted. Even Hitchcock had this advantage, though two years younger—because two years younger.

But—and here was the big idea that put new life into Jordan—this boy of his, Jordan, 1922, had even a greater advantage over Hitchcock. Those small hands that looked so weak and empty held tight a gift which could not be wrenched away: a probable future twenty years longer than that of even this younger man. Here was something which could be estimated by insurance figures. The company was prepared to interpret this in terms of dollars and plot it out on a chart according to the law of averages.

It was not this end of it, however, which interested Jordan. He never had measured and did not now measure success wholly in dollars. It was a matter rather of power—of prestige. He respected the man who raised himself above the mass. The contempt he felt for himself was the contempt he felt for the dub; for him who ran sheeplike with the crowd when he had the opportunity to be among the leaders. This opportunity had been given to him and he had thrown it away—wasted it. He saw clearly enough now when it was too late. It was the fact that most men did see too late which gave to the few their chance. What Jordan proposed was to pass this knowledge on to the boy; to graft his own tardy experience upon the lad's youth.

Impatient as he was to begin, there seemed to be nothing he could do to advance his plan during those early years. The combined efforts of his wife, the family physician and himself were fully occupied in merely keeping the child alive. It was weeks before they found a diet that agreed with Jordan, 1922, and then when he did begin to respond he had the croup and fell off again to skin and bones. In succession, with only intervals enough to allow him to get back into condition, the little fellow wrestled with whooping cough, two different kinds of measles, scarlet fever, mumps, a dozen sore throats and countless so-called stomach upsets. Finally, at seven, he had his tonsils removed and after that sailed along on a fairly even keel. But Jordan, with a shudder, remembered one or two nights when he would not have bet a nickel on those insurance statistics that gave the boy a probability of life of sixty years. For a long while the memory of that nerve-racking struggle had a curious effect upon Jordan. It shifted his values. The one important thing was to keep the boy alive; just that and nothing more. He was going to school now and was a year behind his grade, but that did not matter. If he as much as sneezed in the morning, Jordan had him stay out. Mrs. Jordan was more sensible at this time than her husband.

"He can't afford to miss any more school," she declared.

"I don't care if he never goes to school," he answered brusquely. "The trick is to keep him well. Besides, if he gets too far behind I'll tutor him."

"You'd better start right away on his spelling," she advised. "It's something terrible."

"Give him time. He'll come along," he replied with confidence.

So he did, physically. At ten he was a wiry, tow-headed lad as hard as nails and with what appeared to be a considerable store of surplus energy. This revealed itself in the amount of wreckage strewn in his path. Jordan was nearing the final installments on the house, but it was an open question whether by the time his home was fully paid for there would be any home left. The boy had furthermore become multiplied by eight of the neighborhood children organized into a ball team known as the Cypress Street Tigers. Their playing field was the small area in the rear of the Jordan house reserved by the architect for the clothes yard. Third base was in a direct line with the kitchen windows. After the gang had broken a half dozen panes here, and Ed, Harvard, 1922, had knocked a home run into the sitting room of the Thompson house next door and nearly killed Grandma Thompson, who sat there peacefully knitting and dreaming of the past, Jordan barred the team from the back yard. But this forced them into the street, where they were in constant danger of their lives from passing automobiles, or into vacant lots where they clashed with the police. Ed won considerable local distinction by being brought home one day by a stalwart bluecoat who threatened on the next offense to arrest him for trespass. Mrs. Jordan was frightened into hysterics.

"It's better to let him break windows than be sent to prison," she wept.

"Nonsense! At worst he'd only be fined," Jordan comforted her.

Nevertheless, Jordan was worried. The boy was not progressing as fast intellectually as he was physically. There appeared to be no relation between the two processes of growth. His weight and color improved, but his capacity to spell correctly remained relatively stationary. If there were more words which he could spell, there were more, as his vocabulary increased, which he could not spell. This adverse ratio held true also in his other studies. The present appeared to be the time for Jordan to begin his tutoring. The present, too, appeared to be the moment for Mrs. Jordan to start the boy on his musical education, already overlong delayed.

Jordan's plan for giving up an hour every evening to this task of teaching, for which he was not particularly adapted, presupposed some ambition on the part of his pupil to remedy a manifest weakness, just as Mrs. Jordan's earnest efforts from two to three of every afternoon assumed a desire in the boy to perfect himself in a valuable social accomplishment. On both points the parents were greatly mistaken. Young Jordan, Harvard, 1922, at his best merely submitted; at his worst he rebelled.

"Gee, whatja think I am?" he demanded of his father.

"There's no question at all about that," answered Jordan. "It's more to the purpose to ask what you think you're going to be. From now on I want to see you push ahead. Your mother and I will do what we can to help you, but we can't do it all."

Jordan had never tried to teach, but he undertook the work with confidence. As he understood the profession, it consisted in these elementary grades of nothing more complicated than the assignment of lessons, followed by a checking system. At the end of a month it began to dawn on Jordan that he was the only one getting anything tangible out of this daily hour. For the first time in his life he was able to spell both "receive" and "until" with that perfect confidence which comes only of true knowledge. But the boy apparently stood still, forgetting every day what he had learned the day before. This net result scarcely seemed worth the time, considering the further fact that before the end of each lesson Jordan invariably lost his temper.

"Good Lord!" exploded Jordan one night after he had sent the boy to bed following an especially irritating session. "What's the matter with him?"

"Teaching calls for a lot of patience," his wife answered noncommittally.

"Patience? At the rate he's going he won't get into Harvard until he's a hundred. How's he coming on with his music?"

"He's making some progress," she replied.

The one thing for which she could be thankful was that Jordan was out of the house during that painful hour. She was a woman with steady nerves, with a great deal of common sense, and with a real fondness for music; but there were moments when she thought she was doomed to lose all three of these valuable attributes. One half of every hour was wasted in explaining to him over and over again why skill on the piano would in the end prove more serviceable than skill in baseball; a quarter of an hour more was consumed in keeping him before the keys by threatening an appeal to his father; and the last quarter of an hour used in guiding his reluctant fingers.

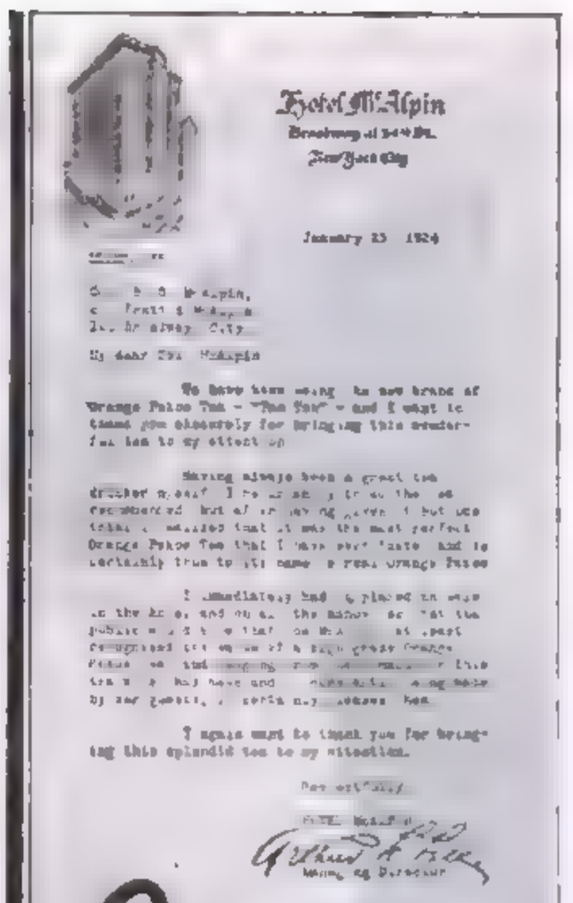
"I hope that in time ——" she began.

"In time we'll all be dead," he broke in.

Jordan did not deliberately stop his tutoring. The undertaking died a natural death and, before he was conscious of the change, had ceased to be. Mrs. Jordan was on the whole relieved, and said nothing. But she continued with the boy's music. This was a nerve-racking task, but women seem made to endure that sort of thing.

III

THE boy continued to grow—physically. At fourteen this process was absorbing a good share of his energy and strength, but somehow he managed to graduate from the grammar school. As nearly as Jordan could judge, this advance did not connote any especial intellectual ability in his son, but came about naturally, like long trousers, as a result of his being tall enough to be in the high school. He took his place in the F, or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fair, grade with the great body of his classmates and remained there. Every now and then Jordan awoke from his lethargy and tried to spur the boy on, but Mrs. Jordan issued a warning

"He is growing very fast now and we must be careful," she insisted.

Every day at half past two she sat down at the piano with him, but she had acquired the habit now of knitting. Undoubtedly this saved her nerves, for though perforce he showed some progress, the period had long passed when she could hope to make of him a virtuoso. At this time he was playing like a secondhand mechanical piano, and even in jazz did not possess the technical proficiency of the average young lady who demonstrates the latest popular successes in the cut-rate music stores. However, as she consoled herself, as soon as he passed this critical stage he would probably wake up

By his senior year Ned Jordan did awaken to new interests, but these consisted almost wholly of dancing and the movies. He had grown by now into a good-looking chap; tall, thin and straight as a sapling. He had, moreover, an intelligent face, and as a result of the constant attention of his mother, rather polished manners. The immediate effect of his fine appearance was to make him exceedingly popular with the young ladies of his class. Jordan could voice no protest against this. He himself was proud of him, and supplied the boy with enough money to dress well, although this became a considerable item.

The youngster began to shave that winter and it was this that woke up Jordan. It seemed to him as though the lad had grown into a man overnight. He was to take his Harvard entrance examinations that June, and if he passed them would next fall be a full-fledged undergraduate as Jordan himself had been only a few years ago. This was an amazing fact.

Within a period of months this baby would actually be Jordan, 1922. It was scarcely less than a miracle.

Hitchcock was assistant office manager now, with several younger children of his own, and one morning Jordan reported this discovery to him.

"Great stuff," said Hitchcock with as much enthusiasm as he could be expected to show. "What will he go in for?"

"I don't know," Jordan answered uneasily. "But I want him to go in for something."

"Right," agreed Hitchcock. "I have a boy—the older one—who can tackle me off my feet already."

"What year will he be?" asked Jordan.

"Twenty-five."

That gave Jordan, '22, the advantage of three years. Only he was not qualified for football. As a matter of fact, he was not qualified for anything in particular. Somehow, after grammar school, he had drifted out of athletics and had not drifted into anything else. However, it was not too late, as Jordan tried to make the boy see.

"Get out for something, if it's only the debating team," he advised.

But with the debating team, as with the other teams, there were those who had kept in line from their freshman year and had the advantage of this early training.

"What's the use, dad?" the boy asked. "I haven't a chance."

"You've more of a chance if you try than you have if you don't," his father answered.

"Not much more."

Jordan did not like that. It sounded too reminiscent. However, the boy passed his entrance examinations in June, which made him in reality Jordan, '22. And Jordan, '99, was so pleased that he forgot everything else.

IV

JORDAN realized that in the press of business during the last ten years he had neglected to do for the boy a good many things he intended to do, but he tried to make up for this in the summer of 1918. He talked to him at every opportunity with just one object in mind—to give him at the start the right point of view.

"Don't make the same mistakes I made," he warned. "There's no need of it. Take advantage of all the knowledge for which I've paid and don't get sidetracked."

"What d'you mean—sidetracked?"

"Just that. Out of the thousand or more of your classmates there'll be about a hundred who will make everything worth making."

"I know—the big prep-school bunch," answered the boy.

"Some of them will be. That group has an advantage in training, especially in athletics. But you'll find plenty of dead ones among them, and more that are half dead. That's your chance. This reduces the amount of competition 50 per cent at the beginning. Of the remaining half, at least 20 per cent, though bright and energetic, won't know enough to get out and try. Of the 30 per cent left after this automatic pruning, there may be 5 per cent with exceptional qualifications—the stars in different lines. But even some of these men will fall by the roadside and others unheard of yet will take their places. However, it is from the remaining 25 per cent of plain average men who know enough to get out and try that most of the selections will be made. It's that way year after year, in college and out."

"It sounds easy," the boy commented somewhat skeptically.

"It's just as easy as it sounds, and if you don't believe it—well, you're going to make it just that much easier for someone else."

"But what in thunder can I do?"

"I don't know. You don't know. If you can't do anything now you'll be given a chance to learn. Your mother tried her best to give you one real asset in your music, but you threw that away."

"You didn't go so far in music yourself," the boy reminded him.

"No, I didn't," Jordan admitted. "I've been sorry for it ever since, and I've told you so. Before long you're going to be sorry in your turn, but it's too late now to remedy that particular loss. I didn't go very far in college, either—just dubbed along with the crowd—and I've been sorry for that too. But right here is where you have an opportunity to correct in your life the mistake I made in mine—not repeat it as you did in your music. You're man's size, Ned, and ought to begin to think like a man."

Jordan could not be sure whether he made any impression or not. And yet the proposition was so sky-clear that, once pointed out, it did not seem possible that anyone could fail to act upon it. The boy was going a four-year journey over a road his father had traveled blindly and the latter was starting him with the benefit of that experience. No one but a fool would discard such an advantage.

Now Jordan, '22, was no fool. He heard almost anything his father said, and on the whole believed his statements to be true, although before the end of the summer he became somewhat bored with them. Of course, too, his father was leaving out of account a great many things he did not know. Today was not '99 and a good many things had changed since then. He was not prepared to say just how, but this was a conviction that grew upon him the more his father talked.

It was a proud day for Jordan, Sr., when, with Mrs. Jordan, he escorted Junior to the station and saw him off for Cambridge—the prouder because this undertaking had called for a consistent sacrifice. College expenses had jumped so rapidly in the last decade that he had been obliged to double the amount he laid aside, and the only way to meet this was to go without. Neither he nor his wife, however, was to be pitied. This moment alone was compensation enough, for Jordan, '22, was nearly six feet tall and looked every inch a man. Mrs. Jordan wiped her eyes once or twice as the boy, anxious to be off, prepared to step through the gate; but this did not mean anything. Jordan grasped his hand and said, "Good luck, son," in a somewhat choky voice; but this did not mean anything, either. A few seconds later the boy passed out of sight to his new venture and his parents returned to the old venture.

"It's awful lonesome," trembled Mrs. Jordan.

"He'll be back before you know it," answered Jordan.

"He seems such a baby in spite of everything."

"Nonsense! He's a man and—well, I have a notion he's going to make you mighty proud."

"I'm proud enough now," she said.

V

JORDAN, '22, went through his freshman year well enough, although he did not particularly distinguish himself; but, of course, here his opportunities were limited. He was not athletic enough to make any of the class teams and did not try. Then, arguing that the best positions of manager

Continued on Page 112

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(Continued from Page 110)

open to freshmen would go to the big prep-school men, he did not try for those either.

"Think I could make those jobs against Exeter, St. Mark's and Groton?" he asked of his father as they talked things over during the Christmas recess.

"No," admitted Jordan. "But the experience would be worth while."

"I'd just look foolish," answered the boy.

This seemed to be the attitude he took during his sophomore year, when the whole field of college activities was thrown open to him. He had by then his own little crowd of half a dozen men who lived near him and with whom he dined at Memorial—Carter, Manning, Johnson, Buckley, Simmons and Williams. Ordinarily they sat together at the games and gave in chorus their nine long Harvards at the mass meetings. Or sometimes they went in town together to the musical shows. They were a decent enough lot who found their days filled with the ordinary routine duties of college life and it was easy for Jordan to get along with them without making any especial effort.

He was a junior before he knew it, and then a senior. It was astonishing how rapidly the months and years passed. In the meanwhile he had kept up with his work, although he had several narrow escapes, for the courses, as his father was obliged to admit, were a good deal harder than they had been in his day. The new concentration system called for unbroken honest study and could not be trifled with. Jordan, '99, took this into account when with some disappointment he saw the boy remain during that last year on just about the same plane as that upon which he started. The many offices were distributed without considering him in the slightest. Nor was he elected to a single club. His friends were still Carter, Manning, Johnson, Buckley, Simmons and Williams, who, with a thousand others, made up the body of the class. None of them knew, except by sight, the class-day officers or those whose names figured so prominently in the class-day program.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan came on in June and wandered around the campus with their big son, who looked very academic in his long black senior garb with the mortar-board hat. They were formally introduced to Carter, Manning, Johnson, Buckley, Simmons and Williams, who were just so many more long black robes and mortar-board hats. They watched the procession form in the yard and smiled at the old grads of the celebrating classes who came back in all manner of odd costumes. Mrs. Jordan picked Ned out of the thousand other men in line and proudly kept her eyes upon him, but Jordan was watching the small group up front who were managing the show.

"Why the deuce isn't he up there?" he growled out loud.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Jordan.

"Ned."

"Don't you see him? He's in the middle."

"Yes—in the middle," answered Jordan. "But, good Lord ——"

"I'm sure he looks very handsome," she interrupted.

Then the band started and the procession began to move around the yard to cheer the old buildings, Loring, the marshal, leading

A Quarter of an Hour More Was Consumed in Keeping Him Before the Keys by Threatening an Appeal to His Father

VI

JORDAN, JR., had nothing definite in mind when he came out of college and so he took the first job offered, a position with the Rivington Realty Co. Evans, the general manager, was a Harvard man and a friend of Hitchcock's, and it was through the latter that the opening was made, although Evans was very favorably impressed with young Jordan's appearance. The firm dealt only in the better class of New York real estate and took some pride in the fact that all its representatives were college men.

Ned began his new duties at once, which at the beginning consisted of nothing but clerical work; but to hear his father introduce him to his business friends on the 8:10 train, which they took together at Oakdale, anyone might have thought the boy was president of the organization.

"Bartol, let me introduce my son. He's with the Rivington Realty Co."

"You don't look old enough to have a boy that big," answered Bartol.

"He graduated from Harvard last June," Jordan announced with pride.

This was in July, and even then to Jordan, Sr., the important feature of Ned's college experience was the fact that he was graduated. All the rest was a matter of the past, to be laid aside for this new interest and the promise of the future.

"Evans started right where you're starting," Jordan reminded him. "All you have to do is to get in with both feet and the world is yours."

"You don't expect me to buy up Fifth Avenue the first month, do you?" demanded Jordan, '22.

"No; but keep your eyes wide open and see how much extra work you can find. Evans is a hustler and will appreciate a live man. There are not many of them in any office."

Jordan was as genuinely interested as though he were a young man again himself and had been offered a fresh opportunity. Out of that sheer interest he questioned the boy in detail every night. He wished to know every incident from the time Ned went into the office in the morning until he came out at five: what he was given to do, whom he met and what he said. More often than not, Mrs. Jordan asked the same questions over again at the dinner table. It was her recreation after spending three hours preparing for him just the kind of things he liked.

For a month Jordan, Jr., was very decent, but after that these questions bored him.

"Gosh, dad," he broke out on the train one night, "when I'm through with the office I like to be through. Besides, it's the same old story day after day."

"I suppose so," answered his father. "I'm just curious."

By November, Jordan, '22, was pretty well acquainted with most of the office staff and often did not go home to dinner at all. He liked to stay in town and dine here and there at the lively cafés with Danvers or Patten, who antedated him a year or two in the company. Sometimes the three finished the evening at a movie, so that it would be after midnight before Jordan reached Oakdale. Mrs. Jordan always sat up for him in spite of his protests.

A little later Jordan varied this type of amusement by taking to dinner Miss Hemway, Cartwright's stenographer. She was rather a pretty girl who gave a good deal of attention to her personal appearance and who liked to dance. Slight, blue-eyed, self-confident, she took a fancy to Jordan because he looked the gentleman and she felt quite sure she had nothing to fear from him. She was living with three other girls, one of them an artist, in a small apartment off Washington Square, so that she was quite independent.

This was a new experience for Jordan. He had known from childhood a dozen girls in Oakdale, and while in college he had met the sisters and cousins of some of his friends; but Miss Hemway appealed to him as a discovery of his own. There was an element of adventure here that stimulated them both. It was surprising how quickly he was calling her Edith and how naturally she addressed him as Ned. Before long he considered any evening wasted which he did not spend with her.

He had spoken of Edith to his mother, and at the latter's suggestion he brought her down on Christmas Day to have dinner with the family. Not even Jordan, Sr., found anything to criticize in the girl, although he was upset by the whole affair.

"He's just bullheaded enough to go ahead and get married next," he growled.

"Well, after all ——" began Mrs. Jordan.

"On forty dollars a week! You know what that means!"

"Yes," she smiled; "I know."

"It's the end of him as far as his future is concerned."

"Was it the end of you, Ned?"

There are not many women who at fifty can kiss their husbands with real affection. Mrs. Jordan was one of these.

"Ned, dear," she said gently, "you must be very careful what you say to the boy just now. It's a critical period of his life and he'll have to work through it himself."

And Jordan, '22, did—in the usual way. He was married in February and began housekeeping in a tiny flat in the Bronx.

VII

ONE afternoon in June Jordan dropped in at his father's office, evidently in some excitement.

"Dad," he said, "do you want to get in on something big?"

"No," answered Jordan, '99, firmly, "I don't."

"But this is good! Patten got the tip through one of the firm's big clients. It's a copper mine in Mexico and this man is letting in a few of his friends. The stock is selling now for around five, but in six months — "

"It probably won't be worth a nickel," broke in Jordan. "They haven't got you, have they?"

"I've managed to scrape together a hundred. But if I had a thousand—say, I'd be on Easy Street. It looks as though I'd need some extra money in the spring."

"Eh?"

"Edith expects ——"

Jordan, '99, felt something the same thrill he had felt twenty-odd years before, and something of the same fear. He reached for the boy's hand.

"Fine!" he said simply. "Only, for heaven's sake, save your hundred! Or better still, put it into life insurance. You are protecting your wife now, but what will happen in case of your death?"

"Gee, you're a hound after business!" laughed Jordan. "Do I look as though I meant to shuffle off?"

"No; and you have youth in your favor; but in spite of that ——"

"Let's be cheerful," insisted Jordan, Jr. "Now you put a thousand into the Little Wonder and in a year you'll be able to retire. Patten says that in six months it ought to go to seventy-five."

"So it ought, Ned; but it won't. It cost me five thousand dollars to find that out, and I'll pass on the information to you for nothing. Just use your head a little. If that mine was as good as you say it is there wouldn't be a share of the stock on the market. The big fellows don't have to go to the little fellows on certainties."

"This is an inside tip."

"They all are. For the love of Mike, keep away from it! I learned this for you twenty years ago and paid the bill. If I had put all the money that that experience cost me into a savings bank I should be independent by now."

Jordan, '22, shook his head.

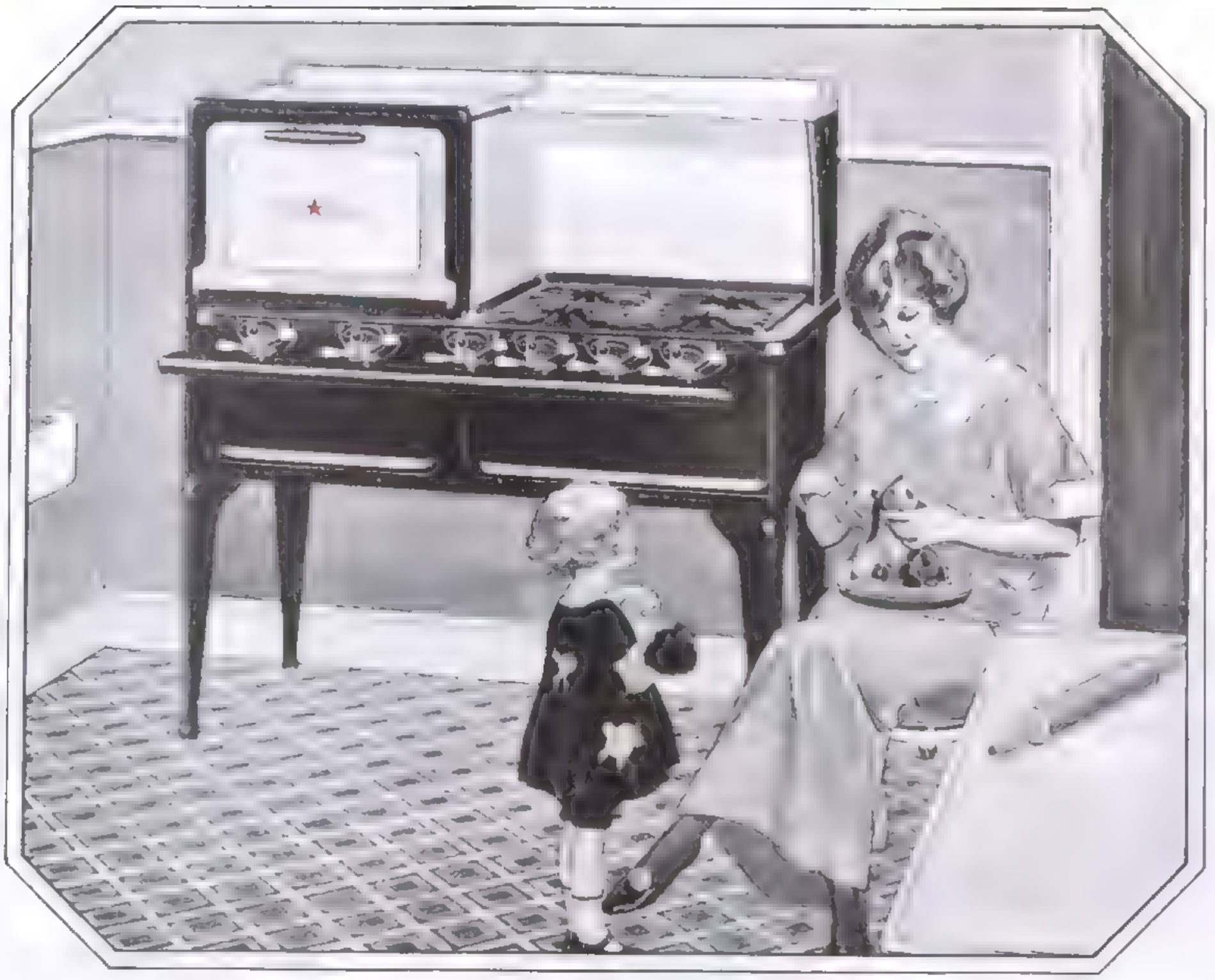
"It's a sign you're getting old, dad, when you lose your sporting blood. How about loaning me five hundred?"

"I won't do it," answered Jordan, Sr.

But young Jordan managed to raise the money somehow, and a week before the baby was born sold his holdings to Patten for fifty dollars in cash.

The new Jordan was a boy—a very unusual boy, although this was not so obvious at first sight. To appreciate all his fine points it was necessary to study him minutely, hour after hour, as both young Jordan and his wife did. Then his more subtle

(Continued on Page 117)



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AC ⅛" LONG type: factory equipment on Chevrolet, *Oakland, Kissel, Buick (to 1924), and others, also recommended for Stephens.

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The model for Ford cars comes complete with all attachments; installation is easy—ask your dealer.

(Continued from Page 112)

beauties appeared, and budding evidences of strength and even of genius.

Jordan, '22, spent a good deal of time trying to point out these signs to Jordan, '99.

"I tell you, dad, he's a comer. Look at the way he doubles up his fists! You'd better believe that when he gets to Harvard—let's see, he'll be 1944, won't he?"

"If he doesn't lose any time on the road," answered Jordan, '99.

"Not this fellow. He's going to move right along. You see, I'll be able to tutor him."

"That's right," said Jordan.

"And as soon as he's big enough Edith is going to start him on the piano."

"That's a good idea too," admitted Jordan.

"The whole trick is to give him an early start. If only you and mother had kept after me!"

"I know," said Jordan.

"I'm not blaming either of you, but—well, we live and learn."

"Yes," said Jordan sadly, "we live and learn."

With that he stooped over the cradle and kissed Jordan, '44, upon the forehead.

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

(Continued from Page 42)

changed he has become. However, sir, that's not what I'm trying to say, sir. Mr. Norry has come up from a child while I've been here in this house. I was here, as a fact, when he was born in it; and you can understand, sir, I hope, how I take all this. I'm troubled, sir. I trust you'll understand I am troubled; though that's perhaps nothing to you. I—I was only—why ——" He broke off uncertainly, his lips working, his face distorted.

"Well?" Blandon asked again.

Said Temple, his voice earnest: "Mr. Blandon, help Mr. Norry! You can do it, sir; you are the one man who, if he would, could do it!"

"Wha-at!" drawled Blandon.

"Yes, you, sir. If Mr. Norry comes back while you're here, sir, I beg of you, don't do anything against him!"

"Against him?"

"That's what I'm saying, sir. It would be as good as my place, too, sir," added the butler, "was Mr. Norry—my mistress, either—to hear me say it!"

Blandon listened alertly.

"Your mistress?"

"Mrs. Colquitt; yes, sir."

Blandon made a sudden energetic gesture. "Close that door, Temple," he directed. The servant, his face perturbed, did so; and Blandon took a step toward him. "Look here now!" said Blandon. "What is all this?"

"What's all what, sir?"

"You know what I mean!" retorted Blandon. "The things happening in this house."

The butler, all in a flutter, peered at him sideways.

"Tonight, sir?"

"Tonight; the last few days too!" He rapped it out, his temper rising. "I'll put it plainer if you want. Who are these men? What are they trying to put over?"

"Which men, sir?"

"Which? Don't lie to me, Temple! You know the men all right. Now who are they?"

"I don't know the men you mean, sir."

"See here," said Blandon roughly. "I thought you said you wished to help Mr. Norry."

"I do, sir, indeed!"

"Very well, then," Blandon went back at him. "Who is that fellow with the black patch? The one called captain"

"I don't know him, sir."

"And you don't know that fellow with the scar?"

"Who, sir?" As he spoke the butler perked his head at Blandon, his mouth drooping.

"The lascar," Blandon said; "that Malay!"

Temple's voice rose till it broke. "The Malay?"

Blandon curled his lip at him. "You're not very good at lying, are you, Temple?"

"I, sir? So help me, sir!" choked the butler; and Blandon laughed.

"I suppose you'll try to tell me next I didn't get cracked on the head out in the hall."

"But, sir, Mr. Blandon! You fell down the stairs, sir!"

"Did I?" mocked Blandon.

"But young Mr. Pegram said ——" with the words on his lips the butler stopped short.

"Pegram?" Blandon had caught at the name.

"I was merely saying, sir," stammered Temple, "you fell on the stair outside."

"Yes, I heard you," drawled Blandon, his eyes narrowed. "I heard, too, who told you I had. Young Mr. Pegram, did you say?" The butler's eyes fell evasively. "By any chance," Blandon drawled deliberately, "do you mean Burt?"

The butler made no answer; and, his anger all at once overwhelming him, Blandon gestured roughly to the door.

"Get out of here!" he growled.

Shaking visibly the butler waited for no further invitation; and as the door closed Blandon glanced swiftly at the clock on the mantelpiece. Its hands marked a quarter to nine. That meant he had an hour and a quarter left; and he grinned, his eyes ugly, as he recalled the message scrawled on the back of that paper, the warning sent him.

"Till ten o'clock!" it had read.

Slipping hurriedly into his shoes Blandon as swiftly laced them, and then made sure the pistol in his pocket was where he could grip it the instant it was wanted. The feel of the cold blued metal was reassuring; and he grinned again, his jaw grim, as his fingers closed upon it. Then, every nerve on the alert, Blandon stole into the adjoining room and made his way to the hall outside. He was going now to make sure what he had divined.

XI

THE hall outside was still. As Blandon cautiously pushed open the door he saw with momentary wonder, too, that since he had come down the stair from the attic someone had turned out the light on the wall. But at the other end of the passage was another light; and he was glancing toward it when it seemed to him he heard a sound from overhead. It was as if someone had sprung back from the landing and slipped hurriedly inside the dusty garret there. He halted, his hand flying to the pistol in his pocket; but, though he listened, his heart thudding so that he could hear it, the sound was not repeated

His back to the wall then and sidling along, eyes and ears on the *qui vive*, Blandon crept stealthily toward the turn at the farther end of the hall. Beyond was a stairway leading to the house below; and the stair he recognized at a glance. It was the flight leading from that narrow entry he had darted through in pursuit of the man who had flung the stone through the window.

There was the door opening upon the grounds at the back. The door, he saw, had been unbolted. That did not astonish him however. Neither was he astonished at a number of wet muddy footmarks he saw upon the floor. As he reached the door he paused long enough to shoot the bolt into place again; then he crept along toward the other door. Pressing his ear to the panel he listened.

A low murmur of voices came to him from within; but for a moment he could not distinguish the words. They were distant enough for him to take a chance however, and grasping the door knob he gingerly turned it. He had hardly swung the door open half an inch when he heard a voice, a man's voice, abruptly raise itself.

"That's all right too!" it said brusquely; "but I'm not satisfied. That's why I mean to send for the police."

Blandon clapped his eye to the crack in the door.

The long hall, the living room, lay before him. At the farther end of it stood the man who had spoken, his portly frame enveloped in a fur overcoat and Blandon needed only a glance to identify him. It was Pegram, the mill owner. Facing him stood Nanny Granger. She was saying something in reply, her response too low for Blandon to catch it; but it was neither she nor Pegram that riveted his attention. Inside the door to the dining room was Colquitt's wife. Shrunk out of sight, her face queer, she was listening intently to the talk outside.

As Pegram spoke again Blandon saw her features twitch as if in fright.

"Those tracks, I tell you, led right here to the house. My chauffeur traced them here. It looked to him, too, he said, as if some of them had got into the house itself."

Blandon saw the eavesdropper stir again. As once more Pegram spoke she shrank farther into concealment.

"We're wasting time," said Pegram peevishly. "I've told all this already to Effy; and now where's your telephone?"

He was already striding on the way to it when Nanny Granger stopped him.

"Sorry, Mr. Pegram, the telephone's not working."

He stopped short. "Not working?" She shook her head. "Say," he said, "you don't mean the wire's cut?"

Blandon heard her laugh lightly.

"You're wrought up over your experience, Mr. Pegram. The wire hasn't been working all day because of the storm," she smiled.

And Blandon heard her in wonder. She too? He could hardly believe she could be so glib!

Pegram spoke again.

"If that's the case," he said briskly, "the thing for me is to drive over to the police station at once."

She laughed again.

"It's hardly worth while, Mr. Pegram. Nobody's prowling about here, I am sure."

Blandon heard Pegram grunt.

"I'm not so sure, young lady." He gave her a glance. "When did you say Norry would be back?"

"We haven't heard," she replied.

Another glib deceit! Blandon's jaw set itself. He had yet to fathom all of what was going on, but that she, too, had any hand in what was taking place in that house was to him the most crushing part of it. He pressed his head against the door crack till he could feel the wood press through the bandage to his gash beneath. The wound, in protest, throbbed angrily. His eyes swam with the pain. Then the blur passed from his eyes; and looking again he saw Pegram move toward the door.

"I'll bring back the officers myself," he said.

"Very well," answered the girl.

Her air was listless, unconcerned. As the door, however, closed on Pegram, she awoke swiftly in animation.

"Effy! Where are you?" she cried.

Colquitt's wife darted into the hall.

"Has he gone?"

The girl answered, "You heard where he's going, didn't you?"

Evidently she had; for she raced toward the stairs, crying, "Quick, Nanny! Flash that searchlight from the side window. We haven't an instant to lose!"

By the time she had finished speaking she was at the head of the stairs. The next instant she was gone; and as she disappeared Nanny Granger hurried into the dining room. Listening, Blandon heard the rattle of a shade as it flapped upward on its roller As if this were not enough, he heard the window itself raised A blustering gust swept through the hall as the glass was raised; and with that draft upon it Blandon had to lean against the door to hold it shut At the same instant he heard a hand fumble at the door behind him.

The knob rattled, then a fist drummed on the panels. "Nanny!" cried a muffled voice. "Open the door, Nanny; it's locked!"

Blandon recognized the voice. He was tempted for an instant to fling open the door and confront the man outside; but he restrained himself He was not ready yet to show his hand; though if he meant to keep it hidden he must act smartly, and sliding along the passage he skipped back up the stairway. He had just reached the landing when the girl pushed open the door below.

Evidently she had heard the hammering at the back.

"Burt!" she called.

The knocking redoubled itself, and lurking low above, Blandon heard her fumble hastily with the bolt. She had the door opened presently, and as another gust of wind exploded into the passage the man's rumbling voice raised itself.

"Who the devil locked this door?" he demanded. The girl made some reply Blandon couldn't hear, and the fellow spoke again.

"Don't think that bird upstairs did it?"

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"Nonsense!" she replied.

"Well, who did do it?" he demanded.

"I don't know and I don't care!" she said sharply. "Your father has just left here to get the police!"

Blandon heard him curse.

"We haven't a moment to lose," the girl added hurriedly. "He had the chauffeur trace the tracks in the snow; and I can see that ever since the holdup he's been thinking."

"You don't think he suspects? What?"

"I don't know, Burt."

"Do you think that bird upstairs knows anything?"

"I don't know that, either, Burt," answered the girl; and Blandon heard the man utter another ugly growl.

"If he gets gay I won't leave it to that friend of his, the Malay.", He laughed discordantly. "He's been looking for trouble since he got here, and I'll see that he gets it!"

"No, you won't!" Blandon heard her retort. "I saw what you were after the minute you wanted to stage that holdup yourself."

The holdup? He? Blandon's eyes bulged as he heard it

"Never you mind!" growled Burt, his voice ugly. "I'll settle it sometime. The ass nearly choked me to death in the car." The door at that instant opened, and the butler wabbled rather than walked into the entry. As he saw the two he wrung his hands and wailed, "Oh, Miss Nanny! Oh, Mr. Burt!"

Blandon heard Burt give a grunt. "What's the matter now?" he inquired.

The butler continued to wring his hands, crying, "Oh, what shall I do! Oh, what shall I do!"

"For one thing, you can shut up!" said Burt roughly; and the butler choked down another wail.

"It's as good as my character, sir!" Blandon heard him whimper. "If anything was to be found out I'd be ruined for life!"

Burt laughed roughly.

"Oh, is that all!" he remarked. "And what d'you think'll happen to the rest of us?"

"It's jail, sir; jail!" babbled the butler; and again he was wringing his hands when the door was pushed open and Colquitt's wife hastened into the entry.

"Nanny! You, too, Temple!" she said hurriedly, her voice queer. "Have either of you been in my room?"

"I? Why, no; not for an hour, Effy," the girl replied.

Temple, on this part, only stared.

"It's very strange," said Effy Colquitt. "My room's all upset, the drawers turned upside down. You don't really suppose anyone else is here in the house?"

"Sure!" It was Burt who spoke. "Little Bright Eyes is upstairs. It would be like him to go nosing around."

Colquitt's wife gave an exclamation.

"You don't think he knows anything!"

Burt snickered contemptuously.

"Nothing to hurt. If he'd had so much as a guess he'd have been down here long ago, tearing up the wall paper."

"Just the same, I'm frightened!" faltered Colquitt's wife.

Nanny Granger, too, echoed her fear.

"So am I, Effy!"

"Aw, blah, blah!" growled their companion. "Let him ramble around till we get back; we can settle him then." Blandon heard the sound of Burt's heavy feet as he stumped along the passage. "Come along," he ordered, "we'll go out by the front way."

"Wait, Burt!" said Colquitt's wife. "I've just remembered that pistol in Norry's bureau. What if he was to find it?"

"Who—Bright Eyes?"

"Yes."

"Rats!" rumbled Burt. "I can fix him before he makes any gun play."

They tramped along the passage, the butler trailing at their heels. Temple gave another whimper.

"Oh, my lady! Oh, my lady!"

"Hush!" said Effy Colquitt. "If we're caught I'll see that you don't suffer."

"But, ma'am, it's jail, jail!"

"Hush, Temple! Just you go upstairs and keep watch again. If you can help it, see that he doesn't leave his room."

He? "Huh," grunted Blandon to himself. It was he, of course, who was meant.

He heard Effy Colquitt hurry from the entry. Then, in echo, there came another subdued whimper from the butler. His feet scuffled slowly along the passage; and Blandon heard him mount the uncarpeted stair. Pressed flat against the wall, Blandon waited. It was not until the man Temple was nearly on him that he showed himself. Quietly, then, he stepped into view.

"Well, Temple?"

He was prepared to see the man startled. He was not prepared, however, for the convulsion that overspread Temple's countenance

"Sir!" whimperated the butler.

Crringing back, his hands flew fluttering to his breast. It was as if he had been confronted by an apparition; and Blandon saw the sweat start in beads on his brow.

"God, sir!" whispered Temple, his mouth working. "Were you listening?"

Blandon did not reply to that. He riveted the butler with a long staring look.

"Temple," he said slowly, "what have you done with your master, Norris Colquitt?"

"Sir!" the butler cried again.

"It's jail for life, Temple—that or the chair!" said Blandon; and the man reeled as if he had been struck.

"O my soul!" whispered Temple again; and after another wild staring look at Blandon he turned and sped at full tilt back down the stairs.

Blandon waited no longer. Springing toward the stairs he leaped upward to the garret storeroom. Now that he knew what was in the wind he no longer had any fear that he faced peril in that quarter. The garret door was open; and striking a match to light the way he edged along through the channels between the trunks and other obstructions till he got to the opposite end of the room. It was the point where Colquitt's wife had stuffed that bundle into the space between the flooring and the eaves.

The match burned out as he reached it. He struck another; and bending over thrust his arm into the opening. His hand encountered something soft; something, too, that dripped with moisture. Blandon yanked it forth. Absorbed, he stared at what he found. It was a bundle of clothes, khaki clothes, an army uniform. With it were a pair of tape putties and a pair of shoes, woman's shoes. Shoes and clothes were caked with mud. They were the clothes Colquitt's wife had worn when, as he supposed, she'd held up that car on the road near to the house.

Spellbound, he stared at the things. He could see them only, nothing else. The blazing match threw a faint area of light about him in the garret; and he did not see, so near that he could touch it, the blurred pasty-white face that stared at him through the darkness. The eyes, burning like coals pin points of fire, were fixed on his; but he did not see them either. What he saw was only those clothes and he could hardly believe the testimony of his own senses. The trouble had been, when she held up the car, that the car was Pegram's, not the one he'd been in. That was nothing though. If she'd meant then to bump him off, to put him out of the way as Norry Colquitt had been put, why—why ——

"Huh?" grunted Blandon.

The match was still burning in his hand. He raised it above his head and looked. As he did so and got his first glimpse of that white putty-hued face, a rat's face, a rasping voice spoke sharply.

"Stick 'em up!" it ordered. The blued barrel of a gat, its muzzle gaping like a gas pipe, emphasized the command. "Up to the roof, bo!" the voice directed.

"Like hell," answered Blandon.

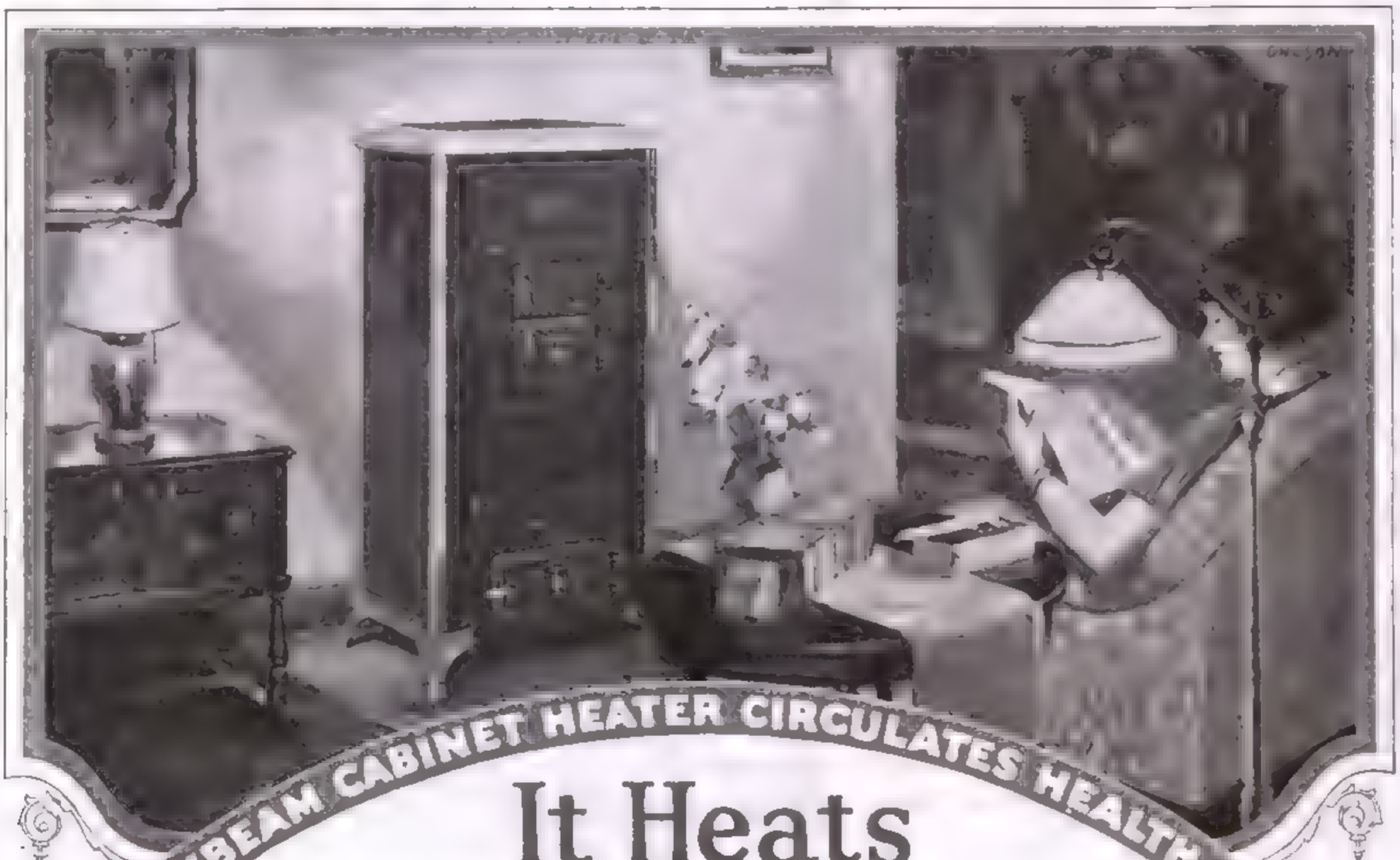
As he flung the match from him, with the same motion he threw himself backward to the floor. A blinding flash of fire lit the garret, and the walls crashed with an explosion that rocked the quiet as if a Jack Johnson or a Minenwerfer had burst beneath the eaves. Blandon had not been hit however. As the gat crashed again, guided by the flash he kicked out with the nearest foot; and the gun went sailing through the air. Then he closed on the man; and in the blind pitch-dark blackness of the garret they fought.

XII

IN THAT fight in the dark, if Blandon still nursed the illusion that his opponent was the yellow-skinned killer, the man with the scar, the first clash, as they grappled, would have disabused him. No Malay could have put up such a battle. No Malay, either, could have stood up to its murderous violence. It was like a trench raid in its savagery. Knocked off his balance by the wild leap he had made, he was struggling to regain his balance when he felt a hand—a claw, rather—reach up to his eyes and try to gouge him. "You dog!" he cursed. He

(Continued on Page 120)

The Sunbeam Cabinet Heater



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How the Sunbeam Cabinet Heater Circulates Heat Instead of Radiating It

The arrows show how the air is drawn in through wide openings at the bottom of the cabinet, then abundantly warmed as it passes the heating elements and finally how it is sent out at the top and circulated throughout all the rooms of your home.

This modern method of warm-air heating ventilates as it heats. It's the most healthful kind of heating you can have in your home.

SUNBEAM
CABINET HEATER

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(Continued from Page 118)

knew now the sort of fight he was in for; and crooking a foot behind the man's knee he tripped him. Together they crashed to the floor.

The din was resounding. It grew as they floundered about, banging against the chairs, the tables and the trunks; and the dust rose, stifling him till he gagged. He and his unseen antagonist were matched in size and strength; but the murderous blackguard's tactics gave him the upper hand. The way he fought was unspeakable; Blandon, however, had not learned trench warfare for nothing. It was an Anzac sergeant, too, a New Zealand veteran of Cambrai, "Camel" Hill and elsewhere who had taught him; and the ugly knowledge served him now. Between blows the hand kept clawing at his eyes; and as he shrank away, with a sudden twist the man got him down, his shoulders flat to the floor. The fight would, in fact, have ended there but for that hard-boiled Anzac "top kick." Getting one knee free, Blandon drove home a blow with it that wrung a gasp and a groan from the other; and following it with a second kick he managed to writhe out from under. Locked together again, they swayed to their feet.

He made no mistake in the belief he was fighting for his life. The bandage had been clawed from his brow; and he could feel the blood from that gash on his head trickle into his eyes. He grew dizzy, too, from all this violence. However, what he feared most was not the man himself. The uproar, he knew, must be resounding to the farthest corner of the house; and if the man's pals got ear of it they would be up there like a shot to take a hand. Rage filled him. It was a rage, too, that robbed him of any fear of death itself. The murdering blackguard he fought had been brought there to kill him; and all he asked was strength enough to settle him before he went. The hand again had gone clawing at his eyes, the man trying at the same time to sink his teeth in his wrist; and infuriated he summoned all his remaining strength. Stooping swiftly he gave his shoulders a sudden heave.

It was another trick the Anzac "top kick" had taught him. He had the man's arm gripped with both hands as he heaved; and flung headlong, the fellow struck with a crash, groaned once, then rolled over on his back. Before he could move again Blandon was astride of him; and remembering now, for the first time, the gat in his pocket, he hauled it out and with a savage thrust, jabbed it into his captive's face.

"Smell that, you!" he grunted.

His rage still shook him. He was the victor; but for all that he knew what would have befallen him had the tables been turned. The dog would have bumped him off as he had no doubt bumped off Norris Colquitt; and for an instant he felt his trigger finger twitch. He repressed the longing though; and reaching into his pocket Blandon got a match and lit it.

"I'm jiggered!" he ejaculated.

It was the first glimpse of his captive that wrung the exclamation from him. His captive was, of course, not the man with the scar; neither was he the one they called the captain. The fellow was the rat-eyed, pasty-faced man that had tried to sneak off with the car at Naumkeag Junction.

Blood streaked his countenance and one eye had begun to puff where Blandon had landed on him in the dark; but out of his battered sallow mask the other eye, small and treacherous, gleamed balefully. Blandon took no chances with him. "Roll over!" he ordered roughly. He made it emphatic by another dig with the gat. A curse came from the man and he bared his teeth in a snarl, but he rolled over just the same; and with one hand jabbing the automatic into his captive's ear, with the other Blandon frisked him swiftly.

The search rewarded him with a short, heavily leaded blackjack and a steel bar shaped at one end into a hammer claw. Pocketing the blackjack he struck another match.

He knew he must hurry. At any instant the men, that gang he feared, might come tumbling in on him. At the same time, however, he had that bird he'd captured to dispose of; and as the match blazed he glanced around him sharply. He saw presently what he wanted.

A picture frame lay on the floor; and reaching out he dragged it toward him. The frame was broken, its picture and the glass covering it trodden in in the fight; but strung across its back was a length of twisted wire. Tearing it free, he gave his captive another ugly jab with the gun barrel.

"Put back your hands, you!" he ordered.

The man again snarled a curse at him, but Blandon was in no mood to delay. "Make it snappy!" he directed, the gat again giving point to it; and the man made it snappy. Twisting the wire round his wrists Blandon yanked him to his feet, then, by the collar. "Now march!" he ordered; and with a shove he drove him to the door. Once he was in the hall, though, Blandon gave a sigh of relief. He'd had enough for a while of the garret and what its darkness held; and with the gat in the man's ribs he backed him up against the wall.

"Now where's your pal?" he growled.

"What pal?" snarled the man.

"That bird with the scar. Was it he or you that tried to get me down below?"

"Aw, what yer givin' us?" was the reply. The man's lip curled, a fang showing itself. "What pal d'you mean?"

A gust of rage again swept Blandon. "Come on now; answer!" he rasped; and the man cringed under the thrust of the gun barrel.

"I ain't got any pal. If you're goin' to ring for the bulls why don't you?"

"Don't you worry about the bulls, I'll settle this!" snapped Blandon. He thrust himself close to the man, his jaw outthrust. "You dog, I've got a mind to put a bullet through you now!" His finger was on the trigger; and the man shrank at the look in his eyes. "Who hired you to come here?" he snarled.

"Huh?" Ratface perked his head at him. "Hired who?"

"You heard me! Are you going to answer?" Blandon demanded, and the man's jaw drooled open.

"Say," was his wondering reply, "are you nuts?"

Blandon made another savage gesture with the gat.

"D'you hear! Was it that fellow Pegram?"

"Huh?"

"Yes; your friend Burt. Was it he or your friend with the black patch?"

"Th' black patch? Say!"

"Listen," said Blandon, backing off, the gun held at his waist. "Where will you have it? Through the head?"

The man gave a squeal of unmitigated fright as he saw Blandon's eyes.

"S' help me, bo, I don't know what you're sayin'! Either I'm beano or we all are," he was saying, when stirring all at once Blandon jabbed his head back against the wall.

"Quiet!" he ordered.

His gun covering the captive he bent over the stair rail to listen. It seemed to him he'd heard some sound from below. It seemed, too, as he stood there tense, that he heard the sound again. The noise was as if someone had banged a door to; and springing back from the stair he stuck the gun again into his captive's face.

"Utter a sound," he warned in a whisper, "and I'll spread your brains on the wall. Now turn around!"

The man's knees shook as he obeyed the order; and grasping him by the collar Blandon stripped his coat down over his shackled wrists. The threadbare lining was torn, a rag of it hanging loose; and with a snatch he tore off the strip. As he did so the man seemed to divine Blandon's intention, and he swung halfway around.

"Have a heart, bo!" he wheezed.

Blandon worked swiftly. He had the gag almost ready to whip about his captive's mouth when the blackguard gave another cry. "Say, I get you; you're working the place yourself—what!" He twisted his head around, his eyes popping. "Let me loose; I'll work with you. I know where the stuff's planted; and we'll split it any way you want; only don't leave me here to the dicks!" he begged.

Blandon reached into his pocket for the blackjack. "Here, bite on that!" he said.

Thrusting the leaded end into the man's mouth he knotted it fast with the cloth. The fellow was still struggling when Blandon tripped his feet out from under him. Then, as his captive writhed on the floor, he dragged up one leg, then the other, and made them fast, feet and hands lashed together with a loose end of the picture wire. It took only a minute to complete the job, and hauling the huddled figure along the floor he flung it inside the garret. A moment after, hurrying on tiptoe, his footfalls guarded, he was scuttling down the stairs.

Blandon, however, could have saved himself the precaution. Save for the wind gusting in the roof, not a sound was to be heard.

The huge house with its rambling passages and endless array of rooms was as profoundly still and noiseless as the grave. Creeping along the entryway he pushed open the door to the living room. The fire had died on its hearth, its ashes gray; the room was vacant. He glanced into the dining room; and it, too, was vacant. There was the table spread for the dinner that had yet to be eaten; and at two of the places were plates of food—a morsel of bird, a dab of salad beside it. Beside each plate lay a crumpled napkin; and each of the two chairs had been thrust back as if in helter-skelter haste, one of them lying overturned. Blandon stole toward the pantry; and that, too, was untenanted. He thrust open the door to the kitchen; and it, like the others, was empty. A swift suspicion launched itself into his mind; and racing back, all his caution gone, he sprang up the stairs to the floor above.

The first door he came to was the door of Effy Colquitt's room. He knew the room by the richness and delicacy of its furnishings—the silken hangings, the costly texture of the upholstering, the ivory-and-gold toilet appurtenances on the dressing table. Curiously, the place was in rowdy disorder—drawers pulled out, their contents on the floor; he gave that only a glance however. Stacked by the door were half a dozen hand bags, each bag shut and strapped; and as his eye lit on them, electrified, he turned and darted across the hall. Here, too, the same sight met his eye—the same disorder, the same stack of waiting luggage. It was Nanny Granger's room; he knew that instinctively, but he lingered only an instant. Racing on he sped from room to room. All were alike.

That floor finished, he tackled the floor above. Here were the servants' quarters; and here he found the same. The servants' clothes hung in the closets; the servants' other belongings lay on the bureaus and the tables; but no servants were there. The butler's room he identified. On the bed were Temple's black coat and striped waistcoat, flung there, it was evident, in a hurry. What caught Blandon's eye, though, was a pair of khaki breeches and tape puttees stuffed in between the mattress and the spring. Like those in the garret they, too, were soaked and muddy; and Temple, it seemed, must have been disturbed in the midst of trying to hide them. But that was nothing now.

The huge mansion was deserted, its inmates gone. Except for that thug, the hired killer gagged and shackled in the garret, Blandon was alone in the house.

Alone, yes. A castaway could not have been more alone. "Gad!" he said to himself; and as the cavernous quiet of the hall and its ghostly vacancy caught up the exclamation and threw it back at him in a whisper he shrank back, frightened, one arm flung up to defend himself. But no one was there. All he could see was only his own shadow on the wall; all he could hear was the crooning of the wind in the eaves—that and the thudding of his pulse. The terror of that solitude, though, was less its loneliness than what its creeping stillness and quiet held; and the sweat again starting on his face, he flung another look over his shoulder, then turned and scuttled down the stairs.

He had no plans. All he knew was that the police would be there in a few minutes. He must wait, that was all, till they arrived. Then he would tell them what he knew, after which, why—why ——

After which? "Sa-ay!" he whispered to himself. He said it again then, "Sa-ay!" When the police came what was it he was to tell the police? That the household had fled? That they'd all lit out and left him there? That was all right, perhaps; but how about what had happened to Norry Colquitt? Colquitt was gone, of course; bumped off, to put it flat; but where would he, Blandon, stand when he handed that to the police? Here he was, alone in that house where murder had been done; and what was to keep them from thinking he'd had a hand in it? "Sa-ay!"

Once more the moisture started on his spine. Once more he shot a look about him, his eyes all at once hunted. Then the engulfing silent emptiness of the house about him closed in ponderously on Blandon and he cringed. "Ah, me!

It was at this instant that he heard the latch of the front door click, then the door itself opened; and as Blandon saw the limp disheveled figure framed in the opening he cried out hoarsely:

"Nanny!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rock River, Montgomery County, Indiana

From the miracle of the first tooth to the quiet charm of the grandmother's smile, beautiful teeth are equally important. At all ages, teeth are equally subject to the danger of tartar. Tartar respects neither youth nor age, place, power nor wealth; it climbs all barriers, it defies all remedies except the dentist and the tooth brush. Tartar can be prevented by brushing with a brush properly designed, such as the Pro-phy-lac-tic

This is what the microscope sees

THE beauty of teeth depends upon cleanliness, more than size and shape. Beauty in face and form is an accident of birth. Everybody can have the beauty of clean, white teeth. It is merely a matter of care, and the microscope shows what care is needed.

Your teeth are not as smooth as they look. There are tiny hollows and depressions in each surface. You cannot see them without a microscope, but a microbe can. Microbes fasten in these hollows. Tartar collects and makes a hard, rough surface from which the microbe cannot easily be dislodged.

Highly magnified un-retouched photograph of a tooth showing tartar formation. The white spots are high points. The dark or shaded portions are hollows or depressions where germs and tartar first collect.

Let us name these microbes the "tartar germ." Protected by the tartar, the "tartar germ" bores into the enamel of a tooth and soon digs through. When the hole is big enough for you to see, it has to be filled by a dentist. If not filled, sooner or later that tooth is lost.

Keep your teeth beautiful

You can keep germs and tartar off your teeth when you use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush correctly. The bristles are set in a curve that reaches every tooth. The bristle tufts are wide-spread and saw-tooth-pointed. They reach between the teeth and clear out germs and tartar-forming substances from the crevices. They reach depressions in the gum line where teeth and gums meet, a danger point too often neglected.

The large end tuft

Molars, or back teeth, are the most important teeth you have. A tartar-stricken, decayed molar not only affects the chewing and digestion of food, but can pour poison into the system until serious disease results. The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush reaches the gum line on the inner or tongue side of teeth, and reaches all sides of molars. You can see how the end tuft does this, in the photographs below, at the right.

Brush often

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic often, at least three or four times a day, and you can keep your teeth clean easily. Tartar is formed after germs and food debris fasten to your teeth. Keep teeth clean and free from germs, and tartar is held in check, as it does not get a chance to form. Remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

There are three sizes (adult's, youth's, and child's) sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Each size is made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Always look for the Yellow Box when buying a tooth brush.

Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet, all about teeth and how to take care of them. Florence Manufacturing Company, Dept. A-5, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth, at the same time the serrated bristles clean the backs of teeth and the crevices between them.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Brush the upper teeth and gums downward, away from the gums. For the lower teeth and gums brush upward.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit the mouth. It reaches and cleans all teeth and the crevices between them.

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Until now, there has been no line of tools covering the complete range of household needs.

Good tools have been available, but made primarily for artisans, and with features of little value to the home tool user.

Now come Stanley Four-Square Household Tools—a complete line of 32 tools, made exactly to do the odd jobs of the home. Every household has need for one or more of them—to drive a nail in the cupboard, to take the edge off a door that sticks, and for many other little jobs always coming up around your home.

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Four-Square Tools are price-tagged, bear the red Four-Square mark in addition to the name STANLEY, and are sold in individual packages.

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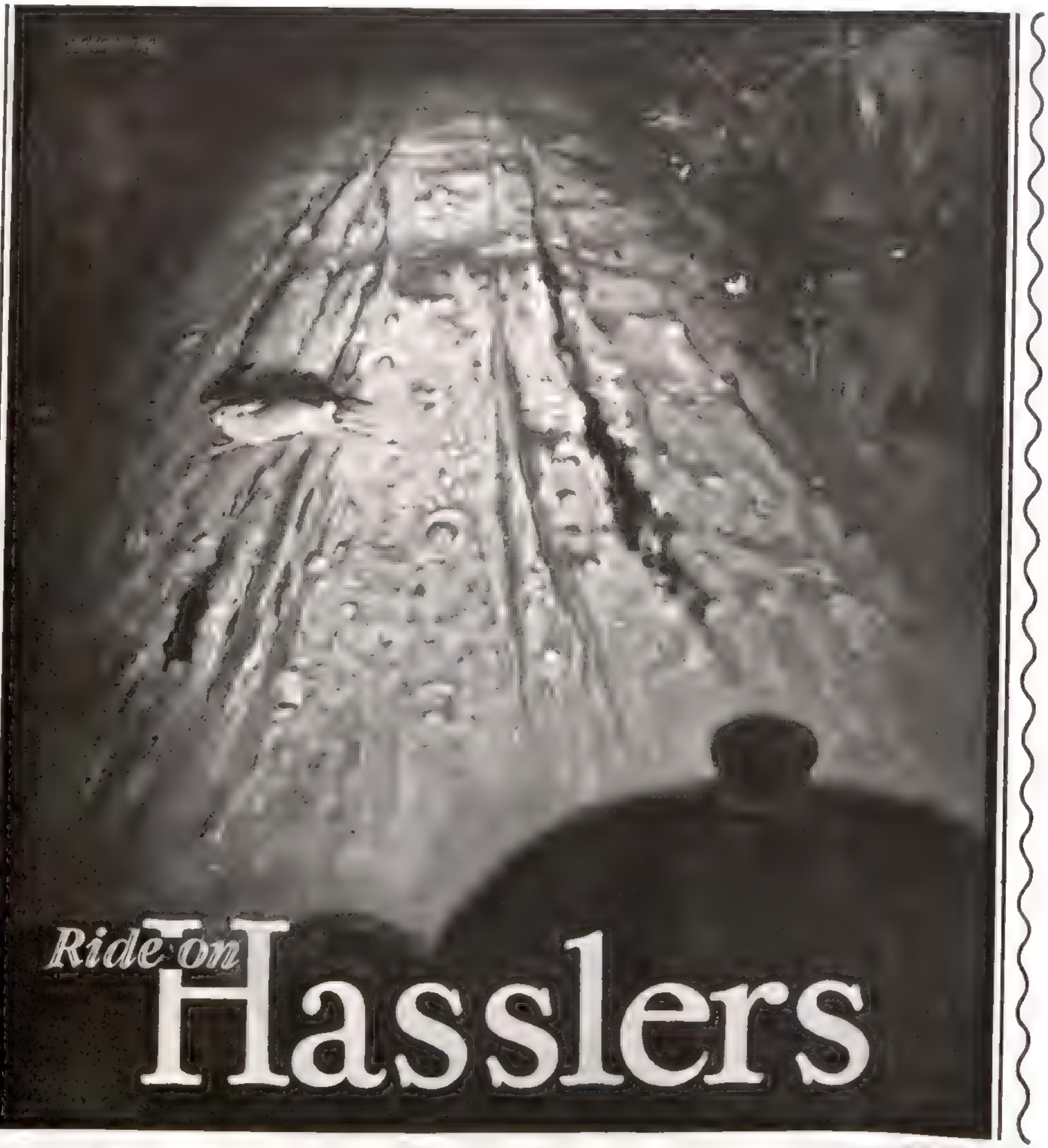

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THE TITHERTON CHINTZ

(Continued from Page 29)

Yes, that's a good plan. He'll take anything from you. All right, that's fine. Good night."

Mr. Banting snapped the perspiration from his forehead and blew his nose. He had an inbred enthusiasm that heated his body as well as his mind. Such enthusiasm is undoubtedly the true fountain of youth. Indeed, in times of ardor Mr. Banting proved it in the twofold manner of a rush of ideas to the head and perspiration to the pores.

Arnold Pell, executive head of a business whose costs were figured in hundreds and profits in thousands, slouched in an ample revolving armchair that did not even cramp the flowing spherical outlines of his figure. Upon his face was the infinite thoughtfulness of a Napoleon figuring out dirty plots. There was a solemnity about him suggestive of vast affairs. He placed his left foot against the beaded molding of his walnut desk and by a quick exertion spun his chair about through an arc of two hundred and sixty degrees. The side of his right foot, in sudden juxtaposition with the left front of the desk, was an efficient brake. An energetic flip of his foot started him on the return trip. The frequency and regularity of his little excursion was evidently so soothing to Mr. Pell that he thought it worthy of his absolute concentration to a point that the entrance of Miss Silver, his secretary, was unnoticed.

"Is your chair uncomfortable, sir?"

Mr. Pell returned home from his wanderings.

"Huh? Of course not. Must I explain everything to you? This is deep, Miss Silver, very deep. Ten thousand chairs—like this—for export—flood the market. Small price due to quantity production. Only way. Can't invest tremendous capital without thorough experimentation, can I? Of course not. Very deep. . . . What do you want?"

Miss Silver closed her mouth and picked up the card she had dropped at her entrance.

"Miss Titherton would like to see you, sir, if you have a few minutes."

"Miss Elizabeth Titherton? I don't know how I can with all this rush of work. I'll fire the first salesman who comes in here with a fifty-thousand-dollar order. . . . Oh, sure! Show her up. I'll see her. . . . And, Miss Silver, find out why they haven't sold that old Queen Anne sofa. By the jumping Lord Harry, we'll all be out of a job unless someone around here learns to sell goods!"

The frowns and pessimistic growlings of Mr. Pell were squelched by the sight of Elizabeth Titherton on his threshold.

"This is an honor, Miss Titherton. I've so often wanted to meet you. Have heard so frequently of your lovely place. I had the good fortune, you understand, to know your father. He came in here a number of times to have me expertize some of his things. You wouldn't remember, of course, about the Carlotti primitif; you were just a little girl then. What a world it is!"

And Mr. Pell laughed with the same quiet benignity of a man who spoke the truth

"Oh, yes," said Miss Titherton, "I remember so clearly his mention of you."

The condition of finding themselves both members of the great clan of pleasant liars was a real bond. They understood each other at once and smiled their mutual realization of the tie. Miss Titherton seated herself and leaned toward Mr. Pell with a great and sincere yearning about her. She was somewhat coy. Miss Titherton had come to get something.

"Oh, Mr. Pell, you are doing such a noble work here!"

Mr. Pell, noticing that Miss Titherton's intensity was focused upon ether, adjusted his scarfpin, urged his back hair over the bald forepeak of his brow, slid certain sheets of correspondence across the mass of cigarette stubs on his desk and sighed.

"It's sweet to hear you say such things. Our efforts are so often not appreciated. Just what special nobility had you in mind?"

Miss Titherton spoke with a deep and gusty feeling:

"Spreading real beauty everywhere. Today you will probably send out a set of curtains whose color and draping will a year from now find their counterpart in Walla Walla, Washington. That is missionary work; a real preaching of the gospel of loveliness in the home."

And Miss Titherton beamed upon Mr. Pell, who became suddenly grieved at this unjust switching of credit from himself to his curtains.

"Oh, sure! That's right, Miss Titherton. What did you have on your mind?"

"A favor, Mr. Pell—a great favor. Please don't deny it. It means so much to me. Will you loan me Mr. Cyrus Banting for a month or so? Please, please say yes! I'm faced with a situation almost like a fairy tale and only he can help me out."

"What's it all about?" said Mr. Pell.

"You see, it's this way, Mr. Pell: Mr. Banting has the key to a mystery of my family and until it is solved I shall have no peace of mind. Of course, I want to make it right with you; but can't you let Mr. Banting have leave for a month or so? It means so much—so very much to me."

"Just how much does it mean to you?" said Mr. Pell, looking at the lady with what he believed was a searching glance. "What do you mean—much? Thousand dollars a week? He's worth that much to me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Pell. Whatever you like."

Mr. Pell considered a space to give the impression that there was a possible doubt in his mind.

"All right, take him as long as you need him at a thousand a week. Of course, it will be a strain on the store organization, so if it's O. K. with you I'll have the billing department send you a statement for a month in advance. The matter of expenses must be between you and Mr. Banting. That's all right. That's all right. Mighty glad to help you out. I valued your father's friendship a lot. Good luck to you. Good-by."

Mr. Cyrus Banting found no hurdles at all placed in the way of his later request for leave of absence.

"And, Cyrus," said Mr. Pell in the weighty fashion of true philanthropists, "I am going to do the right thing by you. I'm going to have your pay go right on while you are away. Some people may say that employers aren't just. What do you say? And you mentioned Miss Titherton is coming in here to plead on your behalf. That's all right, Cyrus. I'll be glad to see her when she comes. Put your mind at rest and leave it to me. I'll see it through. Glad to oblige you."

And Mr. Pell placed a cigar in his salesman's mouth and started him toward the door.

Upon the following Saturday morning Cyrus Banting took ship for Southampton. His cabin was banked with posies from Miss Titherton. Indeed, that lady viewed his journey as a sacred quest, an adventurous cruise to retrieve the grail of her ancestors, which had been defiled by the infidel, Mrs. Willie Hoyt. And her flowers were really the modern substitute for what would have been a garter or scarf in the braver times of old.

The ship on which Mr. Banting journeyed was scheduled to land her passengers in the late afternoon. On the morning of that day, while yet Mr. Banting rested in his bed, his cabin telephone rang. He removed from his forehead the ice pack supplied by an observing and understanding steward and rose to answer it.

His movements were gently calculated to permit no shock or vibration to rise above his flexed knees. It was difficult to tell whether his voice uttered a question or a complaint.

"O-oh! What is it? Who? Miss Titherton? Where? On this ship? Honestly? Well, I'll be —— Of course, I want to see you. What's it all about? I'll hustle up and be with you in a jiffy. All right."

Surprise greatly cleared Mr. Banting's mental condition. He entered into abstruse speculations on the superiority of mind over matter in his own case, but from a constant reiteration of the question it was evident he found certain interest in the situation.

"What is that woman doing on this ship? What's she up to?" Variations of the same self-addressed query rather than any effort to answer it held him completely until he was clothed and stood before the door of her suite.

The maid who answered his knock seemed entirely impersonal. To her Mr. Banting merely continued his refrain.

"What is that woman doing on this ship?"

From the little sitting room beyond came Miss Titherton's voice.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Banting, for being vexed. Do come in and let me try to explain."

Cyrus Banting eyed the speaker dully and remarked automatically, "What are you up to?"

"I'll tell you, my dear Mr. Banting; and please don't be angry with me. I couldn't help it. It means so much—so vitally much to me. I booked at the last minute. It's taken the entire voyage to get up courage to tell you I was along. But I thought—I had almost an intuition that I might be able to help, so I came. Nothing must be left undone to help you. So please let me try." From being apologetic Elizabeth Titherton became executive. "Now where do we go first?"

"We?" asked Cyrus Banting. "Are you going to take this trip with me?"

"Yes, that's what I've been telling you."

"Oh, I didn't understand. What was it you asked?"

Miss Titherton was coy and sprightly.

"Where are we going first—you and Christine and I?"

"Oh, there's three of us now? I'd better tell you before the party jumps again. To Carlisle, to see Ronald Head. Now don't ask any more questions. You get me all mixed up. I thought I had a good clew to this thing you want to prove, but your being here makes me feel I've overestimated the chance of its coming through. Gosh darn it all, I figured I'd come on a sort of vacation, and here —— Well, I'll get a compartment on the train to London and wire ahead for quarters on the night train north. How much baggage have you?"

Miss Titherton smiled with the air of one who knows she has planned well.

"Practically nothing. I'm a seasoned traveler and know what trouble overmuch baggage can make. Why, the last time I sailed from Liverpool, Christine was almost ill over the trunks! There were twenty-four."

"Twenty-four!" quoted Banting.

"Oh, but that was different. This is just a quick trip. Let me see, there are six trunks and the bags. We can fairly fly along now. I'm so glad I thought of that. But don't worry yourself about them. Peter will see to all that."

"Peter?" questioned Mr. Banting, momentarily emerging from the haze.

"Yes; he's Christine's husband. He's chauffeur at home, but he always comes along as courier for me. If you didn't bring your man along he can valet you if you like."

"Me? Bring my man along? Say what —— No, never mind. I like roughing it. I left him in charge of my place in New York. Well, if Peter's in charge of this troupe, tell him to get us to Carlisle as fast as God will let him. I'll go and get my stuff packed. See you later."

From the bustle of the customs Cyrus Banting was rescued by a calm, assured voice:

"May I take your bags, sir? Miss Titherton's man, sir. Yes, sir. Miss Titherton has boarded the car. She expects you."

Mr. Banting was scarcely shown to his compartment before the train rolled out from the pier sheds. Again Peter came to him.

"Tea is being served, sir."

"It is?" said Mr. Banting. "Where?"

"In the saloon, sir. Miss Titherton would be pleased to have you join her. This way, sir."

Cyrus Banting followed, mumbling, "Darnedest train I was ever in. Invited to drink tea with a lady in a saloon! Don't get it at all. But I mustn't let on. This is the first time I ever traveled first-class here . . . Oh, how do you do, Miss Titherton? This is awfully comfortable, isn't it? I was never in a train like this, were you?"

The lady smiled

"No; but you will see we're obeying your orders."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, you told me to ask Peter to get us to Carlisle as quickly as possible! Hence the private train."

No immediate success followed Banting's effort at speech as he looked around him.

"I can't stand it. It hurts. My ancestors were all Scotch and I was raised in New England. And all this hullabaloo over a piece of calico! It must mean a lot to you"

"It does, Mr. Banting. Nothing ever mattered so much. . . . One or two lumps?"

"I'll take three, please; I feel expensive. Two lumps wouldn't be up to the standard of this party. And cream, very rich, if you have some handy."

The next morning in Carlisle Mr. Ronald Head, convalescent, smiled sternly at the coal fire in his library grate and ordered his wife to have another piece of coal added to the blaze. He received a distinct thrill in this recklessness of expense, but it was a pleasure justified by a cable from Harry Lane, the New York wholesaler, advising him that a crazy American was rushing to see him. The combination of an American coupled with speed could only, he calculated, result in a profit, so Mr. Head inclined toward prodigality, enjoyed the unaccustomed warmth of his apartment

Mrs. Head turned from her watching by the front window.

"Ronald, two persons are getting from a cab at the door—a lady as well as a gentleman."

Mr Head stirred in his chair and raised his brows.

"Aye. But two?"

His wife, long used to nothing but monosyllables, delivered one at a time, eyed him solicitously.

"Shall I fetch the bromide? It will calm you. The doctor said you weren't to talk much, and here you go on as though your tongue was hung in the middle."

Receiving no answer, Mrs. Head concluded that her mate was, after all, normal.

The entrance of Miss Titherton and Cyrus Banting to the room was marked by no hilarity. Mr. Banting spoke first.

"Mr. Head, may I present Miss Elizabeth Titherton, of New York? I am Cyrus Banting. Mr. Lane is our mutual friend, I understand. You are kind to let us intrude on your convalescence."

"Aye," said Mr. Head.

Miss Titherton uttered a little squeak as she bit her tongue, remembering suddenly Cyrus Banting's command that he do the talking, which he proceeded to do.

"We are on a peculiar errand, Mr. Head. Through the kindness of Miss Titherton, I took to Mr. Lane in New York a very beautiful old patchwork bedspread. He recognized the border as being of the same printing as an old piece that you own—a *toile* that you regarded highly. I believe you called it the Titherton pattern. Am I right?"

Mr. Head regarded Miss Elizabeth Titherton's famous pearls and her star sapphire ring thoughtfully before motioning his wife to have a fire lighted in the hall.

"Aye, I have."

"Could you, by chance, tell me why that particular pattern is called the Titherton?"

"Aye. . . . Mrs. Head will you ask Mac to fetch me the bit of cloth from the shop museum? Number 640 it is. And you might ask the lass to bring me the tray. Here are the keys for the decanter. It's cold weather we're having, Mr. Banting. Ask your lady to draw up to the hearth. But it's snug in the house, with two fires and everything. Mac will be here at once. The works are just beyond the house."

Some minutes later the old bit of cloth was delivered to Mr. Head. He spread it on the table beside his chair.

"What information I can give you, Mr. Banting, is part conjecture; but sound I believe. Just as there have frequently been periods in literature when acrostics were popular, there have been times in the development of the art of calico printing when concealed motifs in a pattern pleased the fancy of designers. The quite recent Victoria-and-Albert chintz is the best known; the one with the heads of Queen Victoria and her consort lined by the tendrils of the flowers and foliage. Frankly, it is a childish idea; but without detracting any honor from Victoria's greatness, Victorian art was almost puerile. The high brains of her reign were busied with manufacturing inventions and trade expansion rather than with pure art. The grandeur of a total effect suffered through overattention to detail. How does this apply to your query? Just this: The bust of Washington is the principal center of the decorative scheme in this old *toile*. Examine it all closely. No; you notice nothing. Follow my finger through this garland and

(Continued on Page 129

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After thousands of miles of driving, over all sorts of roads and in all kinds of weather, they have come to know and fully appreciate just what Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords have contributed to comfort, safety and economy of motoring.

They know that distances can be covered in far shorter driving time and that the rocky, mountainous passes, the rough stretches of highway, the rutty, cut-up country roads and the desert wastes will not retard their progress as formerly.

When your car is equipped with these full-size Balloons road shocks, jolts and vibration are cushioned before they reach chassis, engine or body of the car to cause damage and rapid depreciation. Driver and passengers are scarcely conscious of poor roads.

With double the usual road contact, Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords are the safest equipment for any car. They give brakes a new responsiveness and power. By minimizing skidding and spinning they permit quicker stops. The driver has better control of the car at all times.

The most pleasant and economical tours this season will be made on Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords. Firestone Gum-Dipping puts strength and stamina into these tires, enabling them to meet every strain and deliver added thousand of miles. This special Firestone construction insures minimum fuel consumption.

Secure the unequalled comfort, safety and economy that Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords assure you. Call on any Firestone Service Dealer for authentic information about application to your present car. He will make the changeover quickly and at lowest cost, because he is prepared to supply you not only with the full-size Balloon Tires but the special Firestone wheel and rim unit as well.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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AKRON, OHIO
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Firestone

Majestic Coal Window

WORLD'S LARGEST Majestic Quality MAKERS OF COAL WINDOWS

Building Specialties

Majestic Underground Garbage Receivers—Milk and Package Receivers—All Metal Flower Boxes—All Metal Basement Windows—Fire place Dampers—Ash Dump—Flue Clean Out Doors

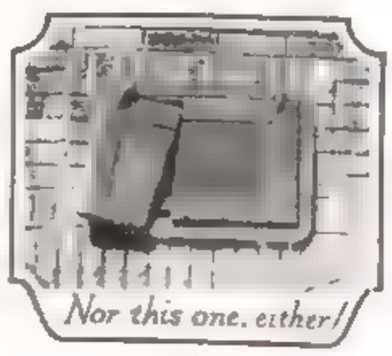
Sold by 5,000 Hardware, Building Supply, & Lumber Dealers Everywhere

Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel are the most durable and satisfactory materials for a coal window. Majestic uses them. This, plus years of experience, are the reasons why Majestic Coal Windows are superior in quality, design and workmanship at no additional cost—why Majestic leads the world in coal windows. Specify the Majestic.

You don't want this!

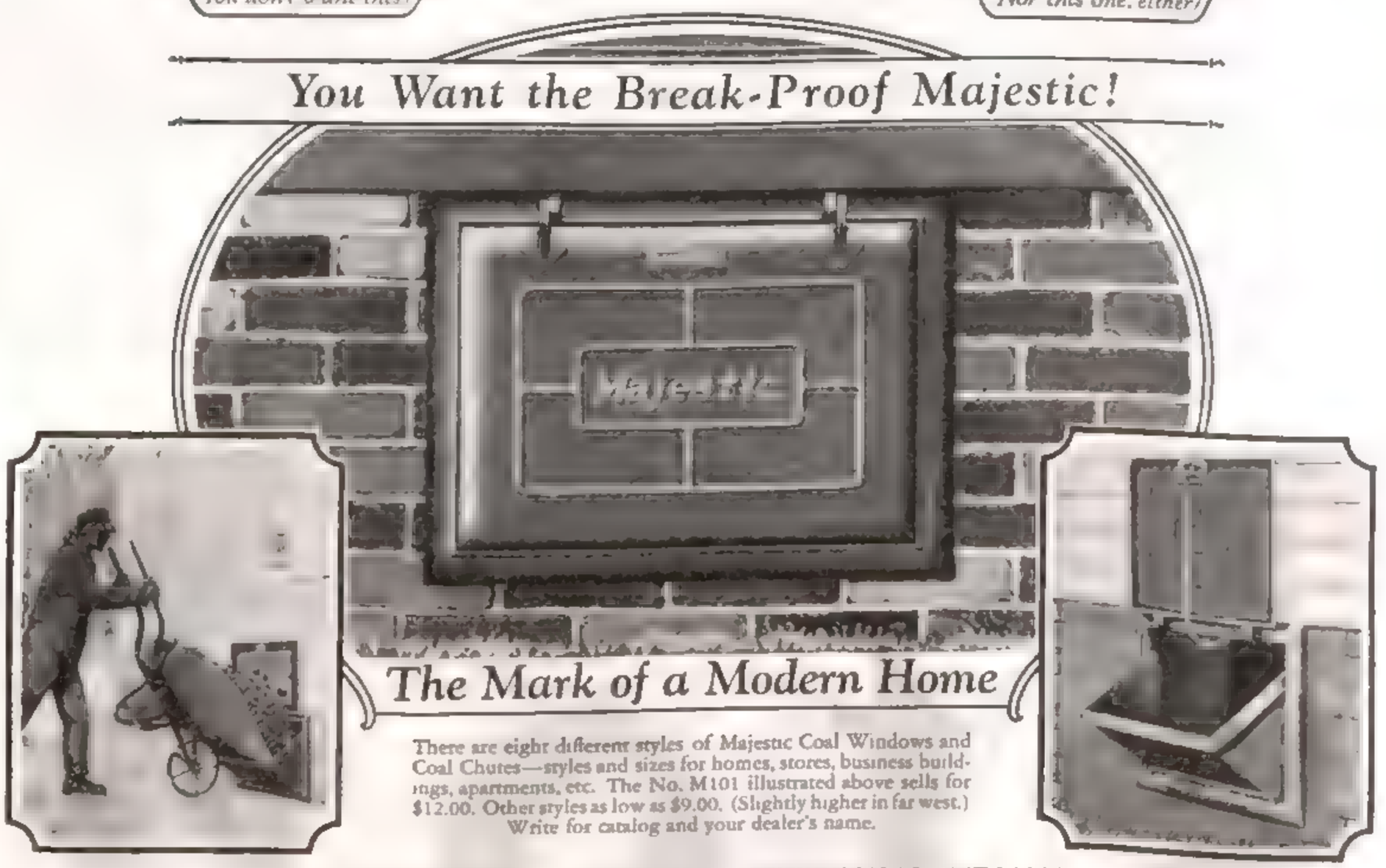
The ordinary basement window soon looks like the one at the left when used as a coal window. Wall, sash and frame battered, broken and disfigured. The Majestic Coal Window eliminates this.

The door, frame or hinges of the cast iron coal window frequently break under the heavy impact of coal as it is delivered—see illustration at the right. The Majestic Coal Window is break-proof.



Nor this one, either!

You Want the Break-Proof Majestic!



The Mark of a Modern Home

There are eight different styles of Majestic Coal Windows and Coal Chutes—styles and sizes for homes, stores, business buildings, apartments, etc. The No. M101 illustrated above sells for $12.00. Other styles as low as $9.00. (Slightly higher in far west.) Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

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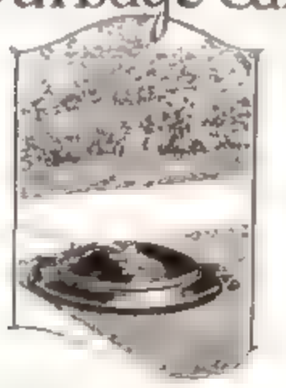
Canadian Factory, THE GALT STOVE & FURNACE COMPANY, Ltd., Galt, Ont

Where is her Garbage Can?



Right where it ought to be — *underground* — yet convenient and accessible, at the kitchen door. Every housewife should know about this

Write for illustrated folder.

Costs You No More to Have the Best

(Continued from Page 125

shield below, here to the left, at which Washington appears to gaze."

Miss Titherton, suddenly excited, leaned forward and snatched the cloth.

"It's perfect—perfect! It's Colonel Titherton to the life! Wait a minute and I'll prove it." And she seized up her hand bag from the floor. Out from its capaciousness she drew six miniatures, from profile to full face, of her famous forbear. It was never the intention of this lady that any seeker should want for the opportunity to study true nobility at its fountainhead. "Look at it! Just compare them! There's not the shadow of a doubt. Oh, I'm so happy!"

And she turned her eyes, shining with tears, toward Mr. Banting. That gentleman appeared interested, but not enthusiastic.

"Now wait a minute, Miss Titherton. Go slow. This is all fine enough, but it doesn't prove anything. You hold your horses and we'll dig a little deeper. Tell me some more, Mr. Head. How did you come to call this old *toile* the Titherton pattern?"

"That was the name which the woman from whom I purchased it some thirty years ago in France called it. She was Madame Leflage, the granddaughter of Oberkampf, the great Alsatian cloth printer. I always presumed—correctly, I see now—that Titherton was the name of the gentleman whose profile I've just shown you. Beyond that I haven't a single jot of information."

Miss Titherton, anxious-eyed, could no longer stay on the outskirts of the conversation.

"But there's only one thing to do. We must go to France at once and see Madame Leflage. She might know of a more definite link between General Washington and the colonel. Don't you think so, Mr. Head?"

"Aye, perhaps. But that was thirty years ago when I saw her, and she was an old woman then. I fancy she's not living."

"But we could hunt up her heirs then. I know there's a way and we mustn't leave a stone unturned—not a one. Don't you think so, Mr. Head?"

"I think you'd be chasing a rainbow. But luck might put something in your way. I'll gladly give you her old address."

"Oh, but you don't understand! You must go with us; and Mrs. Head, too, of course. Won't you, Mrs. Head?"

The soul of Ronald Head filled with alarm at the idea of placing such spendthrift notions in the mind of his well-trained wife, and even the tip of his nose twitched with horror at the prospect.

"I beg of you, Miss Titherton. Please don't talk such foolishness. You do not understand the modesty of the calico-printing trade. It cannot support such rash jaunts around the world."

Hurdles of objections were nothing to Elizabeth Titherton when she was in the field with the fox in view.

"But you will all go as my guests. Mrs. Head, think what a pleasure it will give me!"

"Oh," said Mr. Head, wiping the almost death dews from his brow. And turning toward his wife—"Do you think the doctor would permit it?"

Again Miss Titherton charged in.

"I've thought of all that. If you've no objections, we'll take your doctor and two nurses, and in the private car I'm sure you'd be quite comfortable. Do say yes. It will be such a jolly party to have you all."

Mr. Head surveyed the lady carefully, considering the wide differences in their respective views on jollity. He shook his head solemnly.

"Aye, we'll go. I'll answer for the medico. He was born in Edinburgh."

Seven days later Mr. Head emerged from the restfulness of their Paris hotel to enter Miss Titherton's motor. Under the advice of and with his doctor he had been considerably benefited by their mutual close application to a certain Dauzac claret.

"Man was never blessed with nobler tonic," had been the emphatic report of the doctor after he had sampled sufficient to decide it was not only harmless but beneficial for the hale as well as the invalid.

With his wife and Miss Titherton in the car was also Mr. Banting as they started on their search for Madame Leflage, who had lived in a hamlet in the Versailles neighborhood.

The gentle glow of a recent bottle of the tonic shared Mr. Head's soul with the fear that Madame Leflage might be discovered too soon and so shorten the cure his doctor had suggested should continue for at least three weeks. Being no man to go against the doctor's orders, he thought it only wise to warn Miss Titherton that their search might not have immediate success.

"Please don't worry about that, Mr. Head. I know we'll succeed. But you just lean back and relax and enjoy the lovely views."

"Aye, I am," said Mr. Head, closing his eyes to recall more distinctly the snug little café he and the doctor had patronized so earnestly.

After many excursions, which occupied ten days, they finally discovered the house of madame. It was a sweet little doll-house sort of place, crammed right up on the street, and behind it the gayest, coziest garden conceivable. The old lady was still alive and would see them in the garden. She sat in the sun, blinking like an old cat, but completely alive to the unexpected pleasure of receiving visitors. And when she heard that the call concerned the work of her grandfather, M'sieu Philip Oberkampf, her tongue became young again and click-clacked regardless. Madame could speak no word of English, but her grandson acted as interpreter; and as soon as he had begun to explain what she had said she would prod him with her cane to hurry up so she might start again. She was eternally proud of M'sieu Oberkampf. She told of him and the brave days when the Emperor Napoleon himself came to see the print works at Jouy; how the emperor, praising the proprietor for the prestige his exquisite *toiles* were gaining for France, took a medal from the imperial breast and pinned it on the coat of Oberkampf, saying, "It is you who are cleaving out the salvation of France—not I."

When Cyrus Banting had let the old lady ramble on for what he considered a polite hour, he managed to engage the attention of her grandson.

"Will you be kind enough to ask madame if she remembers any circumstances which might connect the name of Jacob Titherton with the name of George Washington? Please ask her to think hard, as the matter is extremely important to us."

"No," reported the grandson, "there is nothing. But should you enjoy it, she will gladly tell you about the babyhood of M'sieu Oberkampf. She begs permission to say that he was a most beautiful baby."

"No doubt," said Mr. Banting, "also please inform her that I should have assumed that, having seen his granddaughter."

"Oh, m'sieu," came the return, "my gran'mere says you are a naughty man. Very nice manners. A terrible man. She hopes you will call again. She regrets she cannot aid you."

For another hour the party catechized the old lady from every possible angle concerning the point of their search. But she proved a dry well for them. The departure of Miss Titherton especially was courteous, but crestfallen. There were so few things she attacked which she failed to conquer that failure had the keenness of novelty.

That evening she instructed Peter to engage accommodations for the return of Mr. Head and his party to Carlisle, and to proceed with them on the journey. And at an early dinner she bade them all good-by, since she would not have risen before their departure in the morning. Elizabeth Titherton could only be feeling very low in her mind when she failed in such an iota of hospitality—and she was. The future was bleak with a bar sinister across the guaranty of Colonel Jacob's complete magnificence.

Cyrus Banting, suffering from sympathetic depression, also went to his bed early. At 11:30 he was snapped from his sleep by the rattling of his door and the burred speech of Mr. Head in the hall.

"Out, lad, out! Man the watch and step out!"

"Where did you ducks get that skinful?" snarled Mr. Banting as the doctor and Mr. Head filed solemnly into the room.

"Get on your clothes, lad, and come with us. We go to call on the fair Lizzie."

"What do you mean—call on Lizzie? In the shape you are now, you'd frighten her to death. Cut that stuff out!"

"All right," announced Mr. Head with a grand dignity, "if you'll not come we'll go ourselves."

Mr. Banting snatched at his trousers.

"Wait a minute! If you're set on it, I go along too. Hold your horses! You two fellows need a nurse."

The entreaties of Christine were nothing to Mr. Head. He marched straight through to Miss Titherton's sitting room and announced that he would sit there until she appeared; and if they cared for music, he had not forgotten certain quaint border ballads that had always been popular in battle because they could be heard above the heavy guns. Would they care for a taste of his quality?

"Oh, please, Mr. Head!" begged Christine. "Miss Titherton will see you in a moment."

"Aye, lass," beamed the Scottish chief; "and here's a penny for you. Doctor, enter that in the expense book."

Miss Titherton entered, white but collected.

"Gentlemen, what is the meaning ——"

"Madam," spoke Mr. Head sonorously, "we bring you glad tidings."

"Yes," echoed the doctor, "of great joy."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Head, "I accept the correction. The great joy is incorporated in my greeting. We are heralds of a new day. Believe us or believe us not, ma'am, but we have been thinking, concentrating, delving deep into causes and effects. The matter runs like this: After dinner, this good medical man here and I repaired to the little—ah—pharmacy where my tonic is dispensed. Of an affable soul who was also being administered to there we inquired if he had ever heard of Mr. George Washington. Lo, he had not!

"'What,' said we, 'you do not know of the great George Washington?'"

"'*Mais oui*,' said he, 'you mean Jorge Vashing-tun? But yes! Who does not know of him? How does it happen that you gentlemen call him George Washington? We say Jorge Vashing-tun.'"

Mr. Head stopped short to make a sweeping gesture of such emphasis that he practically capsized.

"And there, madam, lay the crux. So we at once engaged a taxi—the doctor has the amount of the fare in his book—and hastened out to call on our friend Madame Leflage.

"'Madame,' said I—'madame, do you know of Jorge Vashing-tun?'

"'Oh, m'sieu, *certainement!* I have his letter to my grandpère. A moment but only and I shall you disclose it to.' And she fetched me the letter.

"'Good,' said I, when I had read it. 'I must buy it for one thousand francs.' The grandson, interpreting, reported, 'My grandmother cannot accept less than twenty-five hundred francs.' 'Very well, tell your grandmother I shall be glad to pay her price of five thousand francs.' And so, Miss Titherton, we bought the letter for ten thousand francs. The doctor has it all down in his little red expense book. And here is the letter. Take it. Read it."

Elizabeth Titherton took the sheet of paper into her hands. Nervousness had her in its grip, however, and she extended it toward Cyrus Banting.

"Please, Mr. Banting, you read it to me. I can't seem to control myself."

"Sure! Let's see. It's dated January 4, 1784, and addressed to Mr. Philip Oberkampf, Jouy, France. It reads:

Sir: Upon occasion it is but just that a man be commended for the precision and excellence of his labors.

Into my hands of late has come a printed stuff, the product of your manufactory at Jouy.

I take this opportunity to advise you of my delighted regard for the material which you have executed at the command of my estimable friend and invaluable officer Col. Jacob Titherton, whose patined profile is so cunningly concealed among the members of the decorative scheme. It is a pleasant fantasy to reflect that his fair gazes as unswervingly toward naught on this calico as it has these thousand times in the flesh.

Sir, filled with admiration for your skill, I am, Yours to command,

G. WASHINGTON.

Elizabeth Titherton stood erect and speechless. Words were useless to her emotions. There was a hint of the glory of Saint Joan, the militant maid, in the upward curve of her throat and in the straight drop of her arms.

A light almost seemed to envelop her. The firstborn of her restored voice was an acute telltale to her mind:

"Oh, I'm the happiest woman that ever lived! Wait until Luella Hoyt hears of this! Won't she be furious?"

Are pipe-smokers less selfish than other people?

A lot of evidence points that way—maybe some reader can explain it

One can't imagine an ordinary citizen going about telling all his friends where he bought the suit that fits him so well or urging upon his acquaintances the merits of a certain make of shoes—but it's *different* with pipe-smokers and their tobacco.

Most of them, apparently, won't rest until they have shared their favorite tobacco with every smoking friend.

Read this:

Barrington, Ill.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen

I wish to take this opportunity of telling you what I think of Edgeworth. Until some months ago I smoked other brands of pipe tobacco and never was satisfied with any of them—never could get any satisfaction from a pipeful. I just happened upon an advertisement one day of yours and asked you to send me some free samples. And ever since I have been smoking it with great pleasure.

At the present time I am working with the Telephone Company and out of twenty men in the gang, fourteen of them smoke Edgeworth now. They never heard of it until I came into the gang.

Yours with satisfaction,
Arthur H. Pflum.

We have chosen Mr. Pflum's letter from among hundreds because he is typical of Edgeworth smokers in that, being happy in his own choice of tobacco, he wants everybody within reach to share his happiness!

He is a full-fledged member of that Brotherhood of the Pipe—than which there is no greater unorganized organization in the world!

Every day we welcome new members and seldom if ever, we are happy to say, do we lose one.

We are glad to know that Mr. Pflum has created fourteen new Edgeworth smokers, for experience has shown that they will continue to smoke Edgeworth; and every *permanent* Edgeworth smoker is living proof that we know our job.

Of course, we don't expect *every* man to like Edgeworth—but fourteen out of twenty is a pretty good showing.

We'd like mightily to have you pass judgment on Edgeworth. Perhaps you can tell us, then, just what it is that causes our tobacco to make friends and hold them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

Let us send you a free sample of Edgeworth so that you can decide whether you are one of six or one of fourteen. Address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

3 Reasons
why Fords need
this BAKELITE-
cased timer!
1 SHORT-PROOF!
Improved Milwaukee Timer never can short-circuit. New Bakelite case—only one on a roller-type timer (the standard design for Fords). Bakelite is a non-conductor, and impervious to heat, oil and water. Puts Milwaukee Timer in a class with high-priced ignition units.
2 TROUBLE-FREE!
Gives perfect ignition until it actually wears out in service, after many months of use. Nothing to go wrong. Fine bronze brush assembly accurately fitted and aligned. Hardened steel roller, with ball-bearing finish, always runs smoothly over fiber race—hotter sparks!
3 LONGER-LIVED!
Bakelite case and sturdy construction making it trouble-proof, the new Milwaukee outlasts several cheaper timers. Put a Milwaukee on your Ford and get more power, faster pick-up and quicker starting—at less cost per mile. Recommended by garage men and 1,000,000 users.
Milwaukee Motor Products, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.
MILWAUKEE
TIMER for FORD
SHORT-PROOF
At garages, auto supply and hardware stores. No increase in price—new Bakelite-cased Milwaukee sells for . . . $2.00
($2.75 in Canada)

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER

Continued from Page 33

are the same. Furthermore, and most important of all, you must remember that game has always been the predominant feature and most pressing question. It is at the back of everyone's mind and conditions his thinking.

A ban upon guns and extravagance in general is an aid toward keeping the community that wishes to be peaceful all the more peaceful; but naturally no sparsely settled country, settled by individualistic thinkers, and where the hand of the law is light, gets along altogether without adding an occasional chapter to its history; and I will say that when the valley does add a chapter it seems always to add a more than usually dramatic one.

On the road between the local town and the great lake to the north, forty miles away, are two graves that have been there a long time No one knows who occupies them, or will ever know. Two young men—well-spoken, pleasant-appearing young men—rode into town one summer afternoon and let it be known that they were looking for a ranch. A few days later, hearing of a ranch, they went up country to inspect it. They had no sooner left than a third stranger, claiming to be a sheriff, arrived on horseback, followed by several men. He said that he had a warrant for the young men's arrest on the charge of horse stealing and demanded that he be shown where they were. For this purpose he took along with him several of the settlers.

So far everything had been entirely normal; but from then on events were out of the ordinary, for the supposed sheriff and his men, arriving at the ranch where the two young men were, sent in one of the local ranchers to call them out and, when the strangers appeared, shot them down without a word of explanation. He then held off the local men at the point of a pistol and rode out of the country as mysteriously as he had come. Afterwards the resident end of the posse remembered that at no time had it seen the supposed sheriff's papers.

The Wagon Mystery

But the most curious and dramatic chapter in the valley's history was written only a short while ago in connection with the feud—the range war I have already mentioned. It took eleven years in the telling and it is not finished yet.

Fifteen years ago, in the spring, after the snows had gone, up a mountain draw directly opposite our northernmost ranch and only a couple of miles away, the blackened remains of a wagon were found. Evidently the previous autumn someone had camped there, and before leaving had built a huge fire and had destroyed all traces of occupancy except the charred ring the flames had left, and the steel parts—wheel rims and bolts and chains, and so on—that would not burn. I saw these twisted relics in the yard of the local justice of the peace, where they had been taken.

The discovery was made by a game warden and a young cow-puncher who had gone up to estimate the depredations amongst the moose which five brothers, recently come from Colorado, had committed during the winter. The five brothers are not essential to the story. They are all by now worthy citizens in various parts of the West; but they had come into the country absolutely without money and practically starving, and taking up an abandoned trapper's cabin on the shores of a lake, had lived on the game and defied the game wardens to come and get them. They had left by the time the game wardens arrived, and subsequently when questioned proved that they knew nothing about the main incident of this tale.

Here were the strange features of what came to be known locally as the wagon mystery. In the first place, the camp had been made in a draw more than a quarter of a mile from water—a spot no sensible camper would choose. In the second place, the wagon had been a new one and therefore somewhat valuable as a foundation for a bonfire. In the third place, no one remembered, in a country where every horse and wagon is instantly marked, having seen the wagon or its occupants the previous autumn. And in the fourth place, even if a murder had been committed, and that was the obvious explanation, what had been the purpose of burning the wagon? The horses had not been burned, and if a man could take the horses out of the valley he could have taken the wagon too; indeed, the burning of the wagon was a bit of flagrant stupidity, since it left unmistakable traces and aroused a hue and cry. Whoever burned the wagon could have driven it out quietly and no questions would have been asked.

Casting around in a circle for other clews, the game warden and the young cow-puncher came upon perhaps the strangest of all. Cached under a rock, fifty yards or so away from where the wagon had been burned, was a rifle of special make wrapped in oilskin. This presented a bit of psychological evidence if nothing else. Evidently the man who placed it there so carefully had been unwilling, however he might have felt about another man or a wagon, to destroy this fine firearm, and had intended some day to return and find it. And as time went on the rifle proved to be not only a piece of psychological evidence but the only evidence that proved of any value whatsoever.

Futile Clews

The firm that had made the rifle was written to, and replied that, although in most cases they would have no idea to whom their special makes were sold, in this case the buyer had written directly to the factory and that his name—let us say—was Greene, and that he lived in a small town in Montana. Upon further inquiry it was found that Greene had only lived in the small town a short while, and had left the previous spring in a new wagon with a man named—let us say—Thompson.

In other words, either Greene had killed Thompson and had burned the wagon, or Thompson had killed Greene and had burned the wagon, or no one had killed anyone and between them Thompson and Greene had burned the wagon for some reason much more unaccountable than the desire to hide a murder.

But the last was not reasonable, because of the finding of Greene's gun, and the first was not probable for the same reason. Undoubtedly Thompson had killed Greene, and somewhere in the maze of forest and lake and cañon was Greene's body. It is there today. It has never been found. The clew presented by the rifle petered out. Greene and Thompson were swallowed up in thin air.

All this took place fifteen years ago, and for eleven years nothing more happened. As we take up the story again you must listen for a while to something that apparently has nothing to do with the original plot. The wagon mystery seemed unsolvable. Then, far to the south, at the end of the valley, a small range war that had been smoldering for a couple of years burst into flame, and two men were killed and two others were arrested.

The principal figure in this range war was a man of evil reputation, although how much he deserves this reputation I do not know. He is a handsome fellow, white-haired and fine-featured, and the very day the killings he is supposed to have instigated were taking place I saw him in the local hotel—establishing an alibi, some say—playing most charmingly with his little daughter. But years before he had killed a man under suspicious circumstances and had served a term in the penitentiary, and it was known that he had warned all newcomers to keep away from the part of the valley in which he lived and to leave his range alone.

The majority obeyed him, but a few didn't; and amongst the latter were two mature bachelor brothers--fine men, and pleasant—who homesteaded and began to run a small bunch of cattle directly in the middle of the forbidden territory. One day they were reported missing and a posse went down to investigate. A burned ranch house was found—the fire had taken place a week or so earlier—but no traces of the brothers save a charred torso with two bullet holes in it under a fallen ridge log. Save for the ridge log there would have

(Continued on Page 132)

goes a long way to make friends

It's the *second* 10,000 miles that makes the big hit

The

GENERAL

BALLOON REQUIRING SPECIAL WHEELS

BALLOON TO FIT PRESENT WHEELS

LOW PRESSURE CORD *(REGULAR SIZES)*

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO

(Continued from Page 130)

been, as in the wagon mystery, another case of *corpus delicti*.

But the torso was identified and proved sufficient evidence; and because of what had been going on for the past two years, the exclusive cattleman and his eldest son, just discharged from the Army, were arrested. The cattleman was able to prove an alibi, but the eldest son wasn't; and then, to the astonishment of everyone, the sheriff arrested a man named—let us say—Bearcat Roberts, who lived on a little place next door to the cattleman and who had worked for him. A man so harmless—so the country thought—that the name Bearcat had been given him in derision; a shuffling, quiet, peaceable man.

Bit by bit the evidence was pieced together and it was found that Bearcat and the eldest son had shot one of the brothers, a man crippled with rheumatism, through a window of the cabin; and then had ridden out on the range and had found the other brother and had shot him and packed his dead body back on a saddle horn to where the holocaust was to take place. Fairly cold-blooded to shoot a man, and throw him over your saddle and ride with the dripping body in front of you for a couple of miles or more. Bearcat and the oldest son were sent to the penitentiary.

But here is the point of the whole story: Up in Montana a ranchman, reading in a paper a description of these murders and of Bearcat, and something stirring in his mind, wrote to the penitentiary and asked if Bearcat had certain marks about his body. The warden wrote back that he had.

Good and Bad Bad Men

"Very well," said the ranchman in his second letter, "then he is the man who formerly called himself Thompson, and who eleven years ago left this country with a man named Greene and was subsequently never heard from. If you can find Greene's body you've got the man who killed him."

Greene's body, however, as I have said, hasn't been found, and never will be found. In fact, no one really knows that he is dead, so Bearcat is just where he was before. But imagine the mental background!

Facts in themselves are never so interesting as what makes the facts, and here is a man—that is, if any of the story is true—who killed another man under peculiarly haunting circumstances and then calmly came back in five years or so to the country where he had done the killing, and settled down; and after a while killed another man. Probably the only thing he regretted was that the beloved gun he had so carefully cached had been found.

In connection with this tale there are two vivid complementary incidents: The night the murder was discovered, the cattleman, a gun on his hip, strode through the hall of the little hotel of the nearest town to a room where a preliminary hearing was being held. The narrow hall was lined on either side with men, also armed, who hated the cattleman, and their nerves were on edge. Had he at any time touched them with his elbow or pushed one of them aside, another murder would have been added to the already long list. A man who was there told me that you could feel the tenseness.

And five miles or so from the cattleman's home, up a lonely valley, lives a Swiss who was the first man to suspect that anything was wrong and who was the man who rode into town and gave the alarm. But he had difficulty getting away the night of his discovery. He had crept out of his cabin, and as he did so he saw, high up on a ridge above him, someone strike a match and light a cigarette, and he realized that he was being watched.

There is no doubt in my mind that the real killer is a homicidal maniac, a man with a kink in his brain, to whom the object of a crime is as nothing compared to the interest taken in the perpetration of it. Billy the Kid, in the Southwest, who murdered twenty-four people before he was twenty-one and who was finally killed himself while asleep, was undoubtedly insane; and so was Shorty Smith, up in our country, who added to his list, by shooting several years ago, for the seventy-five dollars he had in his pockets, a boy with whom he had spent four snowy solitary months winter-keeping a government road house. You don't shoot the only living thing in sight, especially for seventy-five dollars, unless you are mad.

But if real killers are homicidal maniacs, and therefore likely to kill anyone at any time, they are, fortunately, extremely rare; and the average man who has been called bad is either not bad at all or at the worst merely a coward. Not that cowardly bad men are to be encouraged; they are almost as dangerous as the real killer, and their number being greater, they have probably done far more damage.

The old Western saying that the man you need to watch is the man whose finger trembles on the trigger has much sense to it. But if the weakness of the cowardly bad man is appreciated he is not difficult to handle. The majority of bad men anywhere in the world are men who have killed someone accidentally and are too cowardly to stop. They are haunted by ghosts and see a potential enemy in everyone who comes over the nearest hill.

My former partner told me that he knew down in Nevada a little sheriff, crippled with rheumatism, who never packed a gun and who never failed to bring in his man. When he overtook the fugitive he would sit down calmly under the other's leveled revolver and argue the matter out.

"There's no use your killing me," he would say. "I'm old and all worn out and haven't a gun. They'll catch you in the end, and if you've killed me you'll sure hang; otherwise you've got a chance."

The brave men needed no second invitation to surrender themselves, and the cowards were paralyzed by bravery, as they always are.

The good bad man—the man who does not know what fear is, but who for some reason has turned his killing abilities in the direction of law and order—is, in my private opinion, just as insane as his homicidal brother, and just as mysterious in his impulses. I do not understand the pleasure in tracking down or killing another man, even if he is an outlaw. I should imagine, at the best, these to be grim and unpleasant duties.

The average detective is no engaging figure in my eyes. His job has to be done; but I believe that in most cases it is done by men who, through no virtues of their own but by mere good fortune, find themselves using their unstable mentalities in the prevention instead of the accomplishment of crime.

Down in New Mexico I came across a sheriff who had a record of twelve Mexicans with crippled right arms. He never killed a man, but he always shot his biceps out as he drew his gun.

A great many men who have achieved a reputation for badness have achieved it undeservedly. In the West to steal horses in your youth used to be—and still is to some extent—an exploit of wildness somewhat similar to getting drunk, although it was, and is, rarer and more dangerous. Some of the finest men I have ever met had a faint aroma of this juvenile unsanctity about them. One man who subsequently worked for us was a famous bad man when I first came into the valley. The third or fourth week I was in the country I passed a number of horsemen riding in the other direction, and when I asked one whom I knew what they were doing, he replied that they were after Tom, who was traveling due north with a band of horses.

A Hard Man to Patronize

Tom established a name for himself for casual bravery and carefulness in certain respects. He never tried to shoot anyone, and he never stole horses from a friend or from his own country. As to the former quality, on one occasion, when followed by a sheriff's posse, he pushed his stolen horses into a river raging in flood and, swimming after them, from the other bank kissed his hand and waved his hat to his baffled pursuers, and on another occasion, being warned that a man was in town who had sworn to kill him on sight, he went over to the saloon where the man was, walked twenty feet or so from the door to the rear of the room in the face of a drawn revolver, took the revolver from the hands of its owner and slapped the owner's face.

But Tom was not a bad man; he was merely an unstable man with a childish love of action and adventure, as we unfortunately discovered when we hired him. He was anything but a bad man; he was the most genial and the kindliest soul alive, gentle and generous to a fault. Nor was he always brave. At the height of his career—my first summer in the valley—he was brought up by night in order that he might consult the doctor, who made furniture, about a painful swelling that appears sometimes on the neck and sometimes where you ride horses, but which is never dangerous. Tom, however, thought he was going to die.

Nate, the lanky ex-cow-puncher who went on the original antelope hunting party, and who, when the other doctor and myself started our ranch, worked as our head man for a while, also had a reputation for badness when I first met him. I was warned that he would steal the rope off my saddle—and while I was looking too. As a matter of fact, I have never known in all my life a more honest man, or one more sensitive to obligation. He has almost too sensitive a sense of obligation; he refuses to be under obligations to anyone, and he is not happy until he has paid a favor back.

His history is a curious one. His first recollections are of an Arizona cow camp where he was a child of four with long golden curls—he has no knowledge of his father or mother—and it must have been a poor sort of a cow camp, for the outfit was in the habit of drying its hands on Nate's curls after the evening wash-up.

"If I ever see one of those sons of so on," Nate once informed me grimly, "I'll kill him even if he is a grandfather."

After Arizona, Nate drifted to California, to Nevada, to Oregon and Alberta and Montana; finally to Wyoming. He chose his own name and taught himself to read and write when he was about thirty-five years old. Starting with nothing at all, he has by now acquired two profitable ranches, and during the winter indulges a taste for traveling. Not long ago a famous motion-picture actress patronized him in the following manner and received the following answer:

The blond-haired screen star was doing a Western and was on location in the valley, and was being very kind and gracious, indeed, to all "the dear simple people."

Having heard that the proper way to address a native when first meeting him was to ask him how he had wintered, she asked Nate.

"Fine," he replied. "I wintered in Paris, Berlin and Rome."

Several years ago, just before the war, Nate made a triumphal tour of the East, starting in Chicago, where he speedily became a civic institution, and ending up in Philadelphia and New York. In Chicago he fell in with what he called the Alley Bazaar, not inappropriately each city at the time vying with the others in the expensiveness and labor of these bazaars—and met any number of opera singers and actors and Follies girls and millionaires. Two months later, when I went through Chicago on my way West, I found that all I had to do to introduce myself was to mention Nate's name.

Nate and the Countess

Nate was so popular in Chicago that, as he himself expresses it, he had to make his get-away from that city between sundown and sunup. His next stop was Philadelphia, where he fell in with the fox-hunting crowd, and after an initial hunt, in which he lost his seat several times, never having ridden an English saddle before, became one of the first flight. In New York he stayed with the portrait painter who had been our first dude. The portrait painter gave a dinner in Nate's honor and put him next to a newly arrived French countess—a French countess who was the very last word in worldliness and who was famous for her somewhat decadent tastes. Nate, I may add, has a way with women. After dinner the portrait painter asked him what he thought of the countess and he replied that he had found her one of the nicest, simplest, commonest—used in the correct sense—little women he had ever become acquainted with.

The very worst man I have ever met was a white-haired, kindly looking man—until you scrutinized his eyes—who wore a conservative sombrero without any dent in it, and a black suit, and who looked exactly like a New England deacon. He was the worst because he had all the coldness of the New England deacon turned bad. I only heard him laugh once, and that was when we were nooning one day in the shade of some cottonwood trees out on a partial desert. The deacon was lying on his back, his hands crossed behind his head, staring up at the cloudless sky, when suddenly he began to chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"You remember I told you I once ran a gambling place in Juarez?" he replied. "Well, when the revolution broke out I and a nigger cow-puncher manned a machine gun, and I was just a-thinking of the didos them Mexicans cut up when we turned loose on them. Laugh? I near died!"

The subject of bad men is fascinating—too fascinating. You are inclined, in your memories, to give them undue prominence. The West never has had the variety or number of bad men more thickly populated districts can boast, nor has it ever been so healthy a place for the bad man as countries where he has more cover; but because of this very thinness of settlement his adventures seem more vivid and dramatic. They are not really dramatic—at least not half so dramatic as the adventures of virtue.

Most bad men are loose-lipped, silly fellows. A good many of them have been the sons of well-to-do Eastern families. Every summer we receive letters asking us to take care of some potential outlaw whose family cannot control him. We have become very clever in avoiding such responsibilities. No wonder, however, Western ranchers are suspicious in this direction. There is an ancient superstition that the West is a moral cure-all. It is, of course, the very worst place in the world for a useless boy, just as it is the very best place in the world for a good one.

No, the bad man is not really dramatic; there is infinitely more drama in the lives of any of the settlers fighting cold and drought and the countless vicissitudes of a pioneer life.

When the Cowboy Died

Once upon a time I started a private investigation of my own. I had heard that the cowboy was dead, and although in the twenty-odd years of my Western life I had seen a great many young men and mature men, and even elderly men, who thought themselves cowboys, I wanted to be assured of the facts. I asked the oldest man I knew when the last cowboy had hung up his saddle and put away his spurs and chaps and sombrero.

"About 1880," he said. "There hasn't been any real cowboys since then."

This was a trifle startling, for, if true, the cowboy had died almost before he was born. Up until the Civil War there weren't many cowboys outside of Texas. Unperturbed, however, I continued my research. The next man I asked was a middle-aged man who had abandoned the range and settled down to ranching in the late 90's.

"Max," I asked, "when in your opinion was the real cattle life over?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "I should say about 1900."

My last informant was a young rancher who, beside a red-hot stove one winter night, had been telling me of a cattle drift before a Montana blizzard in which, five years earlier, he had participated.

"We followed 'em," he said, "three days, with not a thing to eat, froze to our saddles, and then we come to a deserted cabin. Whoever had been there had left some soup in an iron pot and it had turned to ice; but before turning, two mice had drowned in it. We heated it up and swallowed it down. But now"—he sighed—"it ain't what it used to be. They're all mail-order buckaroos."

And this, mind you—this cattle drift, the most epic and dramatic of all possible incidents in a cow-puncher's life—had taken place thirty years after my first witness claimed that all cow-punchers were dead, and ten years after the date set by my second witness.

"Dick," I said to the young rancher—his nickname was Dismal Dick—"what year do you set as the year the old West vanished?"

He gave the question due consideration.

"About 1913," he decided finally.

"And when, Dick," I continued, "did you quit riding and take up a ranch?"

"About 1914."

So, you see, my theory was vindicated and here is a perfect chain of evidence. The psychology underlying it is common enough. Having been a university man, I have met the same phenomenon before. Most universities end—that is, all the heroism and hardihood and good times end—as each class graduates. And yet the universities go on much as they have always gone on. Now that I myself am in my middle years, I find that like everyone else I have to catch myself constantly lest I fall into this intellectual error—not so much concerning my university, perhaps, as about the West.

The West is not so adventurous and authentic as it was when I first saw it in my

(Continued on Page 137)

ANNUAL Roll Call

WHITE TRUCK FLEETS OF 10 OR MORE

In mighty unison the nation's foremost users proclaim the outstanding achievement in truck transportation

THIS year again the White Roll Call tells transportation's biggest truck story.

755 of the country's foremost truck owners are operating 28,166 White Trucks in fleets of 10 or more. . . . This is an increase of 162 owners and 6,393 trucks over last year's record. . . . These are the cold, stark figures arrayed on this and the following three pages.

Truck by truck, name by name, year by year, the building of the White Roll Call has gone on, twice around the 7-year business cycle. Experience and comparison have speeded standardization on Whites. A few fleets show decrease. Refinements in truck-handling methods have enabled some owners to do their work with fewer trucks. Mergers and business changes account for other decreases.

Among the tens of thousands of owners of smaller White fleets or single White Trucks are names that will be on a future White Roll Call.

Ever increasing hundreds of experienced, astute buyers express lasting faith in White Truck dependability, durability and economy by pyramiding their investments to millions of dollars. White Trucks justify this faith.

Each line of the three succeeding pages is the separate story of a separate transportation problem solved profitably by White Trucks. Only by consistently giving the most money-earning miles in all lines of business, everywhere, could White Trucks make the White Roll Call what it is—

A fact structure defying imitation.

No other truck manufacturer has ever published such a record. No other truck manufacturer can.

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	To-day
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.	0	0	1	4	4	7	8	8	14	17	30	44	52
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	17	45	45	47	57
Acme Cash Stores	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	5	10	10	12	12	17
J. N. Adam & Company	0	6	8	8	8	8	8	10	17	19	28	32	32
Advance Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Air Nitrates Corporation	0	0	0	9	0	0	0	29	29	29	29	29	20
City of Akron, Ohio	0	0	1	1	1	4	5	8	11	17	15	16	25
Akron Pure Milk Company	0	0	2	3	6	6	6	6	13	13	13	10	13
Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	6	7	13	13
All Russia Zensky & Cities Un'n	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
B. Altman & Company	4	8	8	33	47	92	92	93	93	94	94	94	95
Aluminum Co. of America	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	6	6	6	19

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	To-day
American Agri. Chemical Co.	0	1	1	1	1	5	8	9	17	38	38	40	38
American Bakery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	12	12
American Can Company	0	4	7	8	8	33	56	66	70	88	88	90	107
American Chain Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	10
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11	11
American Ice Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	7	8	15	17	18
American News Company	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	6	10	15	18	18
American Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	26	26	26	29	29	29
American Power & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	9	13	15	26	33
American Railway Express	0	3	14	22	27	88	98	118	121	128	186	274	433
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	0	0	0	86	122	123	123	123	123	79
American Reduction Co.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	7	7	7	10

Continued on three succeeding pages

WHITE TRUCKS

Roll Call of White Trucks

(Continued from preceding page)

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	To-day
American Relief Adm. (Russia)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	20	32
American Steel & Wire Co.	0	0	1	2	3	4	9	14	14	17	19	19	28
American Stores Company	0	2	9	14	14	15	29	37	81	97	80	80	107
American Woolen Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	23
A. L. Ammen Transportation Co.	0	2	7	8	9	11	11	32	32	32	32	32	32
Anchor Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	12	13	15	15	13
Andalusia Dairy Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	3	5	6	7	15
Anderson Bros.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	14
Anglo-Mexican Petrol. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	9	11
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.	0	0	0	0	1	17	19	19	20	20	28	17	14
Arctic Ice & Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	10	13	13	16
State of Arizona	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	21
Arlington Mills	0	1	1	1	2	2	11	12	13	15	19	19	17
*Armour & Company	0	30	51	63	84	165	226	259	309	370	395	364	430
J. H. Ashdown Hdwe. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	5	5	5	6	10
Associated Bell Telephone Co.	0	6	30	46	84	311	447	477	517	702	806	993	1123
*Associated Dry Goods Corp.	0	8	13	23	29	37	40	88	126	126	128	129	132
City of Atlanta	0	6	8	10	10	11	11	15	15	21	29	42	44
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	15	18	23	27
Atlanta Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	13	11
Atlanta Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	19
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	0	0	15	15	15	20	27	34	38	42	52	68	78
Atlantic Refining Company	1	9	31	67	86	184	275	324	345	435	440	462	507
Atlas Powder Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	16	16	23	27
Austin Nichols & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	23	31	36
The Bailey Company	0	3	6	6	13	16	17	20	25	35	34	37	39
Oliver H. Bair Company	0	0	0	5	6	6	9	9	11	11	11	11	12
City of Baltimore	0	4	7	14	14	29	30	31	34	36	38	39	44
L. Bamberger & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	13	23	37
Bang Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	12
Banner Grocer's Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	10
Barker Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	18	18	18	18
*Barnsdall Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	18	22
The Barrett Company	0	0	0	0	0	11	17	19	21	21	22	24	21
W. J. Barry	0	1	1	1	2	3	5	7	7	8	9	11	13
Beaver Valley Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	10
Beechnut Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	8	8	12	12
Bellevue and Allied Hospitals	0	0	1	3	9	15	19	19	24	24	24	24	25
Bernheimer's	0	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	10	10	10	16
Best & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	25	24	27	27	22
William Bingham Company	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20	23	22	22	22	22
Birmingham Chero-Cola B. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	27	31	32	32	28
City of Birmingham	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	4	21	24
Frank E. Block Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	7	8	10
Block & Kuhl Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	9	14	16	16	17	17
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	27	27	32	34
Blue Ridge Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	11	11	15	16	20
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	10	18	23	24	24	24	23	32	27	29	29	32
The H. C. Bohack Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	11	16
Bohlen-Huse Coal & Ice Co.	0	5	7	7	7	7	7	10	10	10	10	10	13
Thomas P. Bonner	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	30
The Borden Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	6	19	31
City of Boston	0	9	12	17	18	18	19	22	22	30	32	34	33
Boston Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	10	10	14
Boston Elevated Railway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	28	36	41	67
Boulevard Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	5	11	17
Bourne-Fuller Company	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	8	10	10	12	17
George H. Bowman Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	6	6	6	6	10
Bowman Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	11	11
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	9	20	25	26	26	26	29	31	31	33	35
The Brandt Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	25	25	34	41	41	41
John Breuner Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	7	8	10
Bridgeman & Russell Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	5	10
Broadway Department Store	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23	28
Brockton Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	16	20	21	21	18
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	11	14	14	18	28
Brooks Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	7	11	12
Bry-Block Mercantile Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	12	12	11
Buckeye Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	18	23
Buffalo Taxi Serv. & Sightg Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	10
Bullock's	0	0	4	5	8	8	8	8	9	10	10	17	22
P. H. Butler Company	0	0	1	1	4	6	11	12	12	17	17	25	28
Cable Draper Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13	13	13	13	13
State of California	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	4	7	21	52	87	87
California Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	17	21	21	26	23	18
California Packing Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	11	11	13	15	16
California Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	5	7	13	18
California Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	25	42	49
California Truck Company	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	4	8	13	17	17	21
L. H. Callan	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
J. Calvert's Sons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	10	11
The Campbell System	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	17	36	19
Canfield Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	15	19	22
Canton Provision Company	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	10	11	11	15
Canton Storage & Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	9	11	15	11	15	15
Carbon Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	8	11	12	10	11
R. E. Carey Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	9	0	0	12	12
Carolina Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	11	11	11	11	11	11
J. B. Carr Biscuit Company	0	0	1	1	1	3	3	4	7	12	12	12	13
Carter Oil Company	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	15	18	18	24
Central Maine Power Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	9	9	10	12
Central Torpedo Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	9	11	12
Chandler & Rudd Company	0	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	7	10	10	11	11
*Chapin-Sacks Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	21	28	58	68	62	50
Check-Neal Coffee Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	12	12	19
*Chero-Cola Bottling Cos.	0	0	0	4	6	30	57	66	74	99	105	155	101
The Chero-Cola Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	32	76	76	78	99
Chicago Amer. & Herald-Exam.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	19	26	29	39
Chicago Fire Brick Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	5	11	13	14	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Chicago, N. S. & Mil. R. R. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	12	28
Chicago Towel Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	4	9	20	21
Chile Exploration Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	10
Cia. Abastecedora de Leche	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	8	8	10	10	10
Cincinnati Motor Term. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	16	16	16	16	16
*Cities Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	10	16	22	34	82
Cities Service Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	22
City Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	20	20
City of Chicago	0	0	1	4	10	27	36	47	47	52	73	128	128
City Ice Co. (Kansas City)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	19
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cincinnati)	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	7	13	13	15	18
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cleveland)	0	1	3	3	3	5	5	5	11	14	17	18	19
City Storage and Holding Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Clearing House Parcel Del'y Co.	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	14	15	16	16	17	13
City of Cleveland	0	7	14	15	19	23	32	36	43	68	77	112	144
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	6	9	14	15	19	21	39	45	54	53	53	53	53
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	14	15	34	52
Cleveland Build. Sup. & B'k Co.	0	1	3	4	7	10	14	19	51	57	64	71	90
Cleveland Coca-Cola Bottl'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	23	28	30	31
Cleveland Electric Illum'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	17	23	23	40	48	49	60	61
The Cleveland Press	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	14	14	14
Cleveland Provision Company	0	2	2	7	7	11	13	15	29	34	34	35	35
Cleveland Railway Company	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	4	10	15	21	21
Cleveland Trans. & Carriage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	19	20	25	23	19	32
Cleveland Trinidad Paving Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	5	7	13
Cleveland & Sandusky Brew Co.	0	1	1	2	3	10	15	17	24	29	30	30	30
*Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	0	6	11	24	34	67	78	91	103	198	220	301	305
The Coca-Cola Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	15	23	56	93	106
The Coca-Cola Co., Ltd. (Can.)	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	13	30	34	58	77
W. I. Coldiron	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	8	12
Collins Hauling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
Colonial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	38	36	36
State of Colorado	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	2	11
Colorado Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7	10	10
Columbia Ice & Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	8	13	11
Columbia Stage Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	6	9	12	17	52
L. H. Colvin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Comar Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	21
R. H. Comey Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	9	12	14	14	15
Commercial Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	6	10
Commonwealth Fuel Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	37
State of Connecticut	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	4	4	4	4	4	66
Connecticut Motor Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	13
Consolidated Ice Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	13	11
Consumers Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	12
Consumers Pie Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Commercial Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10	13	11	13	13
The Connecticut Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	31
Consolidated Companies	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	15	18	14
Consolidated Rendering Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	17	17	30	32	34	33
Consumers Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	15
Consumers Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	13	17
Continental Oil Company	0	2	2	2	4	19	25	34	38	81	82	90	106
Cottage Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	11	12
Walter J. Cox Company	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
Crescent Forward'g & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12	12	12	12
Cuban Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	14	14	14	19
Cudahy Packing Company	0	3	6	8	10	21	34	37	42	58	61	67	67
Cunningham Bros.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
John T. Cunningham	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	4	16	23	26
Dahl Campbell Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11	11	12
Dannemiller Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	12	12	12	12	12	14
Darling & Company	0	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	6	10	10	20	24
De Haven Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	7	10
Denver Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	27	27	27
City and County of Denver	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	3	4	5	7	8	10
Thomas D'Attilo	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	7	12	12	16	16
Davison Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	13
Day Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	9	15	19	21
The Dayton Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	7	9	16	13
Devoe & Raynolds	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	10
Dill & Collins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	9	10	11	11	11
Dixie Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	13
Drake Brothers	0	1	2	2	2	2	4	4	9	13	15	15	26
Driscoll Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	5	13
East Fayette Street Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
East Ohio Gas Company	0	0	1	3	5	5	10	11	11	13	16	17	18
East Side Mill & Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	10	10	14
Eastern Torpedo Company	0	0	1	2	7	10	15	20	25	27	28	28	42
Eastman Kodak Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	4	11
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	13	14	15	15	20	20	20	25	31	31	26	36
Eckenroth Sales Company	0	0	0	0	1	4	5	5	5	7	7	7	10
Abraham Eisenberg Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
*Electric Bond & Share Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	8	9	12	15	18	30
Electric Package Agency	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	9	10	10	11	11
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	0	1	5	9	11	14	16	16	16	12	18	26
Empire Gas & Fuel Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	33	61	77	108	117	82	57
Erie Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	15	15	15	16
The Fair	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	12	12	12
Fair Haven Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	10	11	11
Fairmont Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	28	43	39	55
Fayette Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	13	14
Fenway Garage Company	0	19	19	29	29	39	39	30	27	30	30	30	15
Wm. Filene's Sons Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	12	14
Fischer Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	11	12
The Fleischmann Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	11	19	22	20
Florida Motor Transport Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11	11	16	23	23	36	48
State of Florida	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	36
Fly & Hobson Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	12	12
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	4	4	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	17	17	18
Frank & Seder	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	19	21	21	23	23
Franklin Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	20	24	27
Harry V. Franks	0	0	0	0	0	6	16	16	16	19	19	20	20
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	3	7	9	10	13	18	21	23	25	23	21
Freedom Oil Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	19	19	19	19
William Frethofer Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	19
Fujiya Hotel Garage	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	10	10	10	10
W. P. Fuller & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	6	12	22
Fullington Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	5	7	9	11	12
County of Fulton, Ga.	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	3	5	11	14	15
Galena Signal Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	6	13
A. W. Gamage, Ltd.	0	0	0	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Garfield-Passaic Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	6	13
Gate City Dairy & Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	11
General Baking Company	0	0	1	1	1	1	10	25	43	68	81	114	158
*General Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	9	15	15	15	15
General Petroleum Company	0	0	1	0	0	4	8	15	34	39	42	51	78
Georgia Railway & Power Co.	0	1	3	7	7	18	22	24	24	29	34	42	51
State of Georgia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	75
Gerkins Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	4	4	7	10
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milw.)	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	13	15	15	13	14
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (N. Y. C.)	0	26	46	59	59	62	62	71	71	65	83	88	78
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Phila.)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	13	16	28	44	63
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	0	0	0	10	20	22	23	23	24	24	30	30	30
Globe Grain & Milling Co.	0	1	2	2	2	3	3	5	16	17	18	20	22
Gloucester Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	19	22	23
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	13	13	14	15
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	30	35	41	43	43	40
Goedinger Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Goff Kirby Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	8	8	8	11	18
Golden Sheaf-Remar Bak'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	14	18	20	20
Golden State Auto Tours Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	6	10
Golden State Milk Products	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	14	14	14	14
J. Goldsmith & Sons Company	0	3	4	5	5	7	12	12	12	13	13	14	14
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	9	11	12	17	19	22	25	28	30	28	28	24
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	15	22	24	24	25	64

Fleets of Ten or More

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	To-day
Hale Brothers	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10	10	10
Hale Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	13	15	17	17	18	20
A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc.	0	0	8	0	0	0	0	0	11	18	20	22	30
Hammond Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	12
The Hardware & Supply Co.	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	10	10	10	10	10
Joseph Hart	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	19
A. D. Hartsell	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	8	11	16	22
Fred Harvey	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	16	17	17	21
Hauser Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	5	9	9	9	17	17
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	0	2	6	7	12	18	18	18	20	24	22
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	2	9	9	9	10	11	16	17	16	16	16	16
Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	7	7	9	9	11
The Hecht Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	8	11	25	31
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	0	0	0	16	19	26	35	52	52	68	96
Heissler & Junge Company	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	5	9	26	26	19	20
Hercules Powder Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	7	9	10	14	16
Hershey Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	11	16	14
Hess Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	7	7	11	11
Heywood-Wakefield Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13
The Higbee Company	3	5	6	10	10	10	12	12	16	16	16	16	20
Hildebrandt Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	12	14
F. H. Hill Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	11
H. G. Hill Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10	17	17
Hitchner Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	7	9	10	10	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	0	3	5	6	8	10	9	12	15	15	15	20	25
H. B. Hole	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	14	14
Holland Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	15	26	30	53
Hong Kong Hotel Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	10	10
Honolulu Cons. & Dray. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	5	7	12
H. P. Hood & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	9	19
Hope Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Joseph Horne Company	5	15	24	33	39	42	42	42	41	41	41	41	59
Huasteca Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	24
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	0	0	10	17	20	20	31	48	48	49	58
Hudson's Bay Company	0	8	9	9	9	9	10	10	17	14	18	25	25
H. B. Hughes Truck Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	16
Humble Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	52	84	86	89	92
State of Idaho	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	39
State of Illinois	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	75
Imperial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	17	24	24
Imperial Oil, Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	13	42	43	58	78	82	88	93
Indep'd't Brew. Co. of Pittsb'gh	1	2	5	5	11	28	36	42	46	44	44	48	38
Independent Torpedo Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	16	24	24	23	23
Independent Towel Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	24	28
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12	12	12	12
Indian Ter. Illum. Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	10	10
State of Indiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	28
City of Indianapolis	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	6	8	10	10	10	10
International Petrol. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	25
Interstate Wholesale Gro., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	20	23	23	25
State of Iowa	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	29
Iron City Sand Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	20	20	21
County of Jackson, Mo.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	5	8	13	14
Johnson Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	12	15	13	13
County of Jefferson (Alabama)	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	6	33
Jefferson Highway Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	16	23
Jessup & Antrim Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	8	8	9	11
Jones Store Company	0	2	5	6	10	14	17	17	19	16	21	21	23
Julian Petroleum Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	17
Jump House Wrecking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13
S. Kann Son's Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14	14	15
Kansas City Power & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	11	11
Kansas Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	4	6	18	18
State of Kansas	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	101
Art Kapler	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	0	1	40	45	51	59	60	60	50	50	47	51
Chas. T. Kavanaugh, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	10	10	10
Herman Keiser	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	5	11
Kennicott-Patterson Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	10	10	10	11
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	41	45	56	62	58	55	61
J. Kenny Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	16	19	19
State of Kentucky	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Kern County Transportat'n Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13	13
Kingan & Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	6	13	34	31	42	55
The Kirk Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	7	10	11	11	11	11
The Knickerbocker Storage Co.	0	0	0	1	2	2	6	6	9	12	12	12	12
B. B. & R. Knight, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	7	8	11	11	12	12
E. H. Koester Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	19
Theodor Kundtz Company	3	8	9	10	11	12	13	17	17	20	20	20	20
Laclede Gas Light Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	6	11
County of Lake (Indiana)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	8	8	8	10
Lansburg & Brother, Inc.	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	5	5	5	10	15	15
LaSalle & Koch Company	0	0	0	3	3	4	4	4	10	10	10	10	13
The J. Laub Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	12	17
C. Lewis Lavine	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	18
Lawrence Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	8	19	20	17
A. Leath & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10	13	12
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Fred T. Ley & Company	0	0	0	1	1	4	10	13	13	17	17	17	20
Leyte Land Transportation Co.	0	3	6	10	12	14	14	14	14	30	30	30	30
Liberty Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	19	23	24	27
Lilly White Gasoline Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
Lit Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	17	26	27	28	36	46	50	59
Livingston Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	11
Frederick Loeser & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14	14	21
Loft, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	9	10	11	17
Long-Bell Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	13	28
Long's Transfer Company	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	3	12	13	17
J. P. Loomis Coal & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	15	17	17	18
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	21	37	51	69	77
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	2	7	13	14	15	17	17	18	19	19	24	32
Los Angeles Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	10	12	19	22	22
Los Angeles Gas & Elec. Corp.	0	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	24	49	73
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Stor. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10	11	12	14	22	25
Los Angeles Ry. Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	7	8	16
City of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	13	17	19	19
County of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	11	11	16
State of Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Louisiana Coca-Cola Bott'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	10	12	12	11
Louisville Railway Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	16
R. H. Macy & Company	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15	15	26	26	23	23
Magnolia Petroleum Company	0	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	8	15	19	30	67
Mandel Brothers	0	10	15	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	28	37
City of Manila, P. I.	0	3	3	3	5	7	9	14	14	14	14	16	16
Marland Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	11	39
A. G. Marshall Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	10	10	13	13	13	12
Maryland State Roads Com.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	6	7	7	7	7	34
State of Massachusetts	0	4	4	4	5	11	11	11	11	11	14	14	52
Massachusetts Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	12	41	46	69
Material Cartage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	18
May, Stern & Company	0	0	1	2	2	5	5	8	9	10	10	10	14
The May Company	0	0	4	11	15	26	26	27	40	41	41	48	53
M. B. Ice Kream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	12	11
McCreery & Company	6	8	8	8	11	15	15	15	19	20	20	17	21
Estate of Alexander McCarr	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	14	14	13
McGowan Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	5	8	9	12	12
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	1	1	6	8	18	18	18	17	19	20	20	21
McMahon Transportation Co.	0	1	1	1	3	6	7	7	9	9	10	17	20
McQuesten & Lewis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	10
L. G. Meed	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Wm. J. Meehan & Brother	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6
*Mercantile Stores Company	0	2	4	5	5	5	6	8	13	17	21	31	25
Merchants Lime-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	46	49	54	54	51
Merchants' Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	11	36	23
George E. Merrick	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Mesaba Motor Co.—White B. L.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	13	21
Mesaba Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	2	15	18	20	23	22	30	24	19
Metropolitan Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	15	16	18	18
Metropolitan Distributors, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	8	8	10	24
Metropolitan Gas & Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	12
Metropolitan News Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	15
Metropolitan Tobacco Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	4	9	12
Mexican Gulf Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	25
Michelin Tire Company	0	2	3	3	9	11	11	11	14	16	17	17	17
State of Michigan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	35
Middlesex & Boston St. R. R.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
*Middle West Utilities Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	10	18
Mid-Kansas Oil and Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	11	12	12	16
Midwest Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	12	23	28	32	34
J. E. Miller	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	4	7	9	11	20
Olga Miller Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12
Miller-Becker Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	9	10	10
Miller Rubber Company	0	1	2	2	2	5	5	5	11	11	11	12	12
P. Milliron	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	7	11
Milwaukee Elec. Ry. & Lt. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	8	51	67
Miner-Hillard Milling Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	3	8	9	10	10	10
State of Minnesota	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
State of Missouri	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	43
State of Montana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	16	16	37
County of Montgomery (Ala.)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	6	6	12	12
Morgan Sash and Door Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	10
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10	11	11	14
K. E. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	0	1	1	6	7	8	13	25	32	37	43
John Morrell & Co.	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	4	9	10	12	13
Motor Transit Company	0	3	4	6	6	14	37	43	55	72	81	81	94
The Moxie Company	0	4	5	5	5	5	5	7	9	11	11	10	10
C. F. Mueller Company	0	1	2	2	2	2	3	3	4	7	7	8	10
Murphy Transfer Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	9	22
Mutual Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	6	20
A. I. Namm & Son	0	0	1	1	2	4	6	7	30	32	45	53	52
City of Nashville	1	2	4	4	4	4	6	8	9	14	16	15	15
National Bedding Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	7	10
National Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	15	84
National Casket Company	0	2	10	14	15	19	21	24	26	26	28	29	30
National Ice & Cold Stor. Co.	0	4	5	5	5	5	7	9	9	10	10	16	18
National Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	10
National Lamp Div. (G. E.)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	8	8	8	10
National Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	19	23	21
National Refining Company	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	25	66	66	80	82
Neal Fire-Proof Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	12
State of Nevada	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	9	19
City of Newark	1	2	3	3	3	3	4	7	11	13	13	13	14
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	20	19	20	20	20	19
State of New Hampshire	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
W. J. Newman Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	6	6	14
Newman Bros.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11
M. A. Newmark Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	10	11	12	13	15
State of New Mexico	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	33
The New Orleans Pub. Serv., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	16	22	34	47
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	28	51	61	67
*City of New York	0	7	11	12	13	13	13	13	13	225	282	375	593
State of New York	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	36	36	36	36	36	38
New York American & Journal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	34	41
New York Bd. of Fire Underw't's	0	2	6	8	16	20	20	20	20	21	21	21	21
*New York Central Railroad Co.	0	0	1	1	2	5	7	8	8	10	11	17	17
New York Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	6	11
New York Linen S. & L. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	5	6	12
New York State Railways	0	0	1	1	2	5	7	9	9	11	12	12	14
Noonan Bldg. Material Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Norfolk Motor Bus Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	4	15	12
Norsk Trufik A/S	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	10	10	10
State of North Carolina	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	86
State of North Dakota	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21
*Northern Ohio Trac. & Lt. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	5	10	15	18	24	46
Northern States Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	8	14	14
Northern Texas Traction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	10	10	10	10
Northern Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	26	26	26
Nu-Grape Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	11
State of Ohio	0	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	47
Ohio Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	22	23	23	32	33
State of Oklahoma	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Oklahoma Gas and Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	4	6	14	14
Oliver Iron Mining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	6	6	6	9	10	11
Olson & Rouch	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10
M. O'Neil Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	3	14	14	14	14	10
Hugh M. O'Neill	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	8	19
Onondaga County, New York	0	0	0	1	3	5	10	16	16	16	14	15	21
Oppenheim, Collins & Co.	0	0	0	20	21	27	27	38	38	38	40	40	47
State of Oregon	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	30
Original Stage Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	8	12
Ovington Bros. Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	10	13
Ozark Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	12	14
Pacific Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	5	15	15	20	20	28
Pacific Electric Ry. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	80
Pacific Fruit & Produce Co.	0	2	2	3	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	11	22
Pacific Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	18	26	18
Pacific Mills	0	3	4	4	7	12	14	17	19	21	22	28	25
Pacific Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	14	16	17
Page & Shaw, Inc.	0	1	4	8	8	8	10	10	11	10	10	10	10
Palais Royal	0	0	1	3	3	3	3	3	3	13	13	14	14
Pan American Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	12
*Pan Am'can Pet. & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	11	13	13
Park Auto Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	18
Park & Tilford	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	13
Parker Brothers, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	9	9	10	15
Frank Parmelee Company	0	6	9	9	18	28	28	28	26	18	18	18	19
Paterson Brew'g & Malt'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	4	10	10
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	7	8	15	19	28	28	28	28	28
Penn Public Service Company	0

Roll Call of White Truck Fleets of Ten or More

(Continued from preceding page)

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	To-day
Philippine Government	0	7	13	13	23	29	35	35	44	48	53	53	53
Phillips Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	9	9	12
Phenix Cheese Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	14
Phoenix Utility Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	16	31
Pickwick Stages	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	11
Piedmont Chero-Cola Bottl'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	11	11	14	12
Pierce Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	23	69	155	178	191	187
Piggly Wiggly Stores	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	25	25	42	36
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co.	0	0	0	0	13	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	16
Pilsener Brewing Company	0	0	1	2	3	5	7	7	11	11	13	15	15
Pioneer Truck Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	5	14	14
Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	6	9	12	14	14	14	14
Pittsburgh Melting Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	6	6	9	10
Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	9	10	10	13
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	12	19
H. & S. Pogue Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	12	12	12	13	13	15
Portland Sebago Ice Company	0	0	0	2	4	5	5	11	11	11	12	12	13
Powers Mercantile Company	0	0	0	2	4	7	8	8	13	11	11	11	13
Prairie Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	26	54	57	57	75	64
Prairie Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	44	68	65	67
City of Providence	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	6	6	10	10	10	10
Providence Journal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	7	8	8	10
Public Service Co. of Colorado	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	8	8	11	19
Public Service Corp. of N. J.	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	5	5	7	10	12
Public Service Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	3	7	8	8	15	19	23	68	68
Public Service Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	14	17
Public Service Production Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	17
Public Service Transp't'n Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	28
Puget Sound Power & Light Co.	0	1	1	2	2	4	5	9	9	13	13	15	18
Pure Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	10	21	25	28	50
Purity Baking Company	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	3	3	3	14	16	25
Quaker City Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100
City of Quincy	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	6	11	11	11	10
Rainier National Park Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	13	16	16
T. S. Reed Grocery Company	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	3	5	10	10	10	10
Red Rock Company	1	3	3	3	4	5	5	5	7	11	11	13	15
Reinhold Ice and Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	11
Republic Struct'l Iron Wks. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	10	13	13	13
Rhodes-Wood Furniture Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	11
Frank G. Richards	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	23	23	23	23
Richfield Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	14
Richmond Rapid Transit Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	16	23	24	36	53	58	79
City of Rio de Janeiro	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	10
Rio Grande Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	33
Rochester Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12	35	46
Rocky Mtn. Parks Trans. Co.	0	2	2	3	3	21	23	33	56	63	95	103	108
L. W. Rogers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	14	15	17	18
Rome Coca-Cola Bottling Co	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	10	15	13	13	14
The Rosenbaum Company	1	2	11	12	33	39	43	40	37	42	37	37	50
B. Rosenberg Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	8	8	10
*Roxana Petroleum Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23	37	49	288
Fred Rusch	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	15	20
The George Rushton Bak'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Saginaw Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
City of St. Paul	0	1	1	3	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	10	16
City of St. Louis	0	0	0	4	6	9	10	14	16	16	16	17	13
Saks & Company	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	10	16	18	22	33
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	22	23	23	24
J. Samuels & Brother, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	13	15
Sandersville Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	1	2	4	5	5	6	10	10	10	11	11
San Diego Cons. G. & E. Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	6	13	20
San Domingo Obras Pub. Dept.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	14	15	15	15
San Francisco (City and Co.)	0	1	1	3	3	3	4	4	4	14	25	29	31
San Francisco Motor Drug Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	7	8	8	15
San Francisco Municipal Ry.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10	10	10	16
Sanger Brothers	0	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	13	13	13	13	10
San Joaquin Baking Company	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	7	7	11	13	15	11
San Joaquin Lt. & Power Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	14	18	18	23	22
Santa Ana Commercial Co	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	4	6	9	11	14
Savage-Schofield Company	0	1	4	5	5	5	6	7	10	10	11	14	15
Schulze Baking Company	1	9	15	17	22	23	26	31	35	55	61	59	60
Nathan Schweitzer Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	11	11
City of Seattle	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	10	13	19
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	26	38	40
Sharffer-Black Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	11	13
Shaffer Oil & Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	43	52	56	46	47
Dennis Sheen Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	9	9	11	14
Shell Oil Co. of California	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	10	19	47	76	178
Shepard Stores	0	0	0	1	1	2	4	4	7	7	10	11	11
Sherman, Clay & Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	5	8	9	10	14
The John Shillito Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	9	10	16	18
Siefoff Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10	13
Franklin Simon & Company	0	0	3	6	10	14	14	17	18	19	19	23	20
Skelly Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	23	25	21
John A. Sloan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	26	16
W. & J. Sloane	13	15	15	15	17	21	23	23	28	31	31	31	38
Sonoma County, California	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	10	13	13
State of South Carolina	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	24
State of South Dakota	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	18
Southeastern Express Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	109	116	157
Southern Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	15	16	13	16
Southern Sierra Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	6	6	7	11
Southern Utilities Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	6	9	13
The W. P. Southworth Co.	1	5	7	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	14	14
Spear & Company	0	1	9	13	14	15	22	23	27	22	34	35	28
Sperry Flour Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	9	9	14	17
City of Springfield, Mass.	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	3	6	9	10	11
J. H. & L. Stadler Rend. & Fert. Co.	0	1	1	3	3	4	4	4	11	13	13	13	13
Otto Stahl Inc	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	16	17	20	21
Standard Brewing Company	0	0	1	1	1	3	5	5	7	11	13	12	12
*Standard Gas & Electric Co.	0	2	2	2	3	5	5	5	5	7	10	21	18
Standard Oil Co. of Brazil	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	10
Standard Oil Co. of California	1	4	6	7	26	67	97	111	188	214	241	251	252
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	1	5	9	59	122	168	201	214	213	181	185	182	206
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	0	2	4	5	9	28	75	121	349	360	398	420	452
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	0	1	1	1	1	2	5	53	91	108	138	157	188
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	0	0	0	5	11	17	17	17	18	22	24	24	29
*Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	0	1	1	1	1	3	30	65	65	57	68	82	172
Standard Oil Co. of New York	2	18	35	68	113	230	363	450	520	622	649	727	799
Standard Oil Company of Ohio	0	1	1	10	17	28	36	42	78	139	147	150	214
Standard Oil Co. of Turkey	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	6	13
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	0	2	3	3	4	4	6	10	15	23	29	33	46
Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co.	0	0	1	1	1	6	11	11	11	12	12	12	13
State Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	14
Sterchi Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	7	7	7	13
Sterling & Welch Company	2	7	7	8	8	11	14	14	16	18	18	19	20
Stern Brothers	0	8	18	18	19	21	22	22	25	30	40	42	43
John Sternecker	0	0	0	2	3	6	6	6	6	6	6	30	53
Steubenville Coal and Min. Co.	0	2	2	2	2	2	4	4	5	5	5	5	10
Steubenville S. Liv. & B. V. T. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	5	13
Stewart & Company	1	2	4	6	7	8	8	8	12	12	13	17	24
Stewart Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	18	29	43	42	50	52	50	14
Stoll Oil Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9	10	10	14
*Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	1	2	2	8	15	22	31	29	33	40	55
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	0	2	4	4	9	15	15	15	20	23	33	44
Stroehmann Baking Company	0	0	2	2	2	10	10	11	14	27	25	25	25
Stryker Trans. & Cont. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11
Summerfield Company	0	0	0	0	3	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	13
Sun Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	15	29	34	29
The Sun Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
The Superior White Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	10
*Swift & Company	0	0	2	2	10	101	109	127	164	213	227	239	301
Swift Canadian Company, Ltd.	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	7	11	17	17	18	20
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	15	17	17	19	19
Taft-Kern Co. (Cal.) Sch. Dist.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	4	12	14	15
The Taxi Co. (Newark, N. J.)	0	0	0	0	2	4	13	13	14	14	14	14	14
Taylor Bros. Auto Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	12
Wm. Taylor, Son & Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	24	34	35	36	36
Teche Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	15	31
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	4	4	9	11	11	13	20	42	61	69	75	84
Terre Haute Brewing Company	0	0	0	2	5	6	6	6	7	9	10	10	10
State of Texas	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	75
The Texas Company	0	0	0	0	9	11	11	11	64	110	142	172	182
The Texas Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	5	14
Texas Power and Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11
Textile Machine Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	5	10
Theurer Norton Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	6	8	12	12	14	15
Thompson & Smith Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	7	14
Tidal Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11
*Tide Water Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	27	28	35	36	8
Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
City of Tokyo, Japan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12	11
Tokyo Shangai Ji dosha Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	63
Transcontinental Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	25	33	38
Tribune Pub. Co. (Oakland)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Twin City Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	19	21	38	37
Union Auto Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	17
Union Car. & Car. Co. Interests	1	1	2	3	6	16	18	21	20	22	22	22	25
Union Ice Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	9	17
Union Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	19	21	27	32	35
Union Oil Co. of California	0	0	1	10	22	43	156	216	251	389	534	621	712
Union Motor Frt. Term. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	0	10
Union Transfer Co. (Fremont)	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	6	10	11
Union Trans. Co. (Philadelphia)	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12	12	12	12	12	12
Union Wholesale Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	12	12	12	11
Uniontown Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	6	10	10
United Drug Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	20	20	20	13	13
United Electric Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
United Electric Railways Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	16
*United Gas Impvt. Co. Int.	0	0	2	8	15	22	44	46	47	53	56	69	62
United Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	13	13
United Railways & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	19	32
United Shoe Machinery Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10	10	12	14
United States Bakery	0	0	0	1	2	2	11	14	20	22	22	22	26
United States Post Office Dept.	0	0	21	28	104	132	298	445	463	485	665	665	671
United States Rubber Co.	0	0	1	2	5	5	9	14	16	19	24	25	26
*United States Steel Corp. Int.	0	1	1	2	3	5	12	17	17	20	20	30	26
United States Trucking Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	20	51	46	46	46	19
Updike Lumber & Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	12	12	12	12	12
State of Utah	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	6	6	6	6	20
Utica Gas and Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	15
Vacuum Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	4	5	5	11
Valley Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	8	14	14	16	19
Van Dorn Iron Works Company	0	1	1	2	3	2	5	6	7	13	13	13	11
Van Wagenen Shickhaus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
State of Virginia	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	4	4	4	4	68
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	0	1	2	3	5	12	14	14	14	15	15	10
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	5	27	37	37	63	84	89	86	96
Ward Baking Company	0	0	0	0	12	53	76	76	78	84	86	84	50
Warner Sugar Refining Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	12
Washington Bakeries Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	40	40
Washington Ry. & Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	3	3	3	3	18	23
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	12	12	20	20	20	20	20
West Bros. Brick Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	5	5	5	6	10
West Penn Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	33
West India Oil Company	0	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	10	16	22
State of West Virginia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	22	22
Western Electric Company	0	2	4	5	6	9	15	19	24	28	32	39	41
Western Meat Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	12	27	24	24	26	25
Western Motor Transfer Co.	0	0	0	1	1	3	6	6	8	10	15	16	18
Western Union Telegraph Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	10	11
*Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	4	8	9	11	11
Westinghouse Lamp Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	4	7	7	7	10
Whitaker-Glessner Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	9	15	18	18	22
*J. G. White & Company Int.	0	1	1	2	4	6	7	7	7	8	10	21	10
R. H. White Company	0	0	0	0	1	4	13	13	13	11	11	11	22
The White Trans. & Stor. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	6	11
White Transit Company, Inc.	0	1	2	6	9	19	29	31	36	44	49	45	51
Whiting-Mead Commercial Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	10	15
W. A. Wieboldt Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	12
Willard's Chocolates, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	14	14
The Wilshire Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	16
Wilson & Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	22	32	31	33	41
Winchester Laundry Corp.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	12	16	22
Wm. Winkler (Steele-Wedeles)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12	13	13	13
The Winona Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	6
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	14	14	14
Wise Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10	14
Wofford Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	13	11	16
Woodward & Lothrop	0	1	3	3	4	7	13	14	13	15	17	17	23
City of Worcester (Mass.)	0	2	2	3	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	10
Worden & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	7	11
Geo. Worthington Company	0	1	2	2	3	4	8	10	15	15	16	17	17
State of Wyoming	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	30
Yellowstone Park Trans. Co	0	0	0	0	0	106	112	112	135	156	161	166	239
City of Yonkers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Yosemite National Park Co.	0	0	1	7	7	25	27	24	25	27	32	37	45
Youngstown Municipal Ry. Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	25
Ypsilanti Reed Furniture Co.	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	4	9	9	9	11
Zamboanga Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	6	7	7	7	10
Zellerbach Paper Company	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	4	8	10	12
Zettelmeyer Coal Company	0	1	2	2	3	4	5	10	10	19	19	19	21
Zions Co-operative Merc. Ins.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	6	8	10
	57	522	1013	1669	2533	4799	7078	8912	11958	15960	18887	22145	28166

* Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

THE WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 132)

youth—at least, that is the way it seems to me—but then, for that matter, neither are other parts of the world. But, you see, it is I who have changed the most, not the West or the world.

It is very difficult to keep young, but it is very necessary to do so.

In the eyes of the Westerner the cow-puncher dies whenever that particular Westerner, if he has been a cow-puncher, gives up punching cows and settles down to ranching. In other words, the cow-puncher has ceased to exist every day of every year since he first became a distinct national figure. Meanwhile, scattered all over the Rocky Mountain states, and in Texas and Oregon and Washington and Nevada, and even California, are thousands of young men who regard themselves as cow-punchers and are earning their forty dollars a month much as their fathers and grandfathers did before them. If you asked one of them if he was a cowboy he would be just as much astonished as a broker's clerk in Wall Street would be if you asked him if he was a broker's clerk. Pretty soon, however, these young men will go to ranching and then the cowboy will die again. In the cradles of countless ranch houses are male babies who in the dim future will find the same refrain upon their lips—a refrain that has been repeated since the days of Colonel Maverick.

The cowboy cannot die for the simple reason that there are millions of acres of land that can be used only for grazing purposes, and while such acres exist the cowboy will exist along with them. Nor has his life changed so greatly as many imagine. To be sure, there are no longer the drives of hundreds of miles from ranches to shipping points, or from the arid Southwest to the summer grass range of the Northwest; but there are still drives of respectable length—length sufficient at least to invoke the qualities and atmosphere of the longer drives—and there is loneliness; and bucking horses and stampeding cattle and the use of a rope, and cold and heat and dust and wide horizons.

Unexplored America

Moreover, as my good friend Philip Ashton Rollins, who has written that excellent book The Cowboy, has said, the West is a state of mind, and a state of mind lasts longer than any material circumstance. It is the most intangible and at the same time the most immutable of things. Even in the present-day Western towns—Far Western towns I mean, of course; towns somewhere near the sweep of mountains and deserts—there lingers an aroma that strikes the nostrils of your imagination with the sharp acrid scent of wood smoke curling up from a log-cabin chimney on an October morning.

The Far Western town is utterly changed from the collection of log or adobe houses that marked its beginning, but it is not changed spiritually. There are the same largeness and warmth and casualness; the same exotic exhilaration. All the latest secrets of plumbing cannot wash away the fact that here is a community set down in a country whose boundaries fade into the level infinity of plains or the perpendicular infinity of hills and skies.

And in scores of places the old West not only has not changed spiritually; it has not changed actually. The truth of the matter is this: In such localities where soil or climate or altitude permits, the West, in its more obvious phases, has become a broader sort of East; but in localities where the soil or climate or altitude does not permit, the West is much as it has always been. In short, the old West is spotted; but the spots are large, and many of them bid fair to be permanent.

I find that people are astonished when I tell them what should be common knowledge: that there are places in America that have never been adequately explored; that there are still a few countries into which a white man has never set foot; that there are still huge cattle outfits; that you can duplicate in all respects the adventures and ardors of the pioneer.

In Oregon, in Nevada, in other states, there are towns scores of miles from the railway; in Idaho there are forests where you can travel two hundred miles without seeing a habitation; in Wyoming there are deserts where you can do the same thing. The human horizon is too often limited by the immediate foreground. In the huge dining room of the Canyon Hotel in Yellowstone Park you can look through the plate-glass windows to a country, across the Yellowstone River, that practically does not know what a man is. Anywhere off the highway, crowded with motors, is an unbroken solitude.

I wonder how many of the tourists in Yellowstone Park realize these things. I wonder if they have ever stopped to think what the park is like after it closes—in September or October or in the winter. A lonely, majestic place. Last autumn I came down in a car through the pines, touched with dusk, to Old Faithful Hotel; and in a spot where, a month before, I had seen parked automobiles and dusty sightseers, a band of elk broke in front of me and ran along the road, and stopped and looked back with startled, uplifted heads.

In Central Idaho there is a huge country so rough that what few ranches there are perch themselves in little deltas of rivers twenty-five miles and more apart; and you are not able to leave the trails that lead to them because they twist along such precipitous cliffs. This is an old country. It was known at the time of the Civil War and has been the scene of several unsuccessful gold rushes. But now its population has almost disappeared. There are a few deserted mines where old mine keepers live with their Chinese wives, or by themselves. Some of them have not been outside for twenty or thirty years. A friend of mine came to one such deserted village late on a rainy night and threw his bed into a deserted cabin. He awoke the next morning to find a grim white-bearded Rip Van Winkle, with a rifle, looking down at him.

"What right have you to trespass here or use this cabin without my permission?" the apparition asked.

Plenty of Room to be Alone

In Montana there is a broad valley where every fence is down and the cabins of the homesteaders are falling to pieces, for all the land has been bought again by the great cattle company that once owned it. And even in my own valley something of this same process has been going on, and would have accelerated itself had not the cattle business fallen upon such evil days. Originally all the land being government land, no man, no matter how rich, could obtain more than a homestead and a desert claim. But recently, until the years of bankruptcy, the inevitable evolution was taking place and the men who had done well were buying out the shiftless. The valley, however, had never been sufficiently overrun by miners or homesteaders to make the process obvious. Most of it is still untouched.

Two years ago I took a pack horse and made an eight-day trip in the mountains back of the principal town. My route lay in a circle and at no time was I more than twenty-five miles away from a motor road; and yet in all that time I came across only one horse track, and that was more than a month old; and I saw, of course, no one; and I went into a country where no horses had been before, and I was so close to mountain sheep that I could have flung a stone and hit them.

Last summer I spent a week in a country, not forty miles from our upper ranch, that was only explored and plotted and, to all intents and purposes, discovered four years ago; and later, with another pack train, I wandered for three weeks through the mountains to the east, and saw—save for one amusing experience—not a soul outside of our party except on the day before we made the ranch again. On that day I came across an old friend leading a pack horse across the continental divide.

But curiously enough, the continental divide is invariably an excellent place to meet friends you have not seen for a long time. They appear out of the distance, exchange a few words with you, and disappear into the distance. I suppose this phenomenon is due to the fact that on a height of land so gigantic trails converge.

And these adventures of mine with loneliness are by no means exceptional. Far from it. Unfortunately, I am too busy and my travels too circumscribed by my work for me to hunt out the countries I really want to see.

The amusing experience was, like most amusing experiences, pathetic as well. We were in the forests south of the Cody Road, the road that runs from the railway station at Cody to the great loop of Yellowstone Park. We knew that the road was ahead of us and that we would have to cross it presently, touching modernity for a moment and then leaving modernity behind again as we plunged into the timber on the other side; but how near the road was we did not know. Quite unexpectedly we came out of a little wooded valley and circled around the shoulder of a hill, and there, a few hundred yards off, was a fraction of macadam. At the same moment a siren hooted in the stillness, and the first huge yellow car of the park flight returning from Cody flashed around a curve, shrieked once more and was gone. At minute intervals sixteen other canary-colored monsters followed.

I have only a vague impression of the scene, for our horses—twenty-one in all—behaved as horses usually do when there is a chance to display temperament; but it seemed to me that each car was half full of children and that every child was on his or her feet cheering, and I heard one small voice say, "Why, but they're real horses!"

Consider that! A curious and sinister reflection, possibly, on our modern civilization. Poor child! I wonder what sort of horseless, animal-less petrolized town it came from.

That night we camped in a valley three miles farther on in the timber, and only eight miles from the nearest park hotel with its serried motor cars and its huge public camp and huge transportation camp; but the grass in the valley was up to a horse's shoulders, and when we cooked breakfast bull elk stared at us from the neighboring rises of ground, and we were only half a day's ride from mountains where wild buffalo range.

It seemed to me that here was a most excellent example of how a wilderness, intelligently planned, can be preserved within earshot of all the conveniences and gas stations that so much of the world nowadays demands. And anyone who has seen England—that little country of inexhaustible surprises and quiet places—will understand what I mean; England, or almost any other older country. I remember in Germany how one used to be able to step from the busy streets of a town into the cuckoo-haunted quiet of great beech forests.

We learn by bitter experience. Perhaps when we have swept all our wilderness away we shall come to know—in a century or two—what all the more weary civilizations already know, and that is that some of the world must be set aside for solitude lest all the world go simultaneously mad.

Killing Our Discoveries

It is easy enough to understand why the old-timer thinks the cowboy is dead and tells you so solemnly; but it is not so easy to understand why the Easterner, having just discovered the West, thinks the same thing. For you must remember that the West to any large extent has only interested the East for the last fifteen or twenty years. The cowboy especially, as a dramatic and lyric figure, is a recent find; the motion pictures are not very old; the Western novel has been written by those still in the prime of life; and the magazines devoted exclusively to the West are as yet mere children.

Here is a puzzle and a paradox: No sooner do we introduce the cowboy and the miner and the cattleman and the homesteader to ourselves, and the Chinaman and the South American and the Hindu and the Parsi, than we discover that we must pronounce all such types corpses and proclaim that they were buried a long while ago. That we have introduced them sufficiently, however, there is not the slightest doubt.

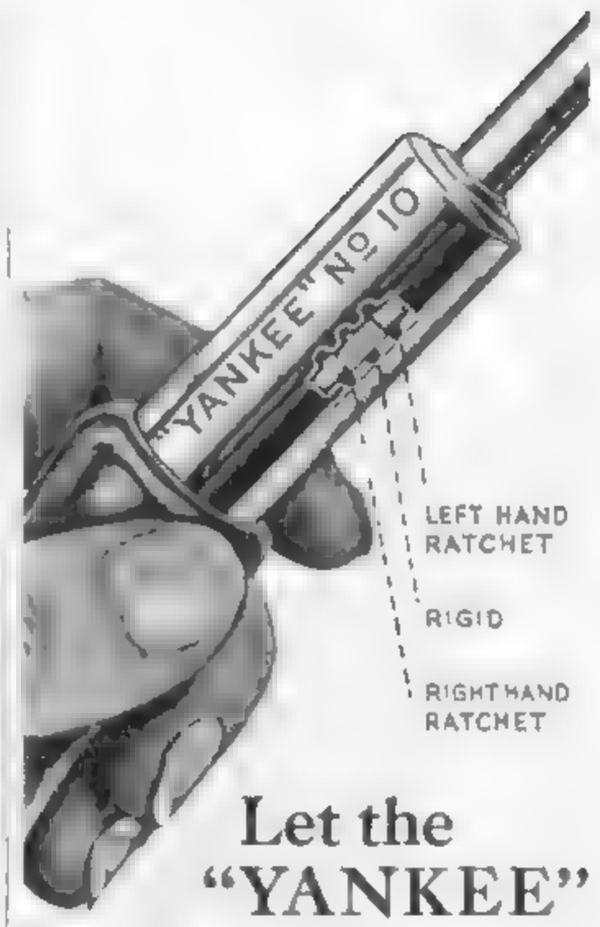
A few years ago I was back in Oxford for a prolonged visit, and a young peer hunted me out because I was a ranchman in Wyoming. He entertained me and followed me about. He was a handsome boy and the possessor of a title famous in English naval history, and he seemed a nice boy; but his family was worried about him because he did nothing but read about the West and dream about the West and practice throwing a rope down on his Sussex estate. I was informed that he had become an excellent rope thrower.

"I am afraid," he sighed, "I can never ranch myself, but I have a younger brother who can, and I can go out and see him. Do they still shoot many people out there?"

He was bitterly disappointed when I told him they did not and, in reality, never had.

The young peer thought the old West was still alive, but the East knows better. Especially do all literary critics and motion-picture critics and dramatic critics and publishers; in fact, all those connected with publicity. Whether there is a sequence between the professions mentioned and their

(Continued on Page 139)



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No. 10 (illustrated) 2 in. to 12 in. blades.
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No. 30-A Standard size, (Improved No. 30).
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"Yankee" Quick-return Spiral Screw-drivers Nos. 130-A and 131-A, same as 30-A and 31-A, except with spring in handle.

Some other "YANKEE" Tools

Dealers everywhere sell YANKEE Tools

FREE Tool Book

Write for this interesting book that shows and describes all the ingenious "Yankee" time and labor saving tools.

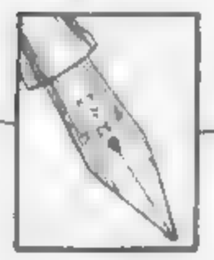
NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Wahl All-Metal Pen
Gold-filled or Silver.
At all dealers' $4. to $10.

WE MAKE OUR OWN

Gold point, rhodium-tipped—the vital part. We make our own, carefully, painstakingly. Perfect points guaranteed.



Beauty as well as fine writing qualities

THE Wahl metal pen, with finer writing qualities, has the beauty also that everyone prefers in personal articles.

Carried in the pocket of the big executive, the banker, or the professional man, it looks its part. And taken in hand to dash off a signature, it suits performance to appearance. Good balance gives hand comfort, and a perfect point assures smooth, clean-cut writing.

The all-metal construction results in far greater durability. Drop the Wahl Pen, strike it in your pocket, subject it to unusual abuse—it does not break. And the metal barrel, larger in bore than a hard rubber barrel, holds more ink.

You will like the Wahl Pen for its appearance, you will like its writing ease, and you will be pleased to find that it is made in designs exactly matching your Wahl Eversharp Pencil.

The Wahl Pen is the modern pen—look it up at your dealer's.

WHAT MADE THE WAHL METAL PEN POSSIBLE

The ink in the self-filling fountain pen is held in a rubber sac within the barrel. So it is no longer necessary to use a material for the barrel that acid in the ink will not eat away.

The Wahl metal construction gives greater strength, greater ink capacity, and the beauty which is found only in engraved gold or silver.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO
Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

WAHL PEN

(Continued from Page 137)

points of view I do not know, save perhaps that publicity implies large, broad statements. But at all events, no one of these classes mentions the cowboy without referring to his demise, and no publisher of Western stories but has a sentence on the jacket of his product stating that this is an authentic description of the vanished or fast-vanishing West.

Even the motion pictures in their wild moronotic way know better than this. I saw one such jacket on a recently published book, and yet in the magazine of this publishing house there are appearing at present the best articles about the cow-puncher I have read for a long while, and they are written by a man whose profession until very recently was that of a cow-puncher. And the same magazine printed a few months ago a story by a young cow-puncher who was discovered knitting socks in a reconstruction hospital by a kindly and cynical playwright.

The other day I picked up an illustrated English paper and came across this jewel of knowledge: "In the Canadian Northwest, in the days when it was real wilderness and a real frontier ——" I wonder if the man who wrote that has ever seen the Canadian Northwest, or has heard of the Mackenzie River or the Peace River or Great Slave Lake, or knows any of the present-day exploits of the Northwest Mounted Police?

The Nice and Honest West

Perhaps it is satiation. If this is the cause, the East is justified, for during the past decade it has been flooded with lies and truth about the West; and even the worm will turn, although, as somebody has said, it will do him little good, since he is the same on all sides. I would not like to think—as, indeed, I have pointed out, I do not think—that it is the flowering of the double rose, the final refulgence before dissolution. It is, indeed, true that for the first time in its history the West has been thoroughly dramatized and that, as is always the case, much of the dramatization has been exaggerated; but I have a belief that all this will eventually die away and that some day the real drama of the West, past, present and to come, will be discovered.

I do not think, however, it is satiation, and I do not think it is the final refulgence. I think the point of view of the East is due to a much simpler mental reaction, a reaction as simple as that which produces the point of view of the old-time Westerner; something having to do with the aphorism that familiarity breeds contempt. Although, of course, this aphorism—if you will consider it—applies only to dull people. Familiarity breeds no contempt with the wise or the farseeing.

Anything you know well loses, unless you are a singularly intelligent person, a fraction of its glamour; if you are a stupid person it loses all its glamour. A stupid man marries the most beautiful and charming of women, and immediately she becomes in his eyes less beautiful and less charming than almost any woman whom he has not married. The strange is magical, but the magic of your own fireside is merely that dull thing home.

The East has discovered the West and has gone out to it by the thousands; and therefore, although the West may still be a lovely place in which to spend the summer; and although the mountains sleeping in the sun may still be there, and quiet lakes, and wide valleys, and young men who dress like cow-punchers and talk like cow-punchers and think and work and play like cow-punchers; and although prospectors still prospect the hills—the West, having been discovered by the East, is no longer the material out of which conjugation is made. Your uncle, perhaps, or your father, or your grandfather, could weave enchantment; but you cannot. . . . Can't you? There are a number of young men—and women—who still seem to know the necessary necromantic signs.

I should hate to think what old Pap Nichol once said in his high-pitched voice was true—that "the West was a nice place and a real honest place until them damn dudes come."

Like everything else, it all depends upon your vision. One sees what one is able to see and no more. The romantic have always seen romance; to the matter of fact there has never been in the world such a thing as romance. Some of the less convinced of the latter admit that possibly romance existed before they were born, but certainly not afterward.

Once I had on my ranch a young lady who had set out to find the West, in her usual hard-headed, unbelieving fashion, and who was disappointed because she couldn't find it. But then she had never found anything, and never will. Even such a concrete thing as a diamond is not there unless you have eyes to see it—it is merely a bit of pale glass. And so this young lady who had set out to find the West was aggrieved because it eluded her; and this was ten years ago, when even some of the most cynical of present-day skeptics admitted that remnants of the old West persisted.

One day the young lady was sketching on a lane that runs through the ranch when two men on horseback rode past her. They were within ten feet of her, but she never raised her head, for I was there and saw her. I knew those men were interesting because of their outfits and the quiet alertness of their manner. They were tall, thin men with black sombreros and black Angora chaps, and they each carried two guns. They nodded to me and jingled on down the road. Afterward I discovered that they were Montana sheriffs looking for a horse thief, whom they found below our place.

"Did you see those men?" I asked the young lady.

No, she had not seen them.

The incident is not important, but it explains what I mean. Within the circle of your mind lies the whole world, but it is a world no wider than the circle of your mind.

Last summer a newspaper man came into the valley and spent two days there and rode from one end of it to the other in a motor car. He was a nice fellow and a clever one, although his cleverness, as is the case with too many newspaper men, was blurred by the percussion of too many events. After leaving the valley he wrote an article in which he described the valley as the last frontier, and then went on to say that the last frontier had disappeared. He had found merely a modern and growing community, potentially a great tourist country; he had not even been able to discover a bad man. Bad men are not important. I for one would be happy if the valley were entirely without them; but if I had known that they were one of the objects of the newspaper man's search I could have shown him a bad man not more than ten yards away—an excessively bad man. Possibly, however, he wouldn't have believed me. Perhaps he cherished an unobtainable ideal of a bad man—something that roared and stuck a feather in his cap like Macaroni.

Campers and Motor Campers

As to the rest of it, although the valley never was the last frontier, there being plenty of other countries just as much if not more of a frontier than it is, and although it hasn't been a frontier of any sort for at least thirty years, it is still sufficiently wild and beautiful and unspoiled.

My friend of the newspapers seemed to overlook the fact that you cannot see much wilderness from the seat of a motor car; but he could have used his imagination. I wonder what he thought was going on in the great shaggy lonely forests and hills that hemmed him in to the north and the south and the east and the west.

No, you cannot see much from the seats of motor cars, and they are a mixed curse and blessing. They are a blessing because they take out of themselves and make travelers of thousands who otherwise would never leave their villages or shops or factories. Eventually they will build up a nation that knows fairly well even its own vast territory, and a nation of fairly good outdoor men and campers; but they are a curse because they prevent other thousands who might have seen things intimately from ever doing so, and because at their best, like most American institutions, they engender a philosophy that is broad but never deep. They stand for a halfway thing. You know the highways, but you never know the lanes. You see the mountains, but you never really get into them. You camp out, but you never know the real heart of camping. The one hope is that possibly in the future the ranks of the real campers will be recruited more and more from the ranks of the motor campers who realize that there are limits to the motor camp.

A national-park ranger told me that an indignant woman burst in upon him and

(Continued on Page 141)

Capillaction
—helps your game

IS AN aged skin hurting your game? Don't laugh; we mean just what we say. An aged skin is often responsible for lowered physical tone, for imperfect elimination of deadly waste products, for the inaccurate eye, the unsteady hand, the numb brain—the condition which the golfer describes as being "off my game."

Keeps the Skin Young

Alcorub keeps young skins young and helps aged skins to function properly. Alcorub induces *capillaction*—a swift flushing of blood through the tiny capillaries, bathing the skin cells in the blood stream and enabling them to gain the nutriment they need in order to function properly. Long before Alcorub was offered to you as an aid to physical well-being, it was in use in thousands of hospitals to aid invalids. Its effect upon the skin (capillaction) has definite medical recognition.

Ask Your Druggist

Get a bottle of Alcorub from your druggist. Put it in your locker. After your game take a quick, *warm* shower and then rub down thoroughly with Alcorub. You will feel a pleasant glow. That is capillaction—the blood coursing youthfully through the tiny capillaries. Dash another application of Alcorub quickly over your skin and let it evaporate. Now you may drive home without danger of taking cold.

Use Alcorub, too, for bathing tired feet, and to prevent chafing. It is soothing and antiseptic.

Try it tomorrow. When you ask your druggist for Alcorub, see that the name is spelled *vertically* on the bottle offered, and that the bottle is square, of clear glass, and with finger-grips on two sides.

U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co.
New York, N. Y.

ALCORUB
For the Beauty and Health of the Skin

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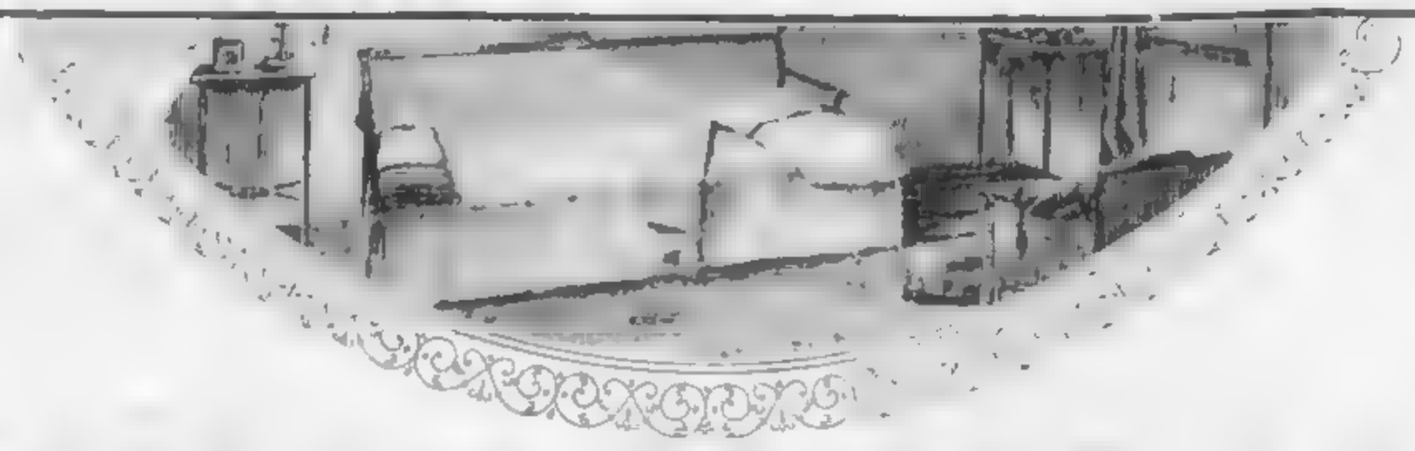
The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



AN ATTRACTIVE AND USEFUL ADDITION TO THE HOME

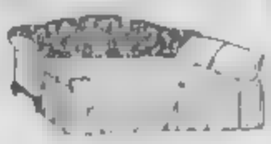
"We did hesitate quite a while before deciding to take this little place, Margaret . . . It is a tiny one, isn't it? We couldn't figure out how we could ever have any house guests in it, for there's no place for a guest room.

"When we were looking for furniture, though, we suddenly had our problem solved by the salesman who was showing us through the store. He overheard our discussion and directed our attention to this lovely davenport. We admired it, of course, but we didn't see how it filled our need until, with a deft motion, he opened it up, and there, lo and behold, was a bed with real bed-springs and a real mattress.

"He certainly earned our gratitude, and we have had wonderful service from it, both as a davenport and as a bed. It's so snug and cozy, and adds so much to this room, doesn't it? And it is such a good example of modern living room furniture."

* * * * *

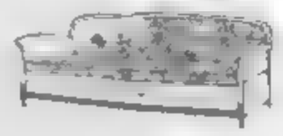
Thousands of families are changing their places of residence, and for many of them the Davenport Bed will solve the guest room problem gracefully and efficiently. Equalling in craftsmanship, design and upholstering the best in modern living room furniture, the Davenport Bed gives no suggestion to the eye, in its daytime use, that a restful bed is concealed within it.

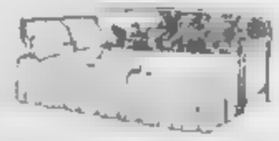


Your furniture merchant will show you Davenport Beds in a variety of designs, one of which will no doubt fit in perfectly with your colour scheme and arrangement plan. Chairs may be had to match each design.

"The Home in Good Taste" is a pleasing presentation of correct home furnishing, accompanied by photographs of many styles of Davenport Beds. Write for a copy.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
(More than 80 individual manufacturers)
1129 Standard Oil Building, Chicago





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(Continued from Page 139)

demanded to know why, when the park had built its own roads, it had been so stupid as not to build one near a certain famous cañon and waterfall.

"But, madam," the ranger asked, "from what direction did you come?"

"From the south."

"Then for over a quarter of a mile you rode within a few feet of that cañon. There was nothing between you and it but a low retaining wall. Will you go back? It is only a couple of minutes away."

She would not go back—she was in a hurry. But her complaint suggested an investigation. For more than a month the rangers at this particular station asked as many tourists as they could if they had seen the cañon. About 20 per cent said they hadn't, and of this 20 per cent, 5 per cent refused to turn their cars about and go back. They, too, were in too much of a hurry.

A couple of years ago I was driving along a lonely forested road when I saw three deer in a glade to one side. I stopped my car and watched them—dainty, poised, like patches of tawny sunlight. Then I leaned out to see if the occupants of the two cars right behind me had seen what I had seen. They were staring gloomily at the rear of my car, wondering why I didn't get out to fix the tire or whatever it was. My gestures puzzled them. It was at least two minutes before they realized what my pointing finger meant. Yet the deer were not more than twenty feet away, plainly in sight.

I dreaded the automobile when it first came into the valley; I thought that then surely the West would go. But the automobile has not been half so destructive as I imagined. Its inherent limitations, at least in countries such as mine, prevent it from becoming too ruinous. It must stay upon certain definite roads and its owners have only certain places where it is possible for them to camp. If you avoid these roads and camps you are not much troubled. Nor at any time, even on these roads and at these camps, are you troubled for long. The main travel only lasts for a month, from the middle of July to the middle of August. Moreover, the country is too large for the motor car to conquer it.

Romance on the Increase

I once tried an experiment. I stopped my horse in the middle of a sagebrush flat and watched a car go by. In a few minutes—moments, rather—it became a dwindling speck upon the horizon, for all actual purposes as far from me and I from it as if we were miles apart. I could have called and the people in the car would not have heard me, and they could have called and I would not have heard them. Even when the car had been close to me it was merely a straddling bug dwarfed by immensity. I realized something more—I realized that nearness is constituted solely through the communication of mind and personalities; mechanical appliances in themselves mean nothing. Had I been talking to a man in Chicago over the telephone I would have been nearer to him than I was to that car.

Wherever motors go, of course, there are no fish left, or birds, or cleanness; but motors can go to only a few places. And sometimes, even, they promote enchantment. There is an exhilarating annihilation of space about them if you do not use them too much. It is exciting to see three mountain ranges in a day, when it would take you a week to climb the side of one of them with a pack outfit, and it is good for you if afterwards you go back and really look at the mountains.

Indeed, far from the West having lost in romance, I think on the whole it has got more romance; has kept a large part of the old romance and added to it. The advent of the Easterner—of the dude ranch—has not destroyed romance, but increased it. Only those who have never lived on an actual cow ranch, especially a bachelor ranch, could think otherwise. There is nothing more interesting, as I have pointed out, than the reactions of the Easterner upon the Westerner, and vice versa; nothing more interesting, as I have also pointed out, than the effect of a wild country upon a cultivated, or supposedly cultivated, mind. And recently a new element has been added in the shape of motion-picture companies that occasionally wander into the valley and stay for a while in strange gypsylike encampments.

They are a curious sight, these encampments; the sleek-haired men, the almost beautiful, unnatural, neurasthenic women; the wide-eyed local cow-punchers and teamsters who have been hired to supply atmosphere or do the manual labor. Between the trunks of forest trees swinging signs are put up that blow down the next winter, upon which, with a hot iron, is inscribed the earth-shaking news that on such and such a date "The Greatart Players, Claude Duval directing, Maria Montesierre and Charles Lovelace acting," have camped there for two weeks, or three weeks, or a month. Plump young women, dressed in the bathing suits permitted only in Southern California, plunge into mountain lakes and eat their meals at long tables unconcernedly without changing into more conventional attire, and languid leading ladies patronize God and the country and any casual visitor.

One famous director took me out into the twilight and stood with his arm through mine and we looked at an apocalyptic sunset flaring behind a mountain peak fourteen thousand feet high. Suddenly the director withdrew his arm and held out both hands.

"My Tetons!" he said dreamily.

Tit for Tat

I have spoken of "my country" because that could not be helped, and because it is a common phrase that implies no lack of proportion; but it had never occurred to me before that a man could make such an objective thing as a mountain fourteen thousand feet high so subjective as to call it his own.

A blond leading lady whom both my wife and myself had met in California—at Hollywood, which Claude Kitchin so aptly called Moronia—swam up to us—not literally, but with the swaying lack of interest and large, dull, beautiful eyes that most motion-picture people affect, as if they were living in an aquarium—and said she was glad to see us again

"And these dear kind people!" she added. "They awsk me to lunch and then I discover that they live five and ten miles away."

"I'm so sorry," murmured my wife, "because we wanted to ask you, too, but we live twenty miles away. . . . Who wrote the picture you are playing in, Miss Thingamabob?"

Miss Thingamabob became even more patiently weary.

"I do not know. I never know the names of the people who write the things I act in."

Untactful, to say the least, since numerous stories and novels of my wife have been turned into pictures; and amusing in this particular instance, since the play from which the scenario in question had been taken was written by a man who at one time was the most famous playwright in America. There was only one obvious retort for my wife to make.

"That is exactly my case," she laughed; "I never can remember the names of the people who act in the things I write."

The large, dull, beautiful eyes exhibited no emotion; but afterwards we learned that we had insulted the profession. An illuminating point of view, because I had always thought until then that writing was a profession also.

With the going of the brief summer, however, the country comes back absolutely, completely, into its own. It is an odd alteration, sudden as the lowering or raising of a curtain; a divestment of one sort of romance and the sight once more of the naked beautiful romance underneath. The country is like a woman who, bathing in a green forest pool, her summer clothes dropped from her, stands for a moment speculative before she dons the thick disguising garments of winter. The last motor has gone, all but the hunters of big game and the hardier dudes, the motion-picture people and the quaint annoying campers have departed, and a sense of loneliness drops across the world like the gold mist of Saint Martin. And presently the gold mist is copied by the gold of the aspens. The mountain ash turns red. The hills are a green fire with smoldering edges and smoldering circles where the choked flames have burst through. When you ride under the aspens their leaves shake like a million little golden bells. Far off and faint and dying away, you hear the bugling of an elk. There is a stillness soft as the whispering of the grass. Dawn is a crystal held between arms of sapphire; noon is the crystal with a light behind it; dusk is the crystal hiding a star.

The remembrance of beauty—the beauty of a thing, or of personal relationship, or of a country—has always seemed to me perhaps the chief end of life, or, at least, the only end that obviously justifies life. The present cannot be held; it slips through our grasping fingers; it becomes immediately the past. The future may be neither beautiful nor worth remembering: certainly its beauty will be accompanied by ugliness and tragedy; but what has happened is ours and cannot be taken away from us, and the mind, like the gauze screen through which gold is run, turns in retrospect almost everything into loveliness. Remembrance is the one sure immortality we know. So long as the memory of a man remains he is never really dead. And so, if we believe this, we will do our best with both the present and the future, since they are the stuff out of which memory is made.

Living Automatons

And I can claim some memories—I am not so poor as that. Even if my present and future add no more to what I have, I have had much. For moments I have been a brother of the sun, and I have watched the moon rise, and I have heard the wind come from long distances, and I have lain down on the earth and felt its breath, and I have known people for short spaces intimately—I have seen the eye of the camera open for an instant before it closed again.

Crowds are the enemies of man and God. To steer your way through a crowd requires too many reactions, and too many of these reactions are automatic and require no thought. The man who lives in a crowd shaves himself automatically, and drives a car into town automatically, and does most of his business automatically, and returns to a night of automatic card playing and the automatic loving of his wife—or somebody else's wife. In the end he dies automatically and is buried automatically. The narrow, limpid continuity of reflection is missing. The thin lane whose blank untroubled walls permit you to see at the other end some shadow of whatever sort of god you are hunting is not there. In order to know any sort of god, or yourself, you must live part of your time like quicksilver in a vacuum. If you do not your spiritual temperature will neither rise nor lower.

The grave robbers of literature and the weary people who believe in them are not to be blamed. How can they see the necessity for any sort of a god when their instant necessity is to step out of the way of a motor car? Or how can they see the necessity for any sort of a woman, except physically, when they have never known what a woman's companionship in loneliness is, or love without obscuring veils between it? How can they respect their own race and think it more than a chemical formula if they have seen it merely jostling and drinking and slobbering and thieving and begetting? Even democracy, if you have ever watched it actually in operation, seems to you at least the best form of government as yet discovered; certainly the highest step yet reached. But democracy is over when crowds step in; it is done for, ended. But I have lived in a sparsely settled country and I have seen democracy, and like that other almost nonexistent system, Christianity, it is admirable if real.

I have seen democracy in microcosm. When I first came into the valley no man could starve to death, and no man needed to be out of work, and no door was locked at night, and all men were hospitable and ingenuous, and they thought, and they rendered assistance. Now the valley is a trifle more crowded, and a man can easily starve to death, and the question of labor and capital has entered in, and a few steal, and money is charged for meals because so many come for them. . . . What is it all about, when there are so few things a man needs, and all else is but a curtain between him and reality?

It is not the devil who makes temptations; it is man who makes his own and then invents the devil as a scapegoat.

Vividness

What the world desires and what it struggles for is vividness. And all around is vividness it cannot lay its hands on. Sin is boredom. Prohibitions are the follies of reformers who do not know that no keenly interested man desires to waste his time; illegitimacy is the result of a baffled reaching out for vividness; wars are not fought well by vivid men living vividly. The man who is interested in life goes to war with a great yawn of indignation and is dismayed by its childish dullness compared to his normal existence. I am appalled when I hear men or women speak of the last war as if it had been to them a release. Release from what? From work, love, reflection? If the world were filled with vivid men and women there would be no wars.

But I have seen vividness and I know it, and no matter how much my latter years may take me into crowded places, I shall carry the memories of vividness with me. I know that life can be as sharp as a knife, and as sweet as mint with water on it, and as poignant as the shadows flung out across a plain by the edge of a deep forest. How otherwise can it be, when music, too, can touch this sharpness and sweetness; and books, and exercises, and friends—if they have time; and dear pretty women—if they also have time?

In winter, towards evening, the mists rise from the river in iridescent coils, pale green and dark green, and scarlet and violet and silver gray, and the early sun setting behind the great snow fields turns the mountains, from their tips to the blanket of the pines, blood red, a sacrificial red; and, this fading, a small cold star comes out and the sky is held with a clear pallor as keen and tautly tremulous as the unheard notes of the upper scale. But the real night is thick with a purple sky that hangs close, and with stars, immense and brilliant, that drop down until they almost touch the rooftrees.

In summer the hills are warm and lavender by day, and by night they are warm, thin silhouettes against a sky as remote as the tracery of a cathedral tower, and water runs in irrigating ditches like generous silver too warm to harden into shape. In the rows of vegetable gardens the growing things are magical and unreal, and the breath of the dry forests meets the breath of the damp swamps and fields.

In autumn the ducks go by etched against the blacks and crimsons of the sunset; and in spring the first round shining pebble that shows beneath the snow is a discovery and a continent in itself.

I do not know. I have said that the old West is still there, and so it is; and I have said that in many places it will never go, and that is true also; but I am afraid for my own country unless some help is given it—some wise direction. It is too beautiful and, now, too famous. Sometimes I dream of it unhappily; and when my blood stirs in my dreams I think that somewhere the blood of my uncle and my great-grandfather stirs too.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr Burt.

The neighbor who carries the mail

This is the letter of a rural mail carrier:

"I AM writing to tell you about our mutual friend, the automobile. My automobile has increased my income from $161 to $190 per month. It has increased the number of people served from 410 to 1200.

"In October, 1918, I received my appointment as carrier on R.F.D. No. 2. This route is 30 miles in length, 28 of it being unimproved dirt road. I used to keep two horses, driving one of them one day and the other the next. The average time consumed in making the circuit was 7 hours.

"In June, 1919, I bought an automobile. The average time consumed in making the trip is now 3 hours. As this leaves most of the afternoon available, I find it possible to add to my income by doing farm work and by the addition of a paper route. Probably 95% of all R.F.D. carriers use motor cars at least part of the year and their use is doing much to promote good roads."

Above the imposing entrance to the New York Post Office, this quotation from Herodotus is inscribed:

Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

It is a fitting tribute to the men who insure the prompt despatch and delivery of the mails. What a change has been wrought in rural life by the extension of their service to the farms!

The isolated home is isolated no longer. With the daily paper the mailman brings the whole world to its door. He brings the letters of distant friends. The coming of his car is the day's most watched-for event, for friendly tidings travel with him from home to home; he is the *neighbor* who carries the mail.

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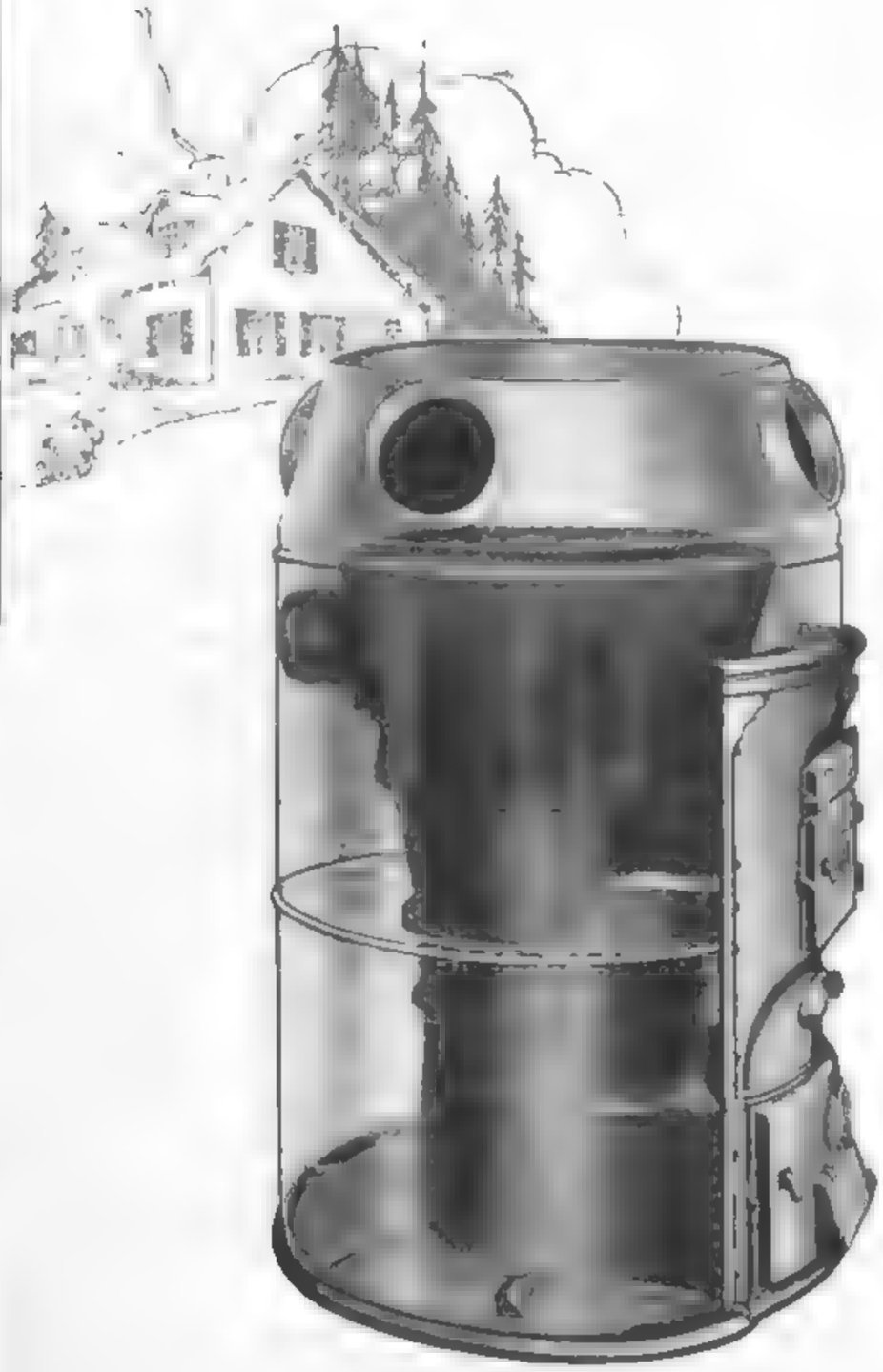
Carton Furnace



Will Your Home Be As Comfortable As This?

Although it's a bitter cold winter night, sonny, lightly clad for bed, has fallen asleep at grandfather's feet. Yet he's in no danger. He's snug, warm and safe.

Under circumstances like this—under *any* circumstances—it's surely a great satisfaction to *know* that your heater will provide complete comfort and health protection to old and young alike.

Do you want to be *sure* of that heating satisfaction? Not only will you be certain of it, but you will get it with true economy, if you choose a heater that bears the International nameplate, and see that it is properly installed.

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International Boilers and Furnaces are made for all standard types of heating—Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam and Vapor Steam. Whatever type best suits your requirements will please you if it bears the name *International*. Insist on that for unusual durability and high efficiency.

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INTERNATIONAL
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BOILERS, FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS

BELOW LAY HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 15

Nellie Doone, with an exclamation of delight, peered in at an exquisite set of china such as she had long desired to possess.

It was into the midst of this simple domestic scene that Margaret was led and allowed to meet the best people in the business; Prudence Joy, she with the wistful deep blue eyes and the hair that shone like spun gold; and cuddly Dorcas Sinclair, with the tiny cupid's-bow mouth; and all the favored old guard who had come with Isidor Iskovitch out of nothing up the long hill to success; and as Izzy took her slender fingers in his bony hand and smiled into her eyes she felt suddenly that she was no longer a stranger in a strange land, but among friends. When the raucous call came for her presently from down below she left them with reluctance, and as she tripped down the steps she looked back speculatively at the row of fantastically ornate edifices in the Iskovitch subdivision. Pretty nice to own one of those when old age should threaten. Oh, well, it wouldn't take long to buy one out of these rich motion-picture salaries—she was earning twenty-five hundred dollars a week!

Maybe. Even as she flattered herself the man who was to pay her that munificent stipend was leaving the presence of Lucius Piltz with his face distorted by snarls out of all resemblance to his usual suave self; and Lucius, much refreshed, walked into the Excelsior board room, where he took his seat at the head of the long table around which sat his dark-visaged executive dozen in the leather-padded chairs of office, and said he briskly:

"Gentlemen, there isn't anything for you to vote about at this session. It's adjourned. I'm going to stop buying up independent pictures from independent producers for the Excelsior. I'm going to incorporate the Excelsior Productions Company, which will engage the best of the independent producers now distributing through us, and I'm going to supply all the Excelsior's releases myself through that subsidiary company, of which I shall be president and general manager and principal stockholder."

Out of the thrilling silence came a wheezy voice, the voice of a thin member with curly black hair that ran down in a V-shaped point almost to the bridge of his nose.

"Vere do vee come in?"

"Just where you are. You will remain executives of the Excelsior Distributing Company, unless some of you don't like what I'm doing and want to get voted out at the annual stockholders' meeting, which is tomorrow." He let that soak in. They'd be executives of the Excelsior Distributing Corporation, but not of Piltz's Excelsior Productions Company—which was where the money would be. He had made good use of this dozen in his upward climb, but who has further use for the ladder by which he has scaled the wall into paradise? "In other words, I'm a business man, and I don't intend to split with anybody any more. You fellows put me where I don't have to yesterday when you ratified that resolution that all financial decisions, aside from the routine, have to be made the responsibility of the majority of stock at a regular stockholders' meeting. So it's the stockholders of the Excelsior that's going to loan my Excelsior Productions Company tomorrow two million dollars for production purposes."

"You tam tief!" yelled the biggest executive, a rawboned man with a plaid necktie; and a solemn-voiced man with a high forehead intoned: "You can't do that, Piltz, without a consent from the majority of the exhibitors."

"That's where I know more than you do," Piltz retorted, and he grinned his shriveling grin. "It's the majority of stock that votes, not the majority of exhibitors. You don't suppose I'd start anything like this, I hope, without I had smart lawyers look into the law and smart business men look into the business. You want to remember this, gentlemen: Joseph Silbernschmidt started the Excelsior out to be a coöperation like the Federal Reserve; but it was also a stock company, and there have been gradual changes in the ownership of the stock, and I'm the principal stockholder. I just bought enough yesterday before the meeting, from one of you that's sitting here, to give me the majority."

A stunned moment in which heads turned slowly as, with dark suspicion, neighbor gazed on neighbor, even the guilty one doing likewise; then suddenly the executive board was on its twenty-four feet with shrill ejaculation and much forearm movement.

At that moment, on the terraces of Cinema Hill, 'twixt the vista of twinkling lights and the star-dotted skies, a shot rang out, reverberating from hill to hill. The party at Dennis Doone's rushed to the windows. On the terrace below there were swiftly moving figures around a brightly lighted mansion, and the paths of the figures were all centrifugal.

"Why, it's at —— Why, Meg was going down there!" gasped Jim Graves, and dashed out of the door. On the steps, however, he met Margaret coming in, and she was hysterical. "What happened?" he asked as he led her into the drawing-room, where the others crowded about her. "What happened, Meg? What happened?"

"I don't know!" she shrieked. "Mr. Lyon and I had just arrived and Mr. Muffle had just come in. I —— Oh, it's dreadful!"

"What happened, honey? Who was shot?" asked Dorcas, trying to force smelling salts on the hysterical guest, and all were quivering with anxiety to know who amongst their professional set had been taken away.

"It was terrible!" shuddered Margaret. "It was all so quick! It was just behind me! Mr. Muffle had just come in to tell Mr. Lyon and me that we need not report to the studio tomorrow because the entire production of the Excelsior is to be taken over by Mr. Piltz, and my picture will be delayed on account of reorganization, and ——"

In the midst of her further recital, Margaret stopped abruptly, for they weren't listening. A greater sensation than a shooting had occurred. Piltz was going to take over the entire production of the Excelsior.

Only the hostess remembered the flustered guest, and asked, by way of politeness, "Who was shot?"

"My director!"

"Leon! Shot?"

"Yes! In in in the foot, thank heaven!"

"Thank heaven for what?" inquired Dixie Day, much relieved. "Because that impulsilated pup was shot, or because he was only shot in the foot?"

They could all laugh. This wasn't a scandal to cast opprobrium on the profession. It would scarcely get into the papers; but Izzy was standing before Margaret, and he had his hat in his hand.

"Is the Excelsior producin' for itself under Piltz, Miss Keats, or is Piltz producin' for the Excelsior?"

"I don't quite understand it," faltered Margaret. "Mr. Muffle told me ——" And now she sat straight up, while a glitter came into her eyes. "Why, do you know what that man had the audacity to tell me? That the company he organized to produce my picture is going into bankruptcy in the morning! It has no money, and there'll be no salaries tomorrow. I can sue for it if I want to, he said, looking me right straight in the eye, and I can get a judgment—and frame it for posterity!"

"That means Piltz is goin' in for himself!" declared Izzy, clutching the rim of his hat in his bony fingers. "That bankruptcy is so Muffle can break his contract with the Excelsior an' sell you again to Piltz. It's not only new competition I gotta fight, but dirty competition!" And without pausing for good-bys to anybody, he put on his hat and walked out of the door.

Somebody had switched the eggs under the bird of peace. They had hatched, and the fledglings were abroad with full-feathered wings and ruffled necks, shrieking fiercely, with beaks and talons sharp for gore. Isidor Iskovitch springing into his car on Cinema Hill, and Klekoff getting the news on the dance floor of a gay and lively road house, and Roabert in pajamas at the end of his long-distance phone in New York, and the dark-visaged executive board of the Excelsior Distributing Corporation—all made frantic haste to get into touch with their lawyers. Peace was off her nest and on her way to Europe, where she could brood over a quieter prospect.

III

BELOW lay Hollywood, spread out in vast flatness, its garden of Christmas candles twinkling away in rows on rows to illimitable perspective; on the terraced street, 'twixt vista and sky, a life-or-death struggle; a man's figure running away into the darkness; then a terrified woman screaming scream on scream as the figure lying prone on the ground sprang up and seized her in his arms, stifling her screams, and dragged her toward the near-by waiting car; then a man's hearty tones:

"Immense! That's the way to put it over!" He was a large, broad man with his sturdy legs incased in the well-worn puttees of a director who likes outdoor work and plays 'em rough. "You're all the peaches, little lady, and you're screaming well tonight."

"But I don't quite understand this new scene, Mr. Johnson," puzzled Margaret. "It wasn't in the script, and—and—well, I'm troubled. It was my husband who lay dead; but now it's Mr. Benson on the ground, and my husband ——"

"Oh, the script's the bunk," explained Johnson easily. "I tore it up this noon and tossed away all the film Lyon shot. You see, it's like this: What's the use of killing off conflict characters and a lot of good action? Your husband thinks he's killed the heavy, but he only stunned him. The heavy kidnaps you and takes you to Paris. Then the war comes along and you go in as a Red Cross nurse, and in the big battle scene ——"

"In The Broken Reed?" gasped Margaret. "Really, Mr. Johnson, that's an appalling desecration. Have you no regard for the author?"

"I love him like a brother."

But Johnson had no smile for his own repartee. He was peering down the hill and listening intently. Sharply on the air there was the exhaust of a motorcycle, the rattle of a fender, then a yellow eye widening up out of the darkness. It turned into this terrace; and Johnson, grinning to the ears, glanced back to the limousine where Lucius Piltz sat with Muffle, and Lucius master of the situation, his smaller sphere tilted proudly back atop his larger one. He had licked everybody, had Lucius, and he had all the former independent producers of the Excelsior now under contract to work for him as mere directors. Easy! Johnson was one of them.

"Here it is, chief!" Johnson's assistant director swung off the motorcycle, handed over two folded documents and then did a most astounding thing. He turned directly toward Lucius Piltz, made him the salute he had practiced at Château-Thierry, and finished it by placing his thumb to his nose and twiddling his fingers.

"Down, Ponto!" chuckled Johnson, signing the papers, popping one in his pocket and speeding the yellow eye back toward Los Angeles with the other copy. On which he addressed his troupe in this wise: "Disperse peacefully to your homes, good citizens, for there'll be a break in The Broken Reed until Lucius Piltz or Mr. Muffle gets a new boy. Come over to me tomorrow at Roabert's offices and I'll cast you in my first Roabert-Pinnacle production."

The troupe, and Lucius, were stunned; but it was Lucius who first found voice.

"Roabert! Say, he can't do that, Johnson! You're under contract to my Excelsior Productions Company!"

"Oh, tell that to somebody that needs a laugh. You wasted a dime's worth of red wafers on those new contracts, because all the last little dinguses and doodads aren't completed in your new charter and no contract you made for it is valid. That's why we fell so easily. Why, you don't think Roabert would pull anything like this without the best legal advice obtainable, do you?"

"Our salaries!" exclaimed Benson, back in the throng of players, and there was a shriek from the star of The Broken Reed. Three weeks and no salary! And now another delay! And no way out of her contract!

Johnson put a heavy foot on the running board and poked his wide face in at the open window of the limousine.

"Now I'll tell you something else to give you sweet dreams, you little toadstool! Roabert gumshoed into town three days ago, and by the fact that he gave Murphy my contract I know that he signed up all he came after, because if he signed one he was going to sign all. So he has Darting ——"

"Darting!" automatically repeated Lucius. Darting was the biggest drawing card

(Controlled Spring Action)

"RideRite" Action is CONTROLLED

Harvey "Ride Rite" Springs cannot snap back into position. It is this rebound of ordinary springs that gives the violent throw to the car. In "Ride Rites", a rebound leaf, without in the least interfering with the deflection of the spring, retards its rebound and forces it to slide gently—instead of snapping back into position. You float over all of the bumps, your car is protected, your tires are protected, and you get more miles per gallon.

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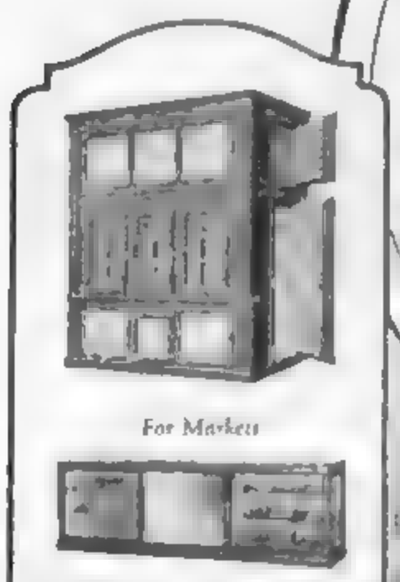
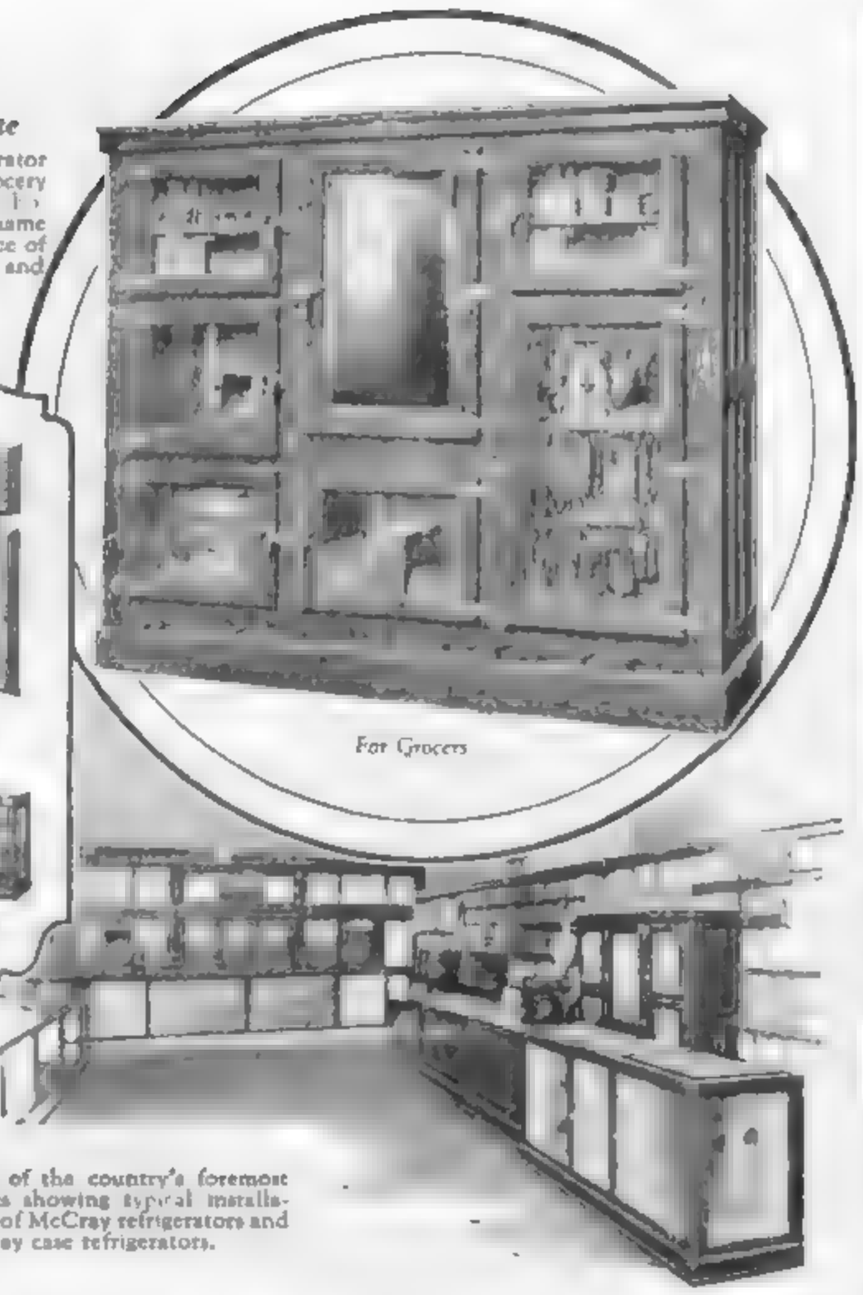


For Markets

Refrigerator Display Case



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One of the country's foremost stores showing typical installation of McCray refrigerators and display case refrigerators.

"Our McCRAY REFRIGERATORS End Spoilage Losses"

THAT is the experience of grocers everywhere who use the McCray; they tell us so in unsolicited letters! These grocers know by experience that the McCray keeps food longer in its original freshness and purity.

The handsome exterior of McCray refrigerators, coolers and cases, and their display facilities, inspire confidence, invite patronage. McCray equipment not only saves the grocer money; it builds bigger business for him.

Hidden from the eye are those vital qualities which make the McCray efficient and economical. The patented construction insures constant circulation of cold, dry air. Our 34 years' experience enables us to prove materials—we select only the best grades. And McCray craftsmen build to the McCray ideal—quality—which insures satisfactory service over a long period of years.

Not only in grocery stores, but wherever there is need for refrigerators, this same efficient, economical McCray service is available. There are styles and sizes for homes, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, florists, as well as stores and markets. Commercial models readily adapted for use with machine refrigeration; residence models require no change. Outside icing feature if desired. Residence models from $35 up.

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the Excelsior had with the exception of Rawlins Thayer.

"And Rawlins Thayer," went on Johnson, enjoying himself hugely, "and Leon Lyon and Tom Trask and Genevieve Warde and"—an exhalation of breath that was almost like a groan from inside the car. Genevieve Warde was a four-hundred-thousand-dollar quota on any picture she made—"and Betty Beatty, and four others, old top, whom I shall not name so you will not worry about it. So long; good luck."

Stamping across to his car, he waved his hand to Lucius and the troupe and sped gayly down the hill, while the actors surged toward their only hope of pay.

"Get away from this, Jerry!" snapped Piltz, his nerves on edge. "What you standing here for?"

"I told you so!" snarled Muffle as they turned the curve. "I told you you'd never get away with this without all the other big factors in the business biting a piece out of your leg. Now where are you going to get your productions? You'll make a new contract with me, Piltz, or I'll tear up the one I have. I can go bankrupt any minute, you know."

"Wait till tomorrow," groaned the ex-master of the situation; and huddling back into the corner of his car, he sat, a little round ball of discontent, all the way across to Wilshire Boulevard without uttering another word. His magnificent castle of fortune had tumbled about his ears, for the best independent distribution in America was useless without something to distribute; and his round head was sagging forward on his round body as he waddled into the entry of his sprawling big hotel, his thick lips drooping and his little eyes narrowed to puckered pinholes. At that moment Lucius Piltz stood in the uncomfortable position of having disgraced himself with the whole industry by stealing the Excelsior's distribution and making a fiasco of it.

"Mr. Piltz!" said Lucius' secretary, his grizzled mustache bristling and his voice sinking to an excited whisper as he sprang from a bench and swung into stride with his chief.

"Well?"

"Mr. Klekoff is waiting for you up in your parlor."

"Klekoff!"

Lucius Piltz felt himself wizening with apprehension. Roabert had already crippled one of his legs, and Klekoff was no less sharp of incisors than his aforetime partner. What did he want? Piltz stopped at the cigar stand to light a cigarette, and stood for a moment watching his puffy hand where it hung over the show case. It was trembling. He was rather old, he suddenly realized, to jump into a battle that had been bound to draw on him the fire of the most merciless sharpshooters ever developed by any industry. He straightened himself, and tilting back his head blew a contemplative smoke ring at the ceiling. He wasn't thinking, he was only getting himself in hand; and when he had accomplished this he went upstairs and entered his parlor sturdily, to find Klekoff, in evening clothes, leaning against the mantelpiece, smoking a cigarette in his long holder, smiling, and his very hair seeming to gleam a scarlet warning.

"Hello, Piltz," he said, extending his hand and waiting for Piltz to come and shake it, which Lucius did. "I see you have the news."

"What news?" bluffed Lucius, angry that he felt a wave of pallor cross his cheeks.

"That Roabert pulled out your props."

Lucius affected to laugh, as if this were one of the jovial incidents of the business.

"Oh, you heard that too?"

"Not only that—I knew it would happen. And not only that, Piltz, but I waited for it to happen."

"Oh, you did!"

And now Lucius stared at him. There was no further use in bluffing, because he didn't know what to bluff about.

"Under ordinary circumstances, Piltz, Roabert wouldn't have taken on any further productions; for while he is a financier without a superior, he cannot handle many units at once to a good profit; so he didn't go after your people because he needed more production, but to remove you as a dangerous competitor."

"Well, he didn't get away with it yet," claimed Piltz. "Say, that isn't what you came here to get out of me! What's on your mind?"

"A coalition," said Klekoff simply. "The Pinnacle distribution is unsatisfactory. Roabert and myself are irreconcilable. We have been fighting each other so hard that neither is grossing as much as he formerly did. Roabert has obtained exclusive possession of some of the first-run houses we formerly owned together, and has barred my pictures from them. I've turned the same trick on him. We've both made offers to buy, but the other won't sell."

Piltz, mightily relieved, sat down, crossed one fat leg over the other with the aid of both fat hands, clasped his fingers over his spherical paunch and twiddled his thumbs.

"I see it. You want to come in with me and get the Excelsior distribution. Well, Klekoff, I don't know."

"It's getting late, Piltz," said Klekoff, glancing at his watch; then he suddenly turned his pale, evasive eyes on Lucius and let him see steadily into their coldness. "Now don't let's bluff any more. This is big business we're talking, and we can't afford to fog ourselves. You've lost your production units. It would take you two years to get a good organization whipped into shape, and before that time Roabert and Iskovitch and myself would have you off the map. I have production facilities and attractions second to none. I have in writing Roabert's offer to buy, and I can bring some Pinnacle houses with me after I sell. Together, Piltz, we would have the strongest producer-distributor combination in the business, and it shouldn't take us long to remove Roabert as a competitor. Then ——"

He paused with a sharp intake of breath.

"—— then we get Iskovitch!" finished Lucius, with the grin that shriveled; but there was no answering smile in Klekoff.

Just then the aforesaid Iskovitch, standing at the head of the bare table in Jim Graves' golden-pheasant dining room, said as follows:

"Well, gentlemen, are you all through with your lawyers?"

Out of the momentary silence came a wheezy voice—the voice of a thin little man with curly black hair that ran down in a V-shaped point almost to the bridge of his nose:

"Vee are!" And a solemn-voiced man with a high forehead intoned: "We paid three big ones enough so they wouldn't want to just drag us into a lawsuit to get their fees, and they advise us that we can't do anything about it. Piltz is entirely within his legal rights."

"He's a tam tief!" yelled the biggest man, a rawboned fellow with a plaid necktie, and the entire dozen black-visaged men agreed unanimously.

"Hard names don't hurt a fella that's got himself surrounded by hard cash," grinned Izzy; but those five deep creases sprang sharply into his forehead again as he rested his bony knuckles on the table in front of him and thrust forward his long neck and his lean jaw, and his mouth was a straight line. "Then it's up to me, gentlemen. Here's what I propose, an' you gotta take me up, because I'm the only hope you got: If I find a way to undo what Piltz is doin' an' toss him out, an' everybody that's in with 'im, will the Excelsior contract with me to supply its pictures, the same number it has been getting at the same rate it has been paying, and also open its houses, on their unfilled dates, to my other Iskovitch pictures? Now, gentlemen, before you say anything, I wantta say this much: You all know I gotta reputation that ain't got a flaw in it any place, an' I make the best pictures that's on the market. How about it? I'll let you go into executive session an' talk it all out, gentlemen, an' here's an agreement you can sign when you get ready."

He walked out on Jim Graves' vine-clad side porch in a curious state of tension, for here was the biggest stroke, if it could be pulled through, that he had ever done for himself. It would double his distribution, remove the menace of Piltz and make him so powerful that the dream he had long cherished of paying up Roabert and Klekoff for all they had done to him might easily come true—particularly Klekoff! And a sharp intake of breath went with that, while the skin stretched tight on his cheek bones and his jaw hinges. The arcs and the Kliegels were gone from the street below, and he was glad of that, for he'd had to sneak in this committee the back way, by ones and twos, he having borrowed Jim's house because it was so in the shadows and accessible from so many dark directions.

Hello! They hadn't debated long. They were ready for him in there, his agreement

(Continued on Page 148)

Small Town ~ Small Store — BIG Sales

Multigraph Advertising Increased Them 42%

(Below) This is the New Multigraph equipped with printing ink attachment

(Below) This is the Multigraph Typesetter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph

Located in northwestern Ohio, Napoleon is just about like any other small town. No manufacturing to speak of, population of about 4,000, mostly retired farmers.

"Our campaign opened the week of April 24th. We estimated that the direct mail work brought us $400 additional business the very first day. Indirect results would figure a great deal more.

"The Multigraph increased our business 42% in the first six months of the year, in spite of a late season and bad farm conditions. We expect to do even better in the future. *We are going to make the Multigraph pay for itself every month.*"

This story of The Charles Company is typical of how the Multigraph builds business at a profit. No wonder Multigraph users are enthusiastic. Many have sent us details of plans which have brought astounding results. These have been illustrated and described in our 64-page booklet "Going After the Customer"—an extremely practical book.

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You might think that a 42% increase in business would entail considerable expense. Not at all.

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As an example: "We sent out a straw hat and Palm Beach letter to a list of 600 good customers. We had to re-order on straws, Palm Beaches and bathing suits within a week."

The booklet "Going After the Customer" is certainly worth reading whether you are a retailer, jobber, specialty concern or manufacturer. Mail the coupon today.

(The New Multigraph, with Typesetter (see small illustrations), $37.00 down, balance on easy terms. Cash price $185.00. Printing Ink attachment, as shown on machine in small illustration, $35.00 extra.)

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your new booklet entitled "Going After the Customer," and inform me just how the Multigraph will be of service to me.

My Business Is_____

Name

Address

City and State

SEP—5 10

(Continued from Page 146)

was signed, and the solemn-voiced man with the high forehead said:

"Well, the full directorate, which is also now the especially appointed members' committee of the Excelsior Distributing Corporation, has signed your paper, which begins with an 'if' and is no good unless the 'if' works out. How are you going to do it?"

"It's only a difference in the grade of lawyers," explained Izzy. "I got one—Flackman—that's never been licked. I sent him to New Jersey to look at the original officially filed copy of the charter of the Excelsior Distributing Corporation, an' he wires me back that he's found a comma that he can use the minute Piltz takes that money for his Excelsior Productions Company."

Just at that moment a shot from somewhere near by startled the midnight air, and went rolling and reverberating across the hills. Rushing out, they beheld a number of swiftly moving figures around a brilliantly lighted big place on the terrace above, and the figures were moving centrifugally. One of them, with flowing silver draperies, was streaking it straight down to Jim Graves' house, and as she gained the back porch and met Izzy rushing around the corner she clutched at him and clung tightly to him. It was Margaret Keats.

"What happened?"

"I don't know!" she gasped. "Mr. Piltz had just dropped in with Mr. Klekoff, and Mr. Klekoff was just introducing my new director to Mr. Muffle and me. Mr. Klekoff and Mr. Piltz have just gone into partnership, it seems, and —— Oh—oh—oh ——"

Then she sank limply into his arms. She had fainted.

"Hot dog!" said Izzy Iskovitch as his body automatically shifted to support the unexpected weight. Klekoff! Klekoff had slipped his own neck in the noose prepared for Piltz. Well, it was big enough to hang 'em both. Hot dog! Hot dog!

IV

BELOW lay the twinkling lights of Hollywood, and so on; on the terrace two men struggled and one fell and one ran away; above the fallen combatant a woman, fair and slender, stood as if turned to stone; out of the darkness a man's voice, melodious, well-modulated:

"If you please, Miss Keats, the next time you turn your head a little more to the right." He came into the sun arc, a tall, slim-waisted man in a neatly fitting business suit, and with no putties. He held his hands in front of her face and indicated how she should turn her head. He stepped back to study the effect. He ordered the lights shifted, an extra spot turned on her from the side, and again surveyed the effect. "That is better. Now if you will remember, when your husband drops at your feet, not to give us that facial distortion of horror, and will stand more plastic, we shall have you very beautiful—and hold the right hand out, so. I want that long, graceful sweep from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers."

She tried it, deeply troubled, and then dropping the pose turned to him earnestly.

"I can't seem to express anything that way, Mr. Colandry; particularly such an emotion over the death of my husband as would give rise to the vendetta of vengeance on which The Broken Reed is based."

"Oh, I really owe you an apology for not telling you," said the director contritely. He was one of the Pinnacle's best beauty specialists, and famed for the exquisite portraits of women he manipulated on the screen, he having proved that the motion-picture public liked that as well as drama, or better. "I've changed the script. Your husband isn't dead, but you think he is; and on the whole you are relieved, for you have been fascinated by the heavy. You go to Paris, and, with Mr. Benson, plunge into the gay life. It is after you have run the gamut of dissipation that your husband appears; and then, when you realize the calamity Mr. Benson has brought on you, you declare the vendetta, and, stabbing him, almost die in your husband's arms, but recover and are forgiven. I have some studio revels and a *plastique-vivant* contest for a beauty prize that I am certain will create a sensation, especially, Miss Keats, in view of your glorious figure and beautiful carriage."

"What the hell?" boomed an impulsive big voice, and into the magic circle strode a round-headed and round-bodied stranger.

"Zeke!" cried Margaret. She took a glad step toward him, but was stopped by the glare in his eye.

"So this is the kind of thing in which you're going to make your screen debut, after being mixed up in two shootings!" he blazed at her, his legs spraddled and his fists in his pockets and his round chest protruding. "I just came out here to look you over, Margaret, and you'll either drop this stuff and come back before you've lost all your value to me, or you can stay out here permanently and go as far as you like in the wild life of Hollywood."

"Why, you mean old thing! How dare you say such things of me? How dare you say such things without an investigation, without even ——"

A loud shot startled the still night air, reverberating from hill to hill. Another shot from up there in the terraces. A man came running, breathless. He dashed through the crowd of actors and technical workers back of the camera on his way to spring down to the terrace below. Another shot boomed out, and the man, stumbling forward, fell, just as he came in front of Margaret Keats, where, clutching her dress with a convulsive grip, he rolled over and lay still; and then indeed a woman's screams rang out above the twinkling vista, scream on scream, and Margaret Keats, leaving a part of her flimsy drapery in the man's clutch, flew up the slope away from there.

Round and round the hills that encircle Hollywood, and round and round the hills that encircle Los Angeles, reverberated the shot that laid the husband of the Penguin low, and it sent a shiver down the spine of everybody in the picture business. Every carrier of news from radio to slow-footed pedestrian broadcast that tragedy and nothing else, and in less than thirty minutes the picturesque first details were throbbing in all the newspaper composing rooms of the United States. Hoarse and hollow-voiced newsboys were crying the extras from the mountains to Santa Monica as quickly as thirty-six-point type could be tossed into a chase, and it was some sensation!

Interested individuals had been able to hush up two shootings with no more than the minimum news value of the items; but three were too many, particularly when the man who had clutched at Margaret Keats' lace had died with a piece of it in his hand. She was mentioned, of course, as having been present at the other shootings; but exonerated from any criminal complicity, the only stigma clinging to her being that she had a habit of attending social gatherings where shootings occurred.

The rest of it settled around the Pinnacle star known as the Penguin, from some far-fetched metaphor current among her intimates connecting birds and snow. It wasn't said that she had anything to do with the shootings, but it was her ex-director, the one she'd had for several years until quite recently, who had been shot in the foot; and it had been her ex-leading man who escaped with a nick off his ear at the second shooting, and it was her husband who had been permanently shot at the third one.

She was a Pinnacle star. Her ex-director had been a Pinnacle director. Her ex-leading man was a Pinnacle player. Her now ex-husband, but recently acquired, had been a Pinnacle continuity writer. And it was freely insinuated that the Penguin, though probably pursued by a jinx of irresistible gravitation toward situations that led up to shootings, had outlived her usefulness as a public attraction for the peaceable minded. Also, it was freely insinuated that the Pinnacle was an agglomeration of lost creatures who existed only for the purpose of tearing to tatters the already shredded remnants of their souls. Whereat Klekoff, his face the color of his hair, threw down the still dump extra and said, with an oath rare on his lips,

"I'm an innocent bystander, I tell you! There are more of these joy jumpers in the Pinnacle than in the other companies solely because the Pinnacle has more overpaid actors and directors who weren't born to know how to spend their money."

"We're not talking about the facts in the matter, but the public effect of it," declared Lucius Piltz, taking a sheet of figures from the business litter on the table and conspicuously turning it face down. They were in the parlor of Piltz's suite and busy with the final adjustment of their partnership; but now a new factor had come into the figures. "This star you got that's mixed up in it all is a dead loss in your books from now on. The exhibitors will never show her on the screen again, and that's a million dollars you lose. Then all this Klekoff-Pinnacle agitation will be ringing through the papers for months, and that depreciates the value to me of you and the Klekoff-Pinnacle studios and production facilities by about 50 per cent."

He leaned back in his chair, clasped his fingers over his fat paunch and twiddled his thumbs while he frowned at the innocent bystander.

"We can't do any further talking along that line," said Klekoff, calming instantly and the overcolor receding from his face. "I'll admit that the value of this one star is depreciated, and I'll make an allowance for it; but my value to you is just what it was, in spite of your trying to take advantage of this scandal."

"Not!"

"Will you never stop your cheap bluffing?" And there was a sudden snarl in Klekoff that startled Lucius out of his equanimity; for Piltz didn't dare lose Klekoff. If he did, there'd be nothing left but to drop all his plans, resume his old job with the riddled Excelsior, try to build it up again with the little independents who had never had a chance—and the pickings would be thin.

"Lutchus!"

A feminine voice, stern, commanding; and in the half-opened door appeared a large, round, red face, from the ears of which depended huge diamonds; in the grizzled hair above the face were more big diamonds, and more of them hung around the full neck and on the capacious bosom.

At the sound of that voice and the sight of that person the regal Lucius rose instantly, and a great submissiveness sat on him; for Mrs. Piltz, sister of Joseph Silbernschmidt, founder of the Excelsior, had come straight out on the report of that second shooting in which Lucius had been mentioned.

"I'll be back in a minute, Klekoff."

He hurried straight into the next room. The door closed behind him, and Mrs. Piltz stood there with the extra in her hand.

"Lutchus," she said grimly, "you may tell diesen Klekoff he goes home. Iss no more bitznetz mit him. Ya!" That last word snapped out like a firecracker.

"But, mutter ——"

"I said ya, Lutchus! You come out in diesen Hollywood, you chase mit die chickens, you get mixed oop mit a schutzen scandal mit diesen Klekoff-Pinochle wild-lifers, und das ist genug."

"But, mutter, I tell you I was an innocent bystander!"

"Maybe so," granted mutter with distinct disbelief. "But here iss it, Lutchus: You don't go into bitznetz mit diesen chicken-chasers und wild-lifers und hop-headers, not, Lutchus, while all your money iss in my name."

"But, mutter!" Perspiration was on the brow of Lucius.

"I said it! Not a dollar von your money, oder our money, oder my money do you get!"

With this ultimatum Mrs. Piltz turned, and, as majestically as so fat a lady could do, she departed into the room beyond, leaving Lucius Piltz to consider his business prospects anew and decide whether he should put himself beyond the reach of a private and personal fortune if he should happen to need such. He lit a cigarette and noted that his hand trembled.

Thirty minutes later he publicly announced to reporters in the lobby of his hotel, so that all who would might hear and know, that there was no coalition between him and Klekoff, no prospect of one; that the mere rumor was founded on Klekoff's desire to have such a coalition; and that Lucius would not, after such an occurrence as tonight's, consider such a coalition, since he believed it to be the duty of every man in the business to repudiate such persons as were bringing ill repute on the industry and to discourage such companies as upheld such persons. Klekoff was out!

With diabolic speed that new thrill chased the shooting of the Penguin's husband round and round the hills of Hollywood, and it caught Isidor Iskovitch just as he was setting out for Prudence Joy's on an urgent but whispered and half intelligible telephone message from Dixie Day. Never had Izzy known a keener disappointment. The cup had broken at his very lip. Not only had he lost the tremendous advantage of adding the Excelsior's distribution to his own, for Piltz could scarcely carry through now without big sales-value productions; but worse than all, Klekoff, so near the noose, had slipped out his neck just as Izzy had secured a good firm grip on the other end of the rope. Half the way to Prue's house he spent in the bitterness of this disappointment, and the other half he spent in trying to plan how he should make his next attack. There should be some way to reap an advantage yet out of all this—some way, some way.

Dixie was waiting for him at the foot of the steps. Reporters, officers and slow-moving units of the curious were lingering still where the thrill had been.

"What is it?" asked Izzy. "I couldn't make you out over the phone."

"We are forcibly entertaining Zeke Ahrenz in there," she whispered, giggling. "We sneaked Margaret Keats in from where she'd hid behind Dore's prop well, and when we got her out of her hysteria we flagged his nibs for her. They're both afraid to go out on account of the reporters."

"But what's the big idea in sendin' for me?"

"You said you'd like to get hold of his plays, didn't you?"

"Sure I did; but I also said it was no use. Everybody in the business has bounced offa that bird, an' the last letter I wrote him about his plays he sent it back with 'Go to hell' scrawled across the bottom of it."

"He's heard a quantity of firm facts since he came into our possession," declared Dixie. "He started in to hammer our noble art, so I reminded him that his hostess and your little Dixie were a couple of the worms he was talking about, and were we all right or would he prefer to go to the mat? Then Meg put in a kind word for the Iskovitch outfit, which gave Prue a chance to recite the history of your life. And say, it would sicken a goat, some of the soft stuff she spread about you; but she's got the grizzly all hopped up to meet you. Come in and let him fall on your neck."

But when Izzy entered the little pink-and-white guest room, where Margaret Keats lay very pretty in Prue's little pink-and-white guest bed, the spell broke, if there had been one. The theatrical magnate gruffly acknowledged the introduction to the motion-picture producer, shook hands as quickly as possible and had it over with, walked into the darkened vestibule and looked down on the reporters still swarming in the road, came back and planted himself in the biggest chair, glum and unresponsive, pouting his thick lips around a dry cigar, and with a certain aggressiveness on him suggesting that the hair on the back of his neck might be bristling.

Izzy regarded him soberly. He had no particular heart this night for being insulted by Zeke Ahrenz; but nevertheless the business instincts in him were stronger than his personal preferences, and he studied his man with the keenness of one who has had to be keen to survive. His memory of every incident, great or small, pertaining to the motion-picture business had been one of his assets in his upward climb, and automatically he began to leaf through his mental files, beginning with *a*. When he got down as far as *p* he grinned, and turning his bony shoulder deliberately to Zeke, hung a bony arm over the back of the little pink-and-white rocker and observed to the heroine of the shooting:

"I guess you're gonna have another delay in your production, Miss Keats, while Piltz reorganizes again. Piltz an' Klekoff split out."

Margaret's shriek was drowned in Zeke's boom.

"The hound!"

"Piltz is the one you mean, I guess," said Izzy, wheeling instantly to his man. "I guess that's why you got it in for all of us, ever since Lucius stung you in the Unified Film Exchange an' then rubbed it in with the Piltz-Ahrenz Film Play Dramas Company."

Ezekiel Ahrenz's face was suddenly black with the rancor in his rising blood, but he kept his unspeakable words between his teeth by chewing viciously on his cigar while he glowered at Isidor Iskovitch as ferociously as if that youngest of the magnates had himself been in on the looting of Zeke's money and his confidence in human nature. Izzy paid no attention to the glare. He was excited about something or other, and a light that might have been hope scintillated in the crystalline structure of his dark-brown eye as he hitched up his chair, and leaning forward eagerly said,

(Continued on Page 153)

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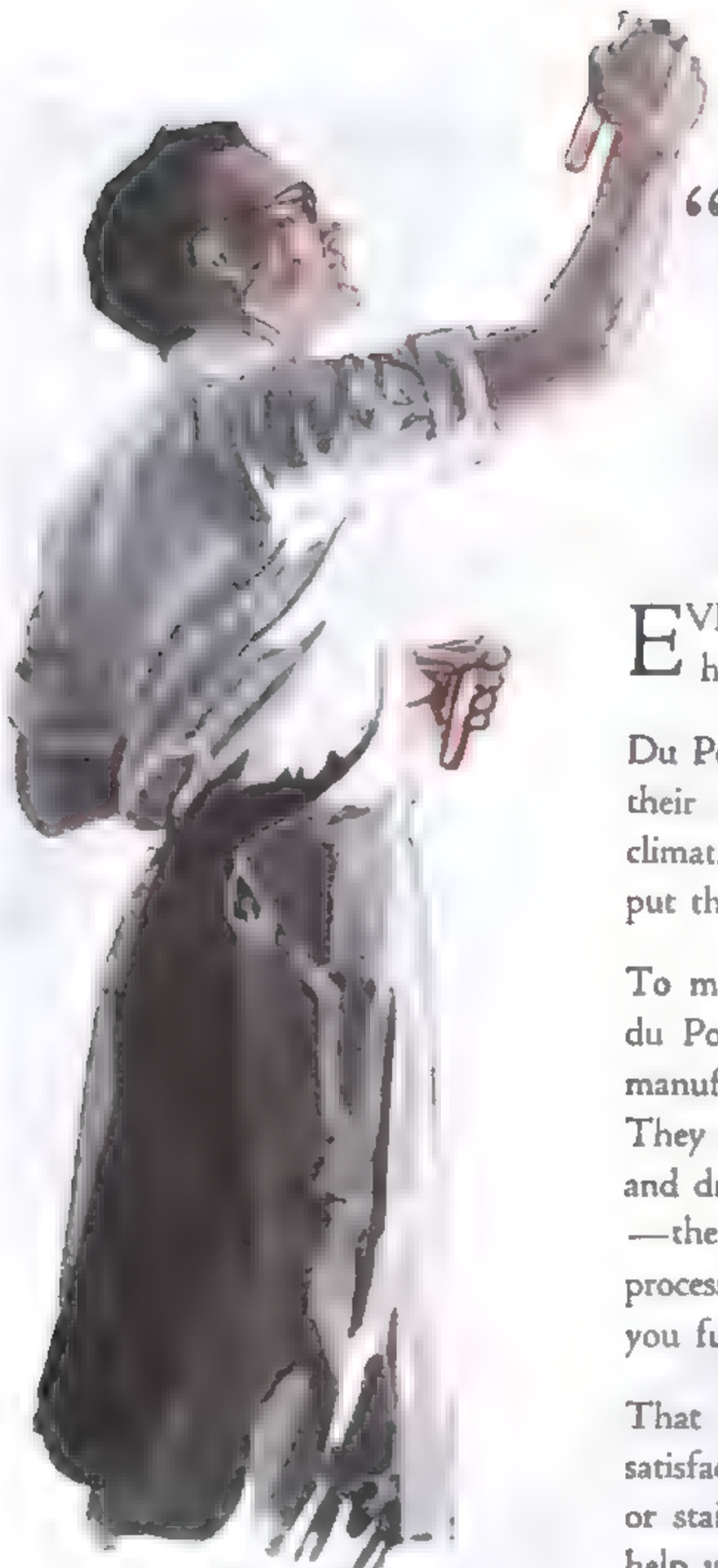

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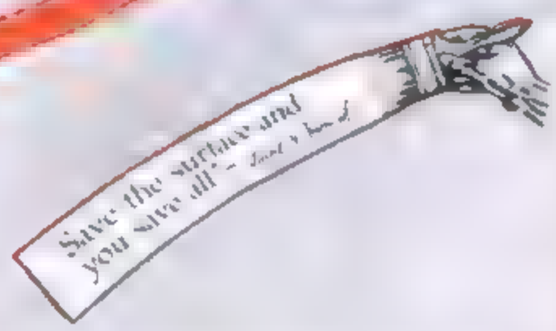

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(Continued from Page 148)

"Say, looky, Mr. Ahrenz, how would you like to sting Piltz?"

Ahrenz removed the cigar from his mouth and looked at it.

"How hard?" he asked.

"The limit! Bust 'im! Put 'im outta business while we clean up'"

For a long time Zeke Ahrenz sat with his fingers clasped over his round paunch, twiddling his thumbs and regarding Isidor Iskovitch with an analytical gaze as keen as Izzy's own; then he rose, motioned Izzy with a jerk of his thumb to follow him, led the way into Prue's little blue-and-gold library, motioned Izzy to a chair, took one himself, lit a fresh cigar.

"Shoot'"

V

Hundred Sinners Must Go

Ezekiel Ahrenz Proposes the Innocent Bystanders' Protective Association

Accidental Entanglement of His Star, Margaret Keats, in Latest Scandal Impels Famous Theatrical Magnate to Clean Up the Movies

IT WAS a publicity expert with a lifetime of training who had given out that interview, and it occupied full space, next morning, with the other developments of the shooting; also the split of Piltz and Klekoff. Zeke Ahrenz, on inquiry, had discovered that it was less than one hundred reckless roisterers, all known, who were bringing disgrace on the thousands of respectable workers in the industry; and if those hundred were taken down to San Pedro and dumped in the ocean people who had regard for their reputations need not be so reluctant to enter an occupation that offered such rich financial rewards.

And this was the grain-padded nubbin of the interview: That Zeke Ahrenz had softened in his well-known hatred for the motion-picture tribe and all their ways; and the softening was so well insinuated that when Lucius Piltz, in the vast lobby of his hotel, met the theatrical magnate crossing his path, Lucius, though malevolent this morning with the fickleness of life, extended his hand cordially to the owner of the most valuable play properties known to the motion-picture business, and said with an ingratiating smile:

"Why, hello, Ahrenz! Say, Zeke, I was just going to look you up. You know, I'm going into producing now, and I got the best distribution in the business. If you're ever going to consider the filming of those plays you control ——"

"You're out!" boomed Zeke. "There's no use wasting breath on the proposition, because when you lost Klekoff you lost your chance with me."

"Klekoff! What's Klekoff got to do with it? Who's Klekoff?" And nothing could exceed the contempt that Piltz expressed for that ex-partner.

"He's a producer and you're not. He has facilities and you haven't. He's experienced and you're an amateur. Piltz, if your deal with Klekoff had stayed on you might have had a chance to dicker for my plays; but under the circumstances you have no chance, and that's flat and final!"

Lucius was so impressed with that finality in Ahrenz that forbade further debate, and so unhappy over his lost opportunity, that he puckered his little eyes entirely shut. Then he clutched the lapel of Ahrenz's coat.

"Say, you got just a few minutes to spare—say, ten -say, only five? I forgot something."

Zeke looked at his watch, and frowned and calculated, even though he had the day for this job.

"All right, I'll wait. But hustle." And he sat down.

Piltz fairly trotted to the distant elevator, and as he stepped in he squared his shoulders and rounded his chest and tilted up his chin with desperate determination. When he returned, twelve minutes later, his shoulders were rounded, his chest in and his chin down, and there were beads of perspiration on the upper segment of his head.

"My wife wanted some cash for her shopping, and I just remembered she ought to be ready to go out," he apologized, as with a sigh he sat down facing his lost opportunity; and passers-by paused to smile and went on with a chuckle at the spherical similarity of those two, so alike that they might have been viewing their reflections in a mirror. Zeke, in preparation for the coming conflict, locked his fingers across the bulging arc of his paunch and started to twiddle his thumbs; but he happened to notice that Piltz had clasped his fingers over his paunch and was twiddling his thumbs, and the discovery so angered him that he threw down his hands and cursed under his breath; but Piltz, in his pain, never noticed it.

"Say, Zeke, I've been thinking it over about Klekoff, and I come right back to the same reasons that made me get rid of him in the first place. They're such solid and substantial reasons that I can't get around them. Zeke, not even to get those plays of yours, which are a good producing business in themselves, would I hook up again with Klekoff; and I'm going some when I say that, for believe me, I would give you your choice of either eye for those plays!"

Nothing could be more convincing than that, for if Piltz could have seen any hope of procuring the property in question he never would have admitted so strongly his intense desire to have it. Ahrenz puffed up his cigar for a fresh start, since, having failed in his first objective, which was Klekoff, he must now come reluctantly to his second.

"Well, that's your funeral. I guess young Iskovitch is the best bet now, for if I do business I want all the coin I can get. Klekoff individually is out, and Roabert for the same reason. They neither one have sufficient distribution since the Pinnacle split."

The mention of these powerful competitors seemed to rouse Piltz's intellect, and he leaned forward eagerly.

"Say, Zeke, if Roabert could show you enough distribution would you consider him?"

"But he hasn't got it!" boomed Ahrenz; and rising abruptly, he nodded gruffly to Piltz and walked away, leaving the seed in Lucius to germinate and sprout.

Heiman Roabert and his mind were as well known to the profession as the zebra and the giraffe are known to the zoo experts. He was a man who made a good sound plan and followed it methodically to the bitter end, and the only way to throw him off his track was to blow up the track. His present plan was simplicity itself. He had figured that in five years he could push out Klekoff and have the entire Pinnacle for Roabert, and in vain Lucius Piltz tried to turn him from this fixed idea to the proposition Piltz and Klekoff had so nearly concluded.

"No, Lucius," said Roabert, his stubbornness indicated by the very thrust of his short beard. "Maybe d' Excelsior can gross four hundred t'ousandt dollars vere d' Roabert-Pinnagle can only just now gross t'ree hundredt t'ousandt; I dond't argue it; budt ven I gedt my business built up I don't have to splidt vid anybody—andt I dond't have to vatch anybody."

"That works two ways," growled Piltz, dour indeed. If he could only have won Roabert over without revealing his trump card, he could have cinched those Ahrenz plays for the new combination and claimed them as a Piltz asset; but now he had to take a chance. "Now listen, Heimie! You have producing units, but no sensational big hits to produce. That's your weak point. You can't fool me! Now suppose I could bring you a bunch of the strongest plays ever put on the stage?"

Roabert looked up at him slowly. There could be but one such collection, but one bunch of plays important enough to be made the basis of big business negotiations—Zeke Ahrenz's. Something trilled in the breast of Heiman Roabert. He'd been itching with desire for those plays these many years. They were a fortune in themselves.

"Haf you got dem?"

"Are you ready to do business with me if I have?"

Roabert reached for the secret buttons beneath his desk.

Lucius Piltz did not control those plays, else why hadn't he begun with that argument and made the session short?

"Now you're touchingk on somethingk dadt requires some serious business conversation andt I got too much to do to go into it just now. Suppose, Piltz, vee maigk an appoindtmendt for three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

Like a lost soul, Lucius Piltz tried to force an immediate consideration of this important deal without betraying his eagerness too far, for he knew as well as he knew that the day was shining that Roabert would beat it straight for Zeke Ahrenz; but the office was suddenly flooded with clerks and stenographers and secretaries and messengers and directors and actors coming through every door, and Lucius Piltz was crowded outside.

Along towards noon it was Roabert's turn to call on Piltz, and he announced the latest development in the Excelsior Production Company's affairs by saying, "How much did you gross on 'D' Lady Vid a Pasdt?'"

"Four hundred and twenty thousand dollars," answered Lucius, sudden joy singing in his soul. "He wouldn't do business with you without my distribution. He wouldn't, would he? Now slip me the works, Heimie. This is no time for fooling!" And his voice ended in a gasp of agony.

"Vee are talkingk nothingk budt business, Lucius," returned Roabert, the quiver of excitement in his own voice. "He trusts me, nodt you. He offers me a gontract now dadt I may haf all hiss blays on a one-third splidt off d' profidts, d' gontract to be revocable if in three months' time I cannot show him a distribution dadt vill gross to half a million dollars on productions like D' Lady Vid a Pasdt."

"Half a million dollars!" gasped Piltz, and now all the subterfuge was out of both of them. "Heimie, I squeezed the Excelsior till its bones was dry to get four hundred and twenty thousand dollars out of that film."

"Rawlins Thayer says dadt your reports to him vas dadt you only grossed three hundredt and forty-five thousandt."

"Oh, well"—and Lucius shrugged his shoulders—"you know how that is yourself. I won't show you these books up here. We'll go down to my safety-deposit boxes at the bank and I'll show you the dope nobody sees but me."

"Vee see dem. If you grossed dadt much vee gan get avay vid idt, because I haf eleven virst-run houses andt seven branches I gan bringk vid me from d' Pinnagle after I sell out everything to Klekoff; den if we put in aboudt a million dollars in advertisingk vee gan maigk Klekoff and Iskovitch jump d' hurdles till they jump at one high enough to do dere business."

"Heimie, we are partners at last!" said Piltz with great enthusiasm, and took down his hat.

"Vaidt," said Roabert. "Dere iss one little thingk Ahrenz insists on. He must haf back Margaret Keats' contract andt d' Broken Reed. He vandts to put it all in d' one gontract."

"Oh, that's easy." And quite jovially Piltz sent for Muffle. He came out of that stormy interview crestfallen, however, for Muffle, on his agreement to pay Margaret Keats' salary to date, had been posted by Ahrenz, and with great joy bled Piltz out of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar profit.

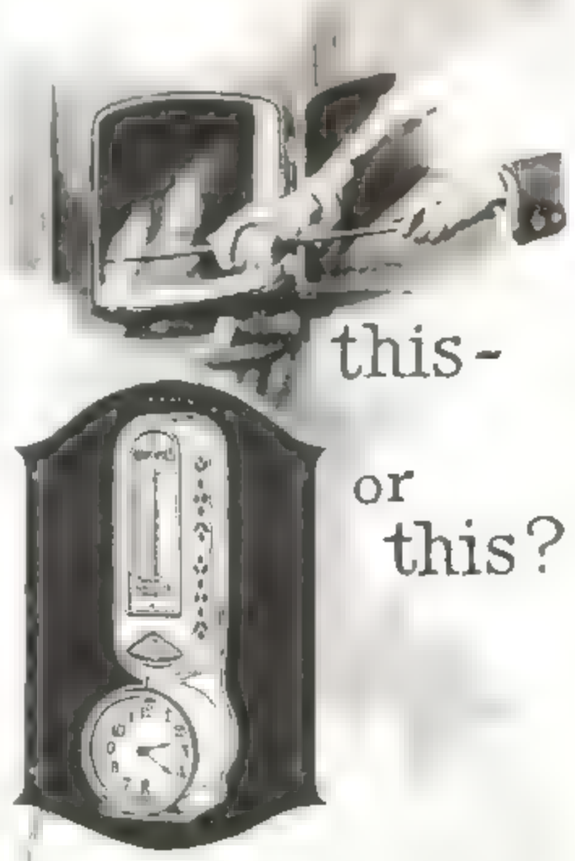
At two o'clock Roabert, satisfied, called up his old-time partner from Piltz's bank and said, "Vell, Klekoff, you often deviled me you vandted to buy me out; now you get your chance."

"Yes, I heard you have been flirting with Piltz," snarled Klekoff into the phone. "And you're to get those Ahrenz plays if you go with the Excelsior. Not from me, Roabert! What kind of a sucker do you think I am, to throw myself close to bankruptcy to give you a chance to come into the market with some of the strongest stuff known to the industry? Good night!" And he hung up the phone.

Down in the lower part of Los Angeles, in among the little short streets that only run a half block or so, there is a tiny Italian restaurant that brings connoisseurs of spaghetti and ravioli from far and near; and here, on his court days, a smoothly pressed lawyer by the name of Ascher always slipped away by himself to lunch in quiet thought, in the little back room glowing with vivid murals, where as many as a dozen guests made a stifling crowd. Ascher sat contentedly picking away among his antipasto, with now a morsel of pickled olive and now a stringy bit of anchovy, a nibble of salame and a crunch of crisp lettuce, when a party of three stopped in the narrow door and looked about for a table.

The foremost of the party, a flawlessly dressed man who was all twinkling points from the toes of his shoes to his little horns of grizzled black hair caught sight of Ascher and hastily drew back; though not so hastily but that Ascher had a good view of him, and of the two others, a big fellow with a plaid tie and a wizened little fellow with a V of curly black hair that ran down nearly to the bridge of his nose. Ascher presently tiptoed to the door and peeped out. The party of three was at none of the tables in the larger room. They had left,

NEXT WINTER



this-

or this?

Men! It's up to you!

It is the minor evils that make winter so disagreeable. House over-heated one day, under-heated the next. Hot as an oven at bedtime. Cold as an ice-box at getting-up time. Someone always running down to fix the fire. Someone always concerned about the fire when the house is left alone.

End all those worries at one stroke with a Minneapolis Heat Regulator. Easily and quickly installed on any kind of heating plant, new or old, burning any fuel. A thermostat on the living room wall. A concealed wire to a small motor in the basement. Chains to your draft, check, or gas valve. And it's all done.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

keeps your house at exactly the temperature you want. Lowers the temperature automatically at night and raises it in the morning before you arise. Saves ⅛ to ⅓ on fuel.

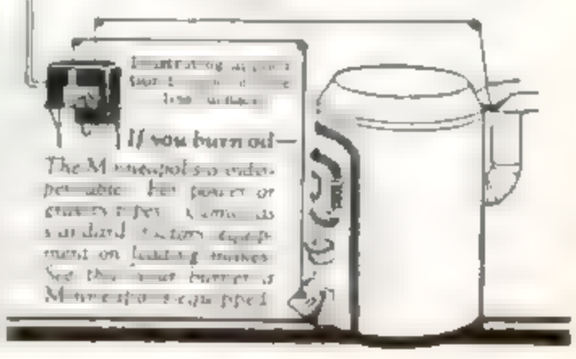
Branch offices in principal cities render complete installation service. Elsewhere see a heating contractor. Write for free booklet on the advantages of heat regulation.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.

Established 1885

2803 Fourth Avenue, So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Branch offices in principal cities



Refreshingly new!

You'll find individuality and distinction in the

Emery Novelcheck

SMARTLY dressed men are seeking new, fresh ideas in their summer shirts.

They have greeted the Emery Novelcheck with enthusiasm, for its striking originality is a welcome diversion from plain whites and solid shades.

Sparkling with life, individual in pattern, the Novelcheck is a shirt far from the commonplace.

Over its lustrous, silky fabric, and delicate checked pattern, there are snowy, satin stripes.

In the splendid fabric; the perfect tailoring; the exquisite finish, there is a quality that knows neither sparing nor compromise.

And it is thoroughly comfortable—with a roominess in which you can move without binding. Neckband is pre-shrunk. Sleeve lengths your own size.

Made in neckband style. Single cuffs with beautiful large pearl buttons. The price is an inducement in itself—only $3.50.

Other Emery Shirts in silks, broadcloths, checks, piques, and other fabrics, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up, notable for their good taste, fit and finish.

Ask for the Emery Novelcheck—at better shops. Or we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and name of your dealer.

Give neckband size and sleeve length. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

presumably to hold their luncheon conference somewhere else; though as a matter of fact, they had been sent here by Izzy only to be seen. Ascher went back to his antipasto, pushed aside his plate and waited for his tagliarini, a puzzled frown on his brow, and presently a curious smile on his lips.

That afternoon he had some business with his most important client, Klekoff; and said he, as he put his brief case on the little inlaid desk in the little inner office of the Pinnacle, "Klekoff, I believe that you have just had a narrow escape from the clutches of your little friend Izzy."

Klekoff paid exactly the same attention to that statement that he would have given to the information that he had just narrowly escaped stepping on a rattlesnake. His pale eyes popped wide and his mouth stretched in a meaningless grimace, while there flashed a sudden pallor across his face.

"How?"

"By getting out of that consolidation with Piltz." A sharp intake of Klekoff's breath, a moist intake, but he said nothing; he was too busy listening. "At Mora's today I saw Flackman hunting a sneak corner for a close consultation with Gisselburg and Shoop!"

Klekoff started to put a cigarette into his long holder but couldn't make it fit. Irritated, he put the cigarette to his lips without the holder, but broke two matches before he could get it lit, that wide began to yawn the pit he had so narrowly escaped!

"But, Ascher," he finally puzzled, "the attorneys hired by the Excelsior to make an exhaustive report on Piltz's proposed actions admitted freely and openly to you when you investigated for me that the Excelsior was helpless in the matter; that it could do nothing; that Piltz was strictly within his legal rights."

"Oh, yes." And Ascher spoke as if he were piqued about something.

"Certainly," agreed Klekoff, with the same sense of pique, for the same thought was running in the minds of both—that Isidor Iskovitch's sharp-pointed lawyer was a wizard of motion-picture legal intricacy—as he had proved to them both to their chagrin.

"And here's another thing," went on Ascher: "On the night of the big shooting Margaret Keats was swallowed up—disappeared from the face of the earth. Reporters and police officers who would like to have had her testimony couldn't find her. She had hidden in the house of Prudence Joy, who has been a staunch friend of Izzy's ever since they both got into the business, and Ahrenz was seen to visit that house. Iskovitch came later. Detectives on the shooting case noted these things. Then when you come to consider Ahrenz's sudden change of front after his visit to the house of Prudence Joy—well, what do you make of it?"

"That by kind Providence the juice wouldn't flow when I was strapped to the chair." And now Klekoff was able to laugh. "It's as plain as the collar around your neck that as soon as Piltz has completed all the legal formalities of his new organization, and has definitely committed himself beyond retraction, he'll find that the Excelsior will be sustained in its charter rights, including the exclusive use of its name, and that he's out, with no possible distribution for his productions. With all his money tied up, there'll be no place for him to go but broke; and if I had sold out to Roabert ——"

He stopped so abruptly that the silence had the same effect as a sudden loud noise; and Ascher, looking at him quickly, saw that kindling light in his eye that commanded respectful silence. Klekoff abstractedly slipped a cigarette into his long holder with deft ease, lit it neatly with his first match, sauntered to the mantelpiece, leaned his elbow on it and smoked in great peace for a little while; then he turned to his attorney and said, "Ascher, you know better than anybody the exact state of my personal finances. For how much could I hypothecate myself, my belongings, my stock in the Pinnacle, and Roabert's stock in case I am able to buy it?"

Below lay Hollywood, its myriad lights spread out in a vast plain, like a garden of Christmas candles twinkling away in row on row to illimitable perspective. On the terraced street 'twixt vista and star-dotted sky, two men in a death grapple, one falling to the ground and one darting into the darkness, then a woman's voice in scream on scream of horror: then a man's voice vibrating with enthusiasm:

"Cut!"

"How was it, Mr. Thayer?" asked Margaret Keats, almost with the thrill of a first-night performance on the legitimate stage.

"Magnificent!" returned the Iskovitch-Excelsior director, stepping into the light and shaking hands with her; and strange to say, Rawlins Thayer was directing this location scene in full evening clothes; as were also his assistant director and even his camera man, Benny.

"You may go as far as you like in your interpretation of these scenes, Miss Keats, for the play is absolutely unaltered in its dramatic construction, and your interpretation is far better than anything I could suggest."

"My heavens, can such things be?" laughed Margaret; and then she screamed, for suddenly on the night air had come a shot that reverberated from hill to hill. Another shot, and yet another, and along the terraced street came tearing a woman in an evening dress glittering with brilliants, an automatic in each hand, and shooting at random in all directions while whooping at the top of her voice.

"Eats!" she yelled as she came into the magic circle. It was Dixie Day, with a plentiful supply of blank cartridges, and as she let off another double volley she shouted "Lights!"

Then all along the Iskovitch subdivision flashed up strings on strings of gaudy paper lanterns of wondrous design, revealing clusters and rows of shouting and laughing and applauding people in evening clothes; for this was a grand progressive dinner party with the soup at Prudence Joy's and the nuts at Dixie Day's; and it was in celebration of the winning of the Excelsior Distributing Corporation's suit for the restoration of its charter rights, the ousting of Lucius Piltz and his partner Roabert and the annulment of all their acts. It was also in celebration of the signing of two contracts, one with the Excelsior, giving Isidor Iskovitch a distribution which, combined with his own, would raise his possible quota for the plays to be produced under his second contract, that with Ezekiel Ahrenz, to a figure undreamed of in motion-picture sales. True, Izzy had started gunning for Klekoff and had got Roabert instead, but he wasn't repining as he stood with his friend Zeke in the wide-open door of Prue's little pink castle to receive his host of friends and the dark-visaged executives—and little old David Schuashel, his papa in the business; and as David came on the porch with one arm around cuddly Dorcas Sinclair and the other around Prue, he was pink-faced with great news.

"Say listen, Izzy, I saw Lucius Piltz and mutter starting for the train East today, where Lucius is to go on a pension from his wife and get it paid him a couple of dollars at a time, I guess. And just then came along Heimie Roabert that's out of the producing business because there's no room for another big distribution, and he's going into the film-exporting business; and it just happened to strike me, Zeke, that Izzy had helped us all three to retire from business, so I walked up to 'em—they wasn't speaking to each other—and suggested that we ought to form the Isidor Iskovitch Chapter of Motion Picture Producers' Alumni; and I wouldn't like to tell you where they told me to go to!"

There was a silvery laugh from just behind him—Margaret on the arm of her new heavy, Jim Graves; and Jim introduced her to David, the papa of them all; and David, taking her hand in his and beaming up at her with that extra benevolence he always had in his yellow eye for a pretty girl, observed, "I heard a lot about you already, gettin' in scandals quicker than anybody that ever came out here. How do you like the pictures, my dear?"

"Well," she smiled, "do you see that buff-and-blue Persian palace over beyond Dixie's? It's mine!"

Why the Circus never wears out

THE circus is a permanent institution. We never get too old to thrill at the sight of the elephants. We'd 'walk a mile for the camels'. We can't resist the raucous call of the steam calli-ope and all the splendor and color of the circus.

That's it—*color*. The circus satisfies our thirst for color. But color, with the circus, is not all "looks". See what Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus has to say about paint and varnish:

RINGLING BROS
BARNUM & BAILEY

Save the Surface Campaign,
Philadelphia.

PAINT! The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth could no more do without it than it could do without clowns or do without elephants.

PAINT and VARNISH both preserve and beautify our trains, our floats, our wagons.

PAINT puts the punch in the circus. We never finish painting. Thousands of paint and varnish brushes work winter and summer.

The best circus wagons ever built — and ours are constructed of the soundest and toughest materials -- would have but a brief life were it not for those greatest of all preservatives --- PAINT AND VARNISH.

Some of our finest allegorical floats undergo twenty-two painting operations in a single year. Thus we have wagons that have traveled half a million miles through heat and cold, sunshine and rain, alkali and sand, yet still are in splendid physical condition.

And this is largely because of three things.

1. PAINT AND VARNISH
2. THE BEST Paint and Varnish
3. PLENTY of Paint and Varnish

RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY --

P. T. Barnum used to say "the public likes to be fooled." Barnum was right, if we may judge from the way people fool themselves by *neglecting* to save the surface. Neglect the surface and you lose all. Save the surface and you save all.

•

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse, Philadelphia

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish, and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

Be sure your new closed car has a Perfection Heater

These are several types of Perfection Heaters. Protect yourself against imitation by looking for the Perfection name plate. You will find it in plain view on every genuine Perfection Heater

EVEN though you buy your car this summer, remember you'll use it next winter, too. You'll want to drive in comfort then as well as now.

That's why it will pay you to assure your year 'round comfort in advance. See that the car you buy is equipped with the best heater it is possible to provide—a Perfection.

The Perfection Heater is the *original car heater.* For 14 years it has been replacing the discomforts of winter driving with cozy warmth, even in zero weather.

Bear this in mind—every Perfection Heater is guaranteed as to quality and performance and this guarantee is backed by the oldest and largest organization of its kind in the world.

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Manufactured in Canada by Richards-Wilcox Canadian Company Limited, London, Ontario

These manufacturers provide real winter driving comfort by equipping their closed models with Perfection Heaters without extra charge:

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McFarlan		*Special Equipment

PERFECTION HEATERS
For Motor Cars

THE HEAT IS THERE—WHY NOT USE IT?

SELLING ISN'T EVERYTHING

(Continued from Page 26)

through thick and thin. I had about four thousand dollars capital to start on, and I figured that I could owe one thousand dollars, or 25 per cent of my capital. Always I held to that percentage, even after I had got well established, and when the salesmen were after me constantly with offers of bargains and extra-long terms. For the first few years I couldn't afford to hire a regular bookkeeper, but I had a little vest-pocket notebook in which I carried the amounts I was owing my various wholesalers, and I knew exactly where I stood each day. Many a time some salesman would come in with a bargain offer that looked good, but before buying I would run into the back room to take a private peek into my notebook and consult my bank book to see how much I had in cash.

"If the result showed I was up to my debt limit I would stroll out again and tell the salesman there was nothing doing.

"Probably I got the reputation in some quarters of being a hard customer, but if so it was among the salesmen and not among the credit executives. Whenever there were bargains to be offered I usually got a chance at them because I always paid my bills on the due date, even though I could not take my discounts every time. Anyhow, I was working on a system; and everyone knows that a business man who has a system, even though it is not the best system, gets along a lot better than the man who has none at all!"

What this merchant said about system covers a great deal of what is known as financing; for skillful financing is, after all, largely the ability to plan out a course of action and stick to it. For years a remark has stuck in my mind that I heard an old and successful merchant make to a young man who was getting ready to open a retail specialty store:

"The first year or so you are in business," said the veteran, "you will be tempted all the time to make little cuts in prices to your friends and to people who are looking for bargains. You will be so anxious to make sales that you will think you had better forgo a regular profit than let a customer go to a competitor. But once you start that kind of business there will be no end to it. The news will get around that you are in the habit of making private cuts, and the first thing you know the majority of your customers will demand them, and probably go away disgruntled if they aren't favored. The only safe way is to fix your prices to start with, sell your goods at as little margin as you think you can stand, but have fixed prices and stick to them. Otherwise you will plug along year after year, doing what you think is a lot of business, and in the end you will wonder where the Sam Hill all the profits are gone that you thought you were making!"

Knowing Your Wholesaler

Another successful merchant recently said something to me that seems well worth entering into the calculations of every retailer.

"When you start to do business with a wholesaler," he said, "the wholesaler investigates you pretty closely to see if you are the kind of customer he wants on his books; if you do not promise profitable business relations, naturally he doesn't want you.

"That, of course, is correct and businesslike on his part. But the retailer should do the same thing. Before tying up with any wholesaler the retail merchant should make some investigations with this question in mind: 'Are the majority of the retailers who do business with this wholesale house making money?'"

In explanation of the above remarks the merchant told me of a case in point. Several years ago a young man opened a retail specialty business in a New England manufacturing city. He had for a number of years been employed as salesman in an old-established retail house in Boston, and when he got ready to go into business for himself he naturally thought of buying his merchandise from one of the wholesale houses that did business with his employers. One of these wholesale concerns was located in New York and the young man went there to make his buying arrangements.

The executives of the concern were exceptionally cordial to the young merchant. His record with the Boston retail house was known to them, and when it came to talking finances they surprised him by their liberal attitude. The arrangement they proposed was this: The young merchant should buy his opening bill from them, selecting all the merchandise he thought he might need. If he felt he should have any lines they did not carry they would buy such goods for him and charge on their account. In return he was to pay them what money he had and the balance would be billed on open account, with the understanding that he might pay as he got in the money.

The young merchant accepted the proposition, feeling much elated over a situation that gave him the backing of an old-established house along with practically unlimited credit. And from almost every angle it was a good arrangement for him. He was spared the necessity of establishing credit with a number of houses, and his financial worries were lessened, because he had only to send in what money he was able from time to time to make everything satisfactory. It was understood, of course, that this easy arrangement was not to be a permanent thing, but to hold good only until he got on his feet and able to pay on regular terms.

The wholesale firm entered into this arrangement in good faith, as did also the merchant. But there was one flaw in the figuring that showed up as time went on. The merchant did not get along so well as he expected.

The reason he did not make better progress was because the merchandise he handled was too high-priced for his community. The wholesale concern catered almost exclusively to large city trade; what went well with retailers in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, did not find ready sale in the New England manufacturing town.

Too Little Planning

And so the young merchant found himself in a bad fix. He was not in position to go out and make other buying connections, because he was already owing so much to the New York wholesale concern; and in order to keep his credit good with them he had to keep on using their goods. It was, my informant said, fully five years before the merchant got to the point where he was able to shake himself free from his hampering connection and buy in the open market the goods suitable for his trade. And all his troubles arose from the fact that he had not looked around to see whether his wholesale house was making money for other retailers who were located in towns similar to the one where he chose to go into business.

If one goes into the records of business failures, more often than not it will be found that the trouble lies in putting too much importance on mere selling and too little on planning. Not long ago the business of an ambitious young clothing merchant in a Southern city was closed up by the creditors, the event coming as a shock to most of his friends and fellow townsmen, for he had been looked on as a comer. He held office in the chamber of commerce, was prominent in a couple of luncheon clubs, and belonged to most of the prominent lodges, making easy friendships in all. It is perhaps too much to say that he belonged to these organizations for purposes of trade, but at any rate he made the most of the opportunities thus offered; it was said that he knew more people and had more personal customers than any other merchant in the city. In his newspaper advertisements he always had a picture of himself printed in the upper left-hand corner of the space with a printed line underneath stating that he welcomed his friends at his store and that his motto was Personal Service.

The trouble with his methods lay in the fact that he tried to give his friends too much personal service. He employed several competent clerks in his store, but when his club and lodge friends came in to buy clothing, hats or neckties, they expected to be waited on by the merchant himself. It was discouraging for a clerk to go brightly forward to wait on some customer, only to be told that the customer preferred to be waited on by the boss; and eventually the clerks got into the habit of standing about idly or busying themselves in straightening out the goods left on the counters by their

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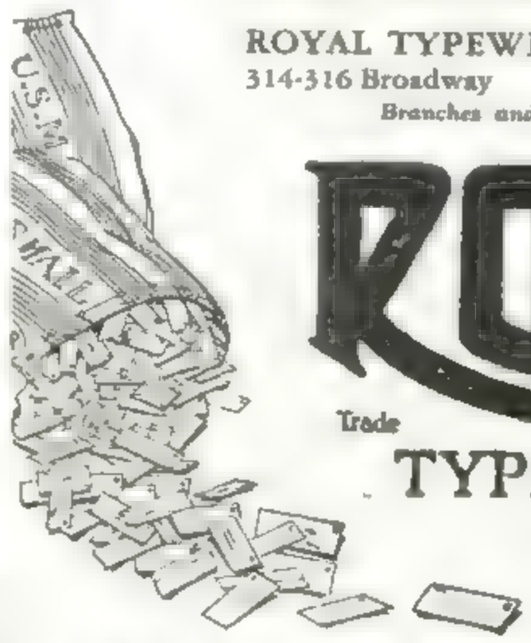

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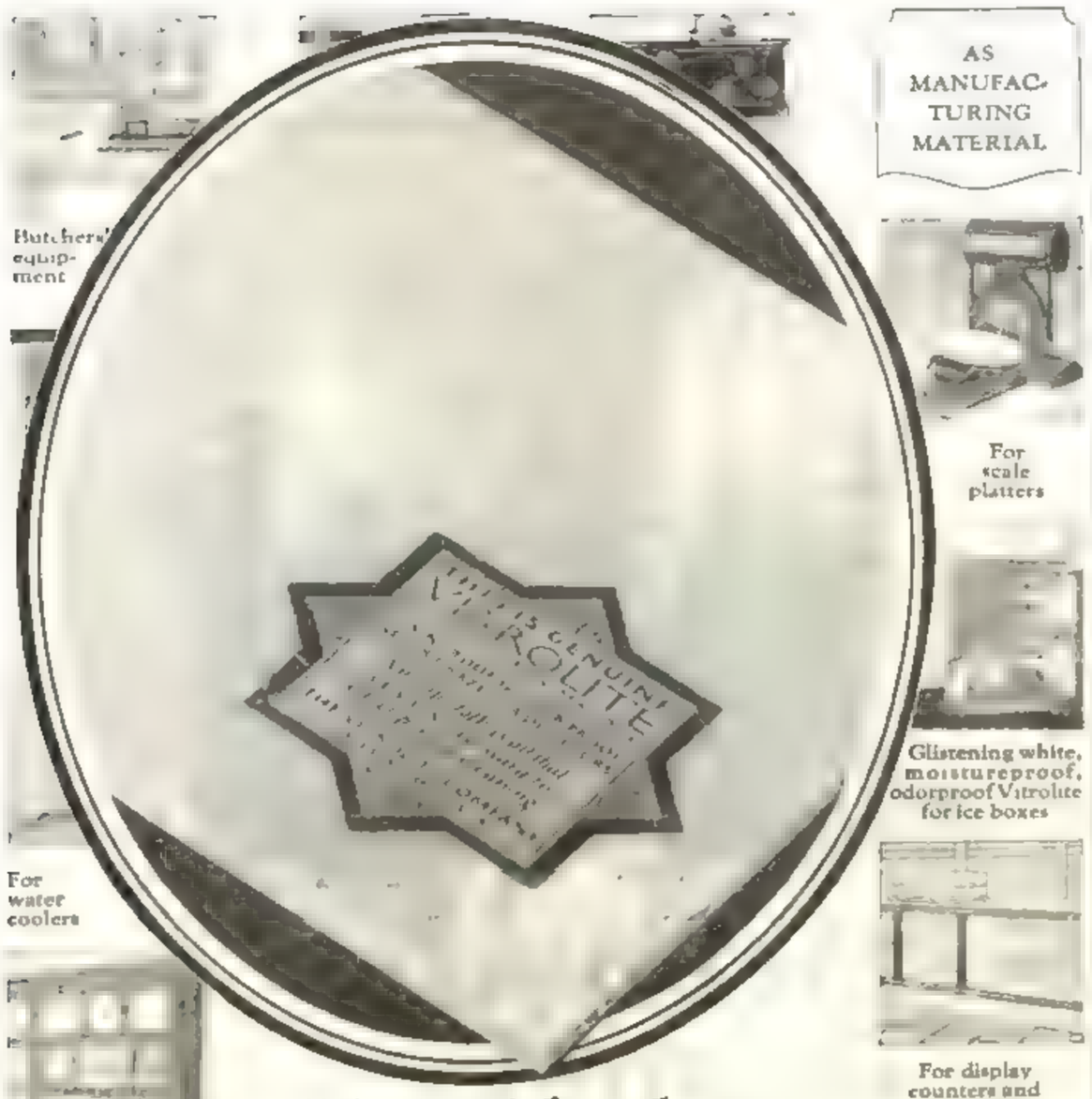
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Use it wherever abiding cleanliness and everlasting beauty are desired. Put it on your walls; buy articles of which it is a part—they will serve you better. Its permanent qualities are your continued joy and aid.

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employer in his active salesmanship. This was a rather extravagant state of affairs, because goods can be straightened out just as well by twelve-dollar-a-week help as by men drawing fifty or sixty dollars a week. And, too, it frequently happened that a customer would come in, only to see a line of others waiting to be served, and go out again with the remark that he would come back after a while, which promise would not be kept.

The clothing merchant was paying five hundred dollars a month rent for his store, and other items ran the total monthly expense up to more than three thousand dollars, all of which he was trying to earn from his own almost unaided efforts. When the receiver in bankruptcy took hold of the business he found the back office in a badly disordered state, for the merchant had never been able to take time from his personal service to give his office work much attention. There was not even a complete record of all the debts except in the form of invoices hung about on hooks, and advertisements had to be inserted in the trade papers instructing interested firms to forward detailed statements of their accounts. The situation was pretty well summed up by the receiver in bankruptcy.

"This fellow might have got along fine," he said, "if he had stayed away from his lodges a couple of nights a week and put his mind on the big things of his business. He was so heated up over being a salesman that he forgot he was a merchant!"

Another merchant recently came to grief because he failed to figure out things in advance, and also, probably, because he let personal pride enter too largely into his judgment. This man was located in a medium-sized town in the Northwest and ran what used to be called a racket store with considerable success until he became imbued with a bright idea. He was in the habit of going to Minneapolis and Chicago periodically to buy his goods, and always got back home a little dissatisfied with the idea that he was only a retailer, when the men who ran wholesale enterprises lived so much grander lives and had so much greater opportunities. It was during one of these trips that his idea was born. He would himself be a wholesaler. He figured that if he bought certain items in large enough quantities he would secure them at prices low enough so he could resell at a profit to the other merchants in his community. There were a dozen other good towns within a radius of fifty miles or so, and he believed the dealers in those places would be glad to buy supplies from him instead of sending to Minneapolis or Chicago.

Too Many Dolls

At that time a popular-selling article in the racket-store line was a rubber doll that stood on a round pedestal, its fascinating feature being that it could be knocked over and would bob up again into a standing posture. He needed a couple of hundred of these dolls for his own trade, but when he got to Chicago on this trip he found he could buy them for a third less than the regular price if he ordered in lots of several thousand, and with his wholesale idea in mind he plunged on a purchase of four thousand self-standing rubber dolls.

When he got home the dolls were there ahead of him, such a bulky shipment that his store would not hold them all, and he had to rent an unused barn to take care of part. A few days afterward he took some sample dolls under his arm and started out to be a wholesaler among his brother merchants along the main street. The first man he approached was a friend, although a competitor, and he felt quite sure of doing some business as he optimistically showed his samples and explained that he was now in position to supply the local trade with dolls at strictly Chicago prices. But the brother merchant did not seem to be impressed. He, too, had personal pride, and it was not flattering to have another merchant with a business no bigger than his own suddenly blossom out into a wholesaler and offer to sell him gooda. His reaction to the racket-store man's salesmanship showed a trace of rancor.

"No, I don't want to buy any dolls," he said snappishly; "and if I did I guess I could buy them in Chicago just as cheap as you did!"

This was about the sort of answer the racket-store man got from the majority of the local dealers whom he had confidently counted on as customers for his wholesale department. Even the storekeepers in the surrounding small towns held back from buying, even though he proved to them that he could save them the freight charges from Chicago or Minneapolis, because they, too, liked to feel that they were important enough to do their buying in the big centers.

The racket-store man's doll experience should have been enough to convince him of the futility of his wholesale plans, but urged on by ambition he kept on trying. In the end the bankruptcy court got him, and his stock was bought by a local competitor for thirty cents on the dollar. It was this purchaser who told me the story, and this was the latter's comment:

"If the racket-store man had taken the time to sit down and figure a little," he said, "he wouldn't have made such a bust of things. He should have known better than to try to do two things at once. The stock as I bought it was a curious conglomeration. He had four-fifths of his capital tied up in half a dozen items which represented his wholesale department; and the other fifth, which represented his retail stock, was not enough to satisfy the demands of his regular retail trade. Besides all this, he failed to take the human phase into his calculations. He wanted to be a wholesaler so as to feel he was a big business man. His fellow merchants did not propose to let him satisfy his pride at the expense of theirs, so all his calculations went flat."

Saving Time by System

Though it is manifestly impossible for a small business man to bring the same system to bear in the running of his affairs as is used by the large corporation, yet there are certain fundamental rules that if observed will simplify matters a good deal. One of the big things is to save time from details so as to have the time for larger matters. Recently a man who owns a wholesale business in New York told me of a certain plan he had adopted that seems well worth passing on.

"I started pretty small a few years ago," he said, "and as I couldn't afford to employ high-priced help I had to do pretty nearly everything myself. I was my own buyer, my own financier and my own office manager; and at certain times of the year I went out on the road for short trips to sell goods. Working on limited capital I had to watch my finances closely and so in buying my goods from the manufacturers I arranged it so the bills would fall due at different times during the month, my idea being that if I strung out my payments this way I would be in better position to take care of the obligations.

"This broke in on my time considerably because at least two or three days each week some obligation would fall due, and on those days I would have to be in my office to pay the draft or go to my bank to take care of it there. One day I was at the bank on such a mission and the vice president made what at the time seemed a startling suggestion.

"'Why don't you,' he said, 'arrange your affairs so all your obligations will fall due on one certain day of the month? You would save a lot of time and trouble if you did that.'

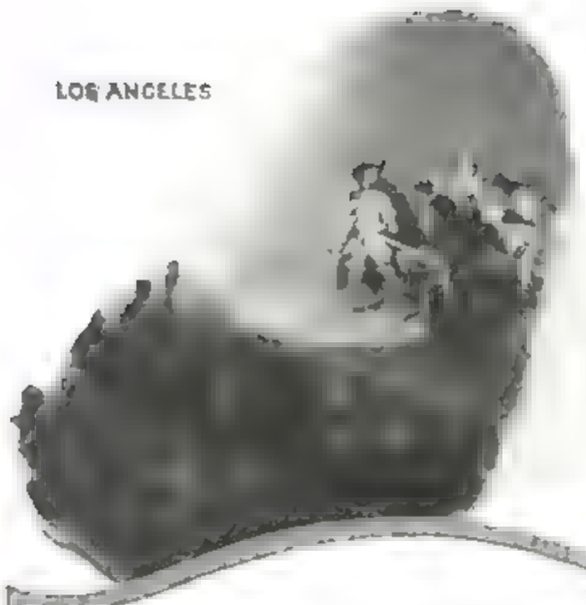
"I replied that nothing would suit me better, but unfortunately I was no millionaire and I had to string out my payments because my collections came in usually in dribleta, and if I had too much to pay at any certain time I might be caught short.

"'Yes, I know a lot of business men figure that way,' the vice president answered; 'but isn't the thing just as broad as it is long? If you save up your receipts for a given month you will have just as much to pay with; and certainly your bills aren't any smaller because you string out the payments.'

"His logic was all right, I knew, but there was one feature of it that I didn't exactly like. As I have said, I was working on limited capital and occasionally I had to ask a creditor to renew a note for a short time, or get permission to pay part of a bill and let the balance stand until I got in the money. It was always sort of embarrassing to make these requests and I suppose I had the feeling that it was easier to make them singly than to bunch them all together at one time. The vice president must have surmised what was going on in my mind.

"'If you've got a number of disagreeable little jobs to do,' he said, 'it's a lot easier to face them all at once than to face them separately. You get them off your mind and

(Continued on Page 160)



Selected Wood Produces Faithful Tones

LISTEN! The Sextette from Lucia! The living voices of the great artists—as if floating in through the window on wings of magic!

Music Master, Radio's musical instrument, catches the softest tones, the most delicate shadings, the personality of each artist's voice—and the illusion of their presence in your home is perfect.

The wood amplifying bell of Music Master eliminates blast, rattle and thin nasal tones and substitutes in their stead full, clear, resonant tones—faithful and lifelike, a delight to the ear.

There is a scientific reason for the material, size and design of every part of Music Master—developed and perfected by men who have spent more than a score of years in the study of sound reproduction.

Go to your dealer and let Music Master speak for itself; or, better still, have one sent to your home to test and prove on your own set.

Dealers Everywhere

Connect Music Master in place of headphones
No batteries required
No adjustments

14-inch Model, for the Home $30

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Music Master Corporation

(Formerly General Radio Corporation)

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

S. W. Cor. 10th and Cherry Streets

Chicago PHILADELPHIA *Pittsburgh*

Music Master

RADIO REPRODUCER

Dealers—Jobbers

There are still a few very desirable territories open for live wire dealers who want to handle MUSIC MASTER Radio Reproducer and other products

KAHN

MADE-TO-MEASURE

CLOTHES

Nothing gives a man as much confidence in himself as the knowledge that he is well dressed—whether it be for sport or business.

A Kahn suit, made to your order, will have an indefinable smartness about it which is the result of careful tailoring and talented designing—and no matter whether you pay as little as $30.00 or any price up to $75.00, the same distinguishing characteristics will be evident.

They are "The Kind of Clothes Gentlemen Wear."

Kahn dealers everywhere are ready to measure you.

KAHN TAILORING COMPANY
OF INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 158

then you are free to give your whole attention to other things.'

"The upshot of the interview was that I resolved to take the banker's advice and arrange for all my obligations to fall due on the same day, and I found it worked fine. The fifteenth of each month I gave over entirely to financing; every other day I had my whole time to attend other things. And after I got used to it I found it was no more worry to face a dozen obligations at one time than to face them in driblets. For several years now I have been preaching this to my own customers, and in every case those who have adopted it have thanked me for the suggestion."

Recently the head of a great Eastern financial institution said something that should be of interest to every business man.

"In the United States," he said, "the tendency has been to develop the strictly selling end of business faster than the financial end, and it is easy to see how this has come about. The young man with an ability to sell is usually pushed forward faster than the one whose talents lie in other directions. Take the situation in the average retail store, for instance. A couple of boys graduate from high school and both get jobs in the same establishment on the main street. One of them is handy with figures and is put back in the office to do the simpler jobs of bookkeeping. The other, who shows signs of being a mixer, is put behind the counter to assist with the selling."

Faulty Planning

"Almost invariably it is the latter who first has a chance to get into business for himself. Being in constant touch with the spenders of the community his work as a salesman shows actual profits; he may not have any money of his own, but he can usually find someone in town to back him or, as often happens, some wholesale concern that is not getting a satisfactory business in the community starts him up in order to have an outlet for its merchandise.

"Sometimes such arrangements turn out profitably, but often they do not, because mere selling ability is a slim foundation on which to build a permanent enterprise. There is so much more to any commercial business than mere selling. If you ask me I should say that selling amounts to about 25 per cent. The selling, you see, will largely take care of itself if the things you have for sale are what people want and if you offer them at a reasonable price. But other matters do not take care of themselves. Someone has to be on the job of keeping expenses down to a proper ratio with the invested capital; of deciding when it is wise to plunge and when to hold in; of buying goods at right prices; of keeping up the credit by being prepared ahead of time to pay the bills as they fall due. Lack of judgment in any one of these things will tip over a business a good deal quicker than mediocre salesmanship. In fact during all my experience as a commercial banker I have never known any business to go under solely because the owner was a poor salesman; always the trouble is started by faulty planning far back of the actual time when the merchandise is put on the counter and offered for sale."

Most business men are inclined to study the methods of successful enterprises to find recipes for success, but it is a good idea once in a while to study the failures. The successful enterprise ordinarily presents only a picture of a smooth-running machine; but the failure shows the machine taken apart with the faulty parts exposed. The manager of any one of the national credit agencies that maintain offices in all good-sized communities is a good man to know because whenever a failure takes place it is his business to find out what caused it. Recently I spent a profitable hour in conversation with one of these men who runs the office of his organization in a Southern city.

One of the cases in his files had to do with the affairs of a merchant whose failure was officially set down as due to insufficient capital. This merchant had started in business four or five years before and, as the record stated, did not have too much money to begin with, but for a while made good progress and it looked as though he would overcome this handicap. He had the confidence of the firms from which he bought his supplies and could get everything he needed on regular credit terms, so he always had plenty of merchandise to supply his trade. Then, possibly because his own credit was so good, he conceived the idea of doing an installment business. At this time his capital had grown to the point where his financial statement showed him to be worth ten thousand dollars above his liabilities. The installment business looked attractive because there were always people coming into his place who would buy if they did not have to pay cash, and the merchant figured that the 10 per cent extra profit on installment sales would more than make up the expense of bookkeeping and collecting.

His installment department started off in fine shape; during the first six months, in fact, the credit sales alone totaled as much as his entire sales had been previously. The merchant's books showed that he was making money, and perhaps this pleasant situation would have kept up except for one troublesome feature. As I have said, his capital had grown to ten thousand dollars; but at the end of the six months he had all his capital, and more, too, tied up in the installment accounts. In other words, his ten thousand dollars was on his books instead of on his shelves. Under such conditions he could not meet his bills with the manufacturers satisfactorily, and from then on it was only a question of time as to how long he might last, all of which came about because he was so anxious to sell that he did not stop to figure whether he had enough capital to carry out his ambitious desires.

Another case in the files of the credit-agency manager had also to do with the affairs of a retailer, and the official reason for the failure was given as slow turnover, which did not mean much unless one was acquainted with all the facts. This retailer, it seems, was an individualist, which term may be used to describe a person who likes to do things differently from anyone else, and who likes to be admired for it. Anyhow this retailer was an individualist, and when he opened his establishment he announced through the newspapers and by word of mouth that he intended to show the people of the community and his competitors in particular how a real business man did things. Exclusiveness was his motto, and he showed the courage of his convictions by having no sign over his door, but instead had his monogram painted in gold on each of his front show windows in imitation of certain admired establishments on Fifth Avenue, New York. The main part of his merchandising program was summed up in his announcement that he would carry nothing in his stock that could be bought at any other store in town.

Too Exclusive

He got off to a good start, his opening being quite a social success with an orchestra playing inspiring music all day, a man in livery to open the doors of automobiles, and the gift of a chrysanthemum to each lady visitor. But somehow the business part of the enterprise did not develop as fast as it might. After the opening day the customers were few and far between; a great many people stopped to look at the handsome window displays and some would come inside to look around, but during the first three months' operations the merchant's receipts were scarcely enough to pay his rent. It was about this time that the credit-agency manager dropped in one day to get the merchant's financial statement. The latter was inclined to be resentful at the treatment he was receiving at the hands of the public; he was, he said, operating an establishment that was a credit to the community, giving people a chance to buy exclusive things that they could not find in every little side-street shop, and yet they refused to patronize him. The credit manager replied with a constructive suggestion.

"Perhaps you are trying to be too exclusive," he said. "If you would handle things that are advertised by the big well-known manufacturers I believe you would get along better, because people like to buy things they already know something about. You aren't taking advantage of all the money and effort spent by these big manufacturers who are creating a market for their products and guaranteeing them to the public. Probably you think your own guaranty of the merit of the goods you sell ought to be enough; but you have got to take into consideration that when people get ready to spend their money they want to be sure of getting their money's worth. Any article that has stood the test of national publicity for years is apt to be a good article, and a person feels better when your

guaranty is backed up by the guaranty of some well-known factory organization. As it is, you are simply trying to swim against the current."

These observations did not set well on the merchant, who was determined to be an individualist, and he replied with some heat that he was resolved to fight it out on his chosen plan if it took all summer. He did actually last that long, but in the succeeding fall his debts overtook him and he was closed out. Swimming against the current was too big a job.

These happenings related by the credit-agency manager came about not because of any lack of salesmanship but because the advance planning was defective. Recently a very successful executive connected with a great manufacturing organization in an Eastern city made the following statement:

"A great many people think that the periods of business depression cause most of the failures, but it isn't so. To be sure, the failures usually come in times of depression, but that is merely because they are shaken out then. If you ask me, I should say that four-fifths of all the failures are actually made during the so-called good times!"

A certain manufacturing concern with which this man has recently become connected as a director furnished an example to prove his statement. The concern has been established for about ten years, making a popular automobile accessory, the original capital for the enterprise being furnished by local business men partly as an investment and partly as a means of increasing the industrial importance of their town. For a while there was hard going, but about the time the war was over, the enterprise had got on its feet and the directors felt it was ready to go ahead and earn some real dividends. Several other concerns had started up making a competing product, but business was good everywhere and the directors saw no reason for worry, in as much as their sales were increasing from month to month.

Spreading Out

It was along in 1919 that news of a disquieting nature reached the directors to the effect that two of their competitors were planning to enlarge the scope of their operations. Previously it had been the custom among those manufacturing the accessory to sell only to automobile manufacturers and to wholesale dealers, but now these two competing concerns were about to go after business more intensively by establishing their own agencies everywhere and selling direct to consumers.

A meeting of the directors was called to consider the situation, and practically all of them, including the chairman of the board, were in favor of meeting this new kind of competition by following a similar policy of expansion. There was only one strong note of disapproval, and that came from the concern's auditor, a man whose financial interest in the company consisted of only a few shares of stock, but who had been elected a director on account of his long service. He had sometimes been called Gloom by his fellow directors behind his back, and on several occasions to his face. On this occasion he seemed to justify his name.

"I suppose you gentlemen know what it would cost to establish our own selling agencies throughout the country," he said. "I have figured it out, and can't see it done properly for less than a quarter of a million dollars. We are using all our capital in our present operations. If we do this thing we've got to have more money. The question is, how are we going to get it?"

There was considerable discussion of this vital question. Some of the directors favored an issue of stock to be sold to their fellow townsmen, but this would mean a division of profits, a thing the majority of directors disliked to do in as much as the future appeared so rosy. The most popular proposal was that the concern should borrow the money for its proposed expansion and pay the loan out of its future profits. The way things were going, it was argued, it would take only two or three years to do this, and in the end the present stockholders would get all the benefits instead of splitting the profits with a lot of outsiders. To this optimistic plan the auditor objected forcibly.

The Time to be Careful

"Yes, I suppose we could borrow the money," he said, "because in boom times like this there is always an epidemic of carelessness. But don't you see that borrowing money to be paid back out of future profits is about the most risky thing in the world? The money you borrow is a fixed thing, while the profits you expect to pay it with are entirely problematical. Perhaps next year there won't be any profits!"

Someone interrupted him with the remark that the concern had been making money for several years and unless something entirely unforeseen should occur it would keep on making profits, because the factory was working overtime and buyers were actually begging for the goods. This remark stirred the auditor up worse than ever.

"When buyers are begging for your goods," he said, "is the very time to be careful, because it's an unnatural condition. Usually it means that the public is spending its capital, and anyone with sense knows such a state of affairs can't go on indefinitely."

The auditor was not naturally a talkative man and he had to pause for breath before he voiced the bit of philosophy I have already quoted.

"Failures aren't made in bad times: they only show up then. If you look at the records you will find that the foundations of most commercial failures are laid during boom times, when selling goods is a joke and you have to dodge the people who want to loan you money. In our own proposition here, right now is the time to be careful. Whatever we do, let's not borrow money to be paid back out of future profits, because the profits may never show up!"

The directors allowed themselves to be persuaded by their gloomy auditor that it was not safe to expand on borrowed money, and a year later were glad of it. Of the two competing concerns that embarked on a career of expansion, one had backing enough to weather the ensuing slump, but the other went to the wall.

Rogue River Near Grants Pass, Oregon

Rich, Beautiful Colors And Yet Not Expensive

FOR FIFTY YEARS experienced paint men, painters, decorators, architects and home owners have recognized the high quality of Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint.

The clean, clear, beautiful colors are immediate and visible evidence of excellence, and it is an acknowledged characteristic of "High Standard" Paint, that these colors retain their fresh, bright newness—and that the surface covered is thoroughly and lastingly protected against wear and weather. It is also well known that this paint lasts longer and requires renewing less frequently.

It is natural to expect that painting with Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint would cost more because it is worth more. But the experience of thousands of painters and home owners has definitely proved that because of its great spreading and hiding qualities less paint is required for any job, and the first cost often represents a *worth-while saving*.

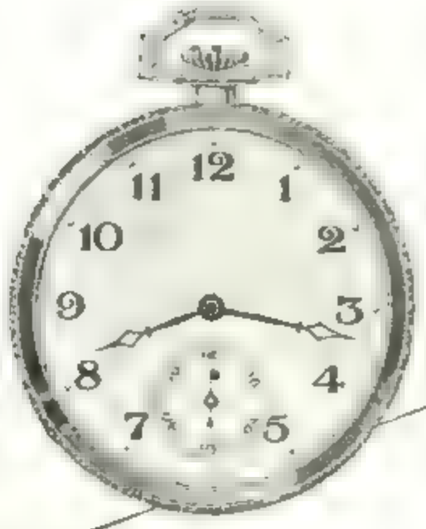
"High Standard" Paint is carefully made, and just as carefully sold. Only *one* dealer—the Lowe Brothers Dealer—in your community can supply you. From him you can be assured of getting not only high quality paints and varnishes, but also sound advice as to how to use them.

No one varnish can be best for all purposes. For that reason there are four Neptunite Varnishes — Floor, Spar, Interior and Rubbing — each one fulfilling a specific need. Neptunite Varnishes beautify and protect, dry hard and stay hard, never turn white and are unusually durable

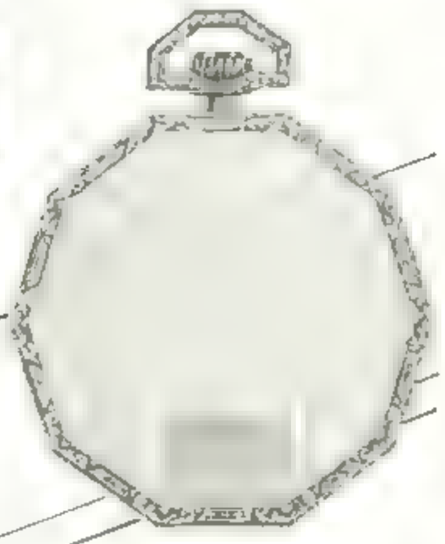
THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio Factories Toronto, Canada
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

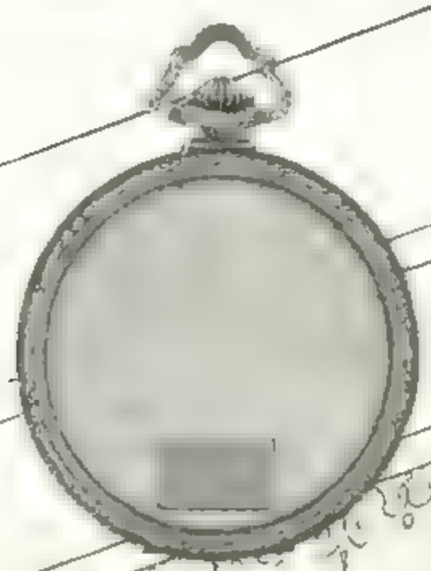
Lowe Brothers

Wadsworth

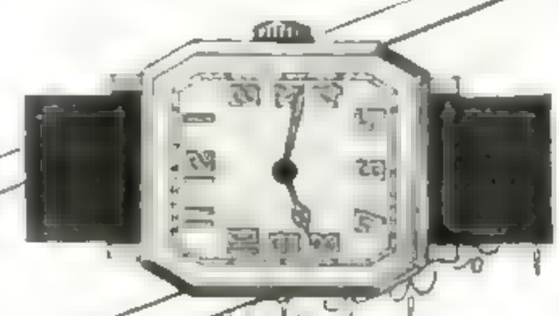


MAKE WATCHES

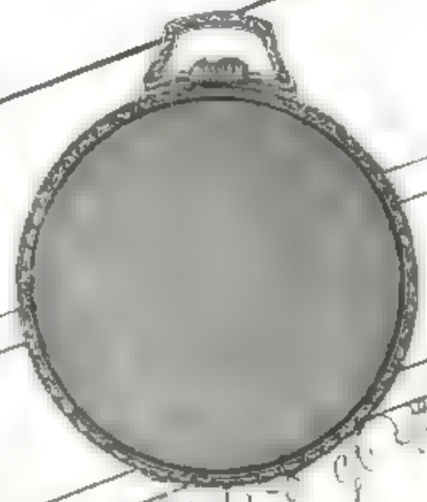




Cases



BEAUTIFUL



As a gift to mark certain events, nothing can surpass a good watch as an expression of enduring regard. Let it be a dependable timepiece, of course—but do not forget that it is the case, after all, which determines the degree of pride and satisfaction with which your gift will be worn.

In any selection of Wadsworth Cases at varying cost, such as are shown on these two pages, you will find rare beauty and that nicety of fit which will make your gift a source of lasting pleasure.

For more than thirty years Wadsworth Cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful and popular designs of today are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend, and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth Case. For in Wadsworth quality is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY

Dayton, Ky., Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio

Case makers for the leading watch movements

A cool house and a happy one

When the pitch is oozing out of the streets and the old sun has a high fever; when collars wilt and throats parch, there's no place like home if you have a Robbins & Myers Fan on the job making the thermometer behave.

* * *

In the bedroom at night an R&M Fan keeps a gentle breeze stirring, brings you cool, peaceful sleep.

In the kitchen it drives the gasping oven heat out the window along with cooking fumes and odors.

It makes the living room livable on the hottest days and nights. Mah Jongg, bridge, books—you can enjoy them thoroughly despite the heat outside.

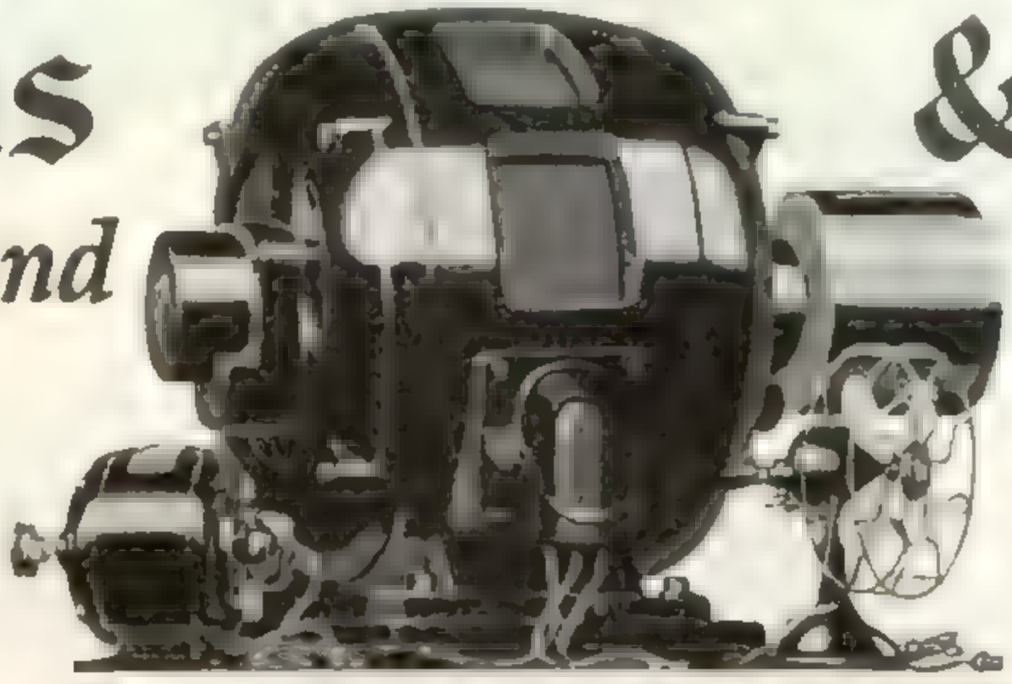
There is a Robbins & Myers Fan for every place—office, home, hotel, club, theatre or factory.

It's our job to keep folks cool and happy and we've been doing that job well for more than twenty-five years.

At good dealers everywhere.

Robbins & Myers

Fans and **Motors**



THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · BRANTFORD, ONT

IS THAT SO?

(Continued from Page 35)

testimony cracked right there. She did not say a word about his just coming from Buffalo. He filled that in himself. His testimony was utterly and innocently false as to "no way she could possibly know." The negro maid who took his overcoat read his name on the label of a Buffalo tailor sewed into the inside pocket of his overcoat.

A woman of social prominence in a large city walked into a medium's reception room and at once was told "intimate facts" about all her relatives. She was told of cases of disease in her family, the dates of death of relatives, where the family had lived in 1882 and no end of other matter. The victim testified innocently but falsely as follows:

First, these were facts which could not possibly be known. Indeed some of them, discovered later to have been correct, were not even known by herself. Second, the medium could not have known she was coming, because she had decided to go at five minutes' notice and while she was walking alone on the public streets. This testimony was utterly worthless because, first, the medium keeps elaborate data cards filled out by systematic research in the clerk's office at City Hall, in the health records, in old directories, in birth records, and so on. Second, these investigations, so far as possible, are made as to all persons who are known to have an interest or to be about to develop an interest in "messages." In this particular case an intimate friend of the victim was a patron of the medium; a week before, this intimate friend had told the medium that she had reported to the social leader that she had visited the medium, with wonderful results. Of course the medium at once began to gather data so as to be ready for the probable visit of the new victim. Third, the statement by the new victim that she had been walking was merely a careless bit of testimony which she thought of no consequence. It was of consequence because she had in fact been in her limousine and a maid from the basement of the medium's house had run out and said to the chauffeur, "You needn't wait for Mrs. Dooley." The chauffeur had answered indignantly "I'm not Mrs. Dooley's chauffeur; I drive for Mrs. ——" and so innocently disclosed the identity of the caller. Nothing can better illustrate the fallibility of human testimony than this utterly worthless "it could not have been known to anybody except myself."

Positive Assertions Preferred

4. The statement in regard to a person writing automatic messages while asleep is too childish for sober consideration. If I am untruthful or work myself up into a hysteria I can call in the neighbors, close my eyes, wriggle or go into profound repose and write the article I am now writing while "asleep."

For the moment I am not interested in whether spiritism or the supernatural is worth consideration; I simply point out the kind of testimony that gains currency by the mere power of assertion and show what a professional magician, a detective, a lawyer, or you yourself can do to it, provided you feel that it is worth while to avoid feeding on utterly worthless evidence.

We accept mere assertion in a curiously simple, childlike manner. The best of mankind does it—the educated, the distinguished. One positive assertion of an untruth made in a good, rough, general form so that it appeals to the lazy sheep mind or to the wish to believe—for instance, the wish to believe a scandal because it shows that we are smarter or more virtuous than the one caught napping—will outrun and outdistance a hundred carefully accurate facts built up to prove a denial.

For some reason, probably because our minds like lazy short cuts, we prefer assertions to be positive, provided they are not assertions which enter into conflict with the current stock in trade of our minds. Clean sweeps delight us. Somehow "good round truth" pleases us better than does properly qualified statement or exactness which weakens the dramatic effect.

For instance, there has been irritation because, as the saying goes, "The United States has no clear foreign policy." Most of that irritation comes from the fact that those charged with a foreign policy have a conscientious duty to avoid clean-sweep assertions which might sweep out with them detailed facts and truth. Truth seldom is all black or all white. We want it to be for some curious reason. What we are hungering for perhaps is a clean-sweep assertion of some kind. Very well, here it is, as I have phrased it:

"The United States foreign policy has been and is against stealing anything from anybody and against allowing, if we can help it, anybody else to steal from us or from anybody else."

I have used this in public speeches. Afterward I have wondered how much it was the mere brief, firm assertion that carried the apparent conviction. Did every mind challenge or examine this assertion before swallowing? Few! I happen to believe that the statement contains the truth and a kind of essence satisfying to those who like things to be expressed roundly. For here in a flat statement is contained our Monroe Doctrine, our open-door doctrine, our reluctance to interfere like a busybody in others' affairs and our refusal to let others interfere in ours. But there is no joy to me, as there is apparently to some advocates or public speakers, in seeing the results of mere power of assertion. I remember an occasion when one of the most persuasive speakers in our public life came off the platform perspiring and we were bundled together into a limousine to return to a hotel.

"It must be a great satisfaction to you to sway a crowd like that," I said. "They went wild!"

"There is a certain intoxicating pleasure about it," he replied gravely. "But the thing that troubles me about it is that they do go wild. After they are stirred up emotionally they accept, even more easily than normally, statements by the mere power of assertion. And sometimes I think that no human being is dependable enough to take it upon himself to feed out such assertions. We are all too fallible."

Good Reporters kare

That is exactly it. We are all fallible. We are fallible as to our emotions. We are fallible as to opinions, goodness knows. But worst of all is the shock—a much needed shock—which attends a correct estimate as to how fallible human testimony may be as to plain, bare facts. Almost all men and women fail to learn anything by experience with the disappointing fallibility of a world of men, and men most of whom at least struggle to tell the truth—but cannot!

One reason—perhaps the first and foremost—is that our senses are fallible. We do not see, hear, smell and feel with any accuracy. Our observation, our intake, our registry are infinitely worse than we think they are. After the intake is stored in the mind and we try to get it out exactly as it was put in, in order to give testimony as to what we have seen or heard, we find that it is all gummed up with our own mental processes; it comes out mixed with our own wish to believe or with associated ideas; it is interlarded with our prejudices, theories, expectations, interpretations. Even in the case of men selected by ability to report, this is true.

Really good reporters are rare. I have had experience with them, having been one myself, having employed them and having watched their work. I know today where I can find able men who will go, for instance, to a League of Nations meeting at Geneva or to the Republican National Convention in June and cover either and write entertainingly about it; but I would have to think twice before I could put my finger on one who would come back and, without any pro-League or anti-League, or Republican or Progressive or Democratic leanings, merely report what had gone on—what his eyes had seen and his ears heard.

And even if the testimony were stripped of all leanings or prejudice and became Simon-pure testimony, still it would probably exhibit surprising fallibility.

If anyone has any doubt whatever as to this, I suggest the trial of the following experiment. The first time I saw it tried was among a group of students of law in the prime of their powers of lively observation. It was necessary to have a set of facts for a mock trial, and therefore a set of facts making a little plot for an attempted murder was written down on paper and acted accurately by three persons. A dozen witnesses were present, and later testified, and were later shown the paper containing the accurate account of what was done. Not more than six hours elapsed between the enactment of the imaginary scene and taking the testimony; the action occupied only about two and a half minutes. When faced with the comparison of their own testimony and what really went on, the witnesses agreed that they shuddered at the thought of ever having their own fate depend upon what human beings, even trying as hard as they could to tell the truth, might report as to things supposed to have been seen or heard.

Kellar, the magician, once said to me, "If it is true, as it is, that human beings cannot give accurate testimony in the field of known disclosed forces, such as a collision between an automobile and a tree, how hopeless it is to expect testimony worth anything whatever where the forces operating are mysterious, causes are concealed and explanations are purposely kept hidden!"

Nothing can better emphasize the real worth of human testimony as to the occult than the very phrase by which the occult is described—"the unseen world." The bulk of all human testimony as to anything mysterious is not at all about the unclouded facts that are seen; it is an attempt to testify so that the impression is given that the unseen has been seen.

Tests for Powers of Observation

And yet even the seeable things of life are often not seen. Ask yourself, "Have I ever seen the face of my watch?" You will probably say, "Yes, I have seen it thousands of times!" But what did you see? Did you really ever see the face of your watch? Stop! Do not look at it now for a moment.

First, take a paper and pencil. Draw a circle. Now, your watch has a stem. Put that down. Then try to put into the circle whatever is on the face of your watch—the markings, the numerals for the hours, the kind of hands, the name of the maker and any other words; any inner circles, divisions of minutes or seconds, if there are any divisions. Having finished, compare your drawing with your watch; the testimony you have given with the reality!

Your neighbor has seen plenty of Lincoln pennies. Ask him, without looking, to write down a list of all the objects and words on the front and on the back.

How long is a minute? This is a question coming up sometimes in law cases. A man might be hung on your testimony that after a certain event a minute elapsed. Try it. Do not take your pulse or count. You would not do either at the scene of a murder. Just ask someone to hold your watch. You say when you believe a minute has elapsed.

Put twenty articles on a bare table. Ask your family or a group of neighbors to come in and look at them for five minutes by the watch. Then ask everyone to walk out of the room and write down in five minutes the twenty articles they have seen. It will give you some idea of the limitations of human observation. You can gauge how much human testimony is worth when it is based on human observation, even in cases where the observation is of facts that invite no prejudice, no wish to believe, and involve nothing that requires explanation and raise no mystery and no speculation.

It is astounding that only the law takes account of the shocking fallibility of human testimony. In the law there are certain rules of evidence intended to shut out certain kinds of testimony. Why? Because such testimony has been found by hundreds of years and untold accumulations of experience to be often worthless. Because of any disposition of the witness to lie? Only in small part. The real reason is the proved worthlessness of much of the product of certain classes of testimony.

Hearsay testimony is one class. We usually swallow it in our daily life as fast as it is brought to our mental trough. For a long time, because I have done some swimming in shark waters, I tried—and others have tried likewise—to obtain evidence that sharks would attack a living man. The moment anyone begins this search for evidence it is almost certain that the first person met will say, for instance, "I know of a case. This was the case of a sailor in the harbor of Honolulu. It is a fact. A friend of mine—a naval officer—told me."

You should SIMONIZ your car

1 The owner of a new car

One of the first things you should do is to apply a brilliant, transparent coating of Simoniz. It will keep the dust and dirt from becoming imbedded in the paint and protect it in all weather.

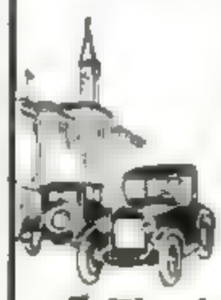
2 The owner of a used car

Make your car look its quality. Remove the discolorations with Simon's Kleener and prepare the surface for a protective coating of Simoniz which will restore the original lustre of the finish.

3 The tourist

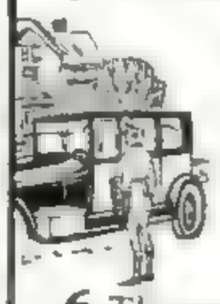
Simoniz your motor car before you start so it will be easy to keep clean and beautiful. Travel marks can be quickly removed with a soft cloth without the slightest injury to the finish. You should no more think of starting a trip without Simonizing than without a jack.

4 The social woman—the business man



Unquestionably the appearance of your motor car is part of the impression you create. For city and suburban driving your car must be clean and beautiful. It will always look right if you Simoniz it.

5 The chauffeur



The easiest and safest way to keep any car clean and protect its fine finish is to Simoniz it. Avoid substitutes and your employer will always notice the fine appearance of his car.

6 The automobile dealer

When you receive your cars from the factory Simoniz them immediately. It keeps the dust out of the porous paint and so preserves the original lustre.

Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

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were among those 43,040 housewives

IN NEW ORLEANS—famed for its hospitality and its Mardi Gras—a hostess now shows honor to a guest by serving Bond Bread. "Mammy's" old-fashioned hot biscuit and the creole chef's long French loaf have both given way to the better healthfulness of Bond Bread.

Southern mothers realize that Bond Bread represents the combined skill of the 43,040 housewives who showed us how to make it. In fact, many of those 43,040 home-cooks lived in New Orleans.

In New Orleans or New York, in Boston or Detroit—each loaf of Bond Bread bears the same Bond, guaranteeing the purity of each and every ingredient. From that Bond, Bond Bread gets its name.

Then you ask the name of the naval officer. If your fortune is not good, the name has been forgotten; if it is good, you write to the naval officer. He replies that he was not present when the sailor was eaten, but that he heard the story from someone who was present; but he cannot remember now who said it. And that is about as far as one can ever get on the usual shark story. Nevertheless, that far is more than enough for the average human being; the average human being will have conviction and express it.

"Of course sharks attack swimmers!" he will say. "I supposed everyone knew it; but, if you have any doubt, I can tell you that a friend of mine knows a naval officer who saw a sailor eaten in Honolulu Harbor."

I met a man a few years ago who said: "I have heard all my life about a wonderful trick done in India by magicians. The magician throws a rope into the air. A boy climbs it and disappears into the clouds. The magician shouts. Down comes the rope; the boy who has disappeared in the clouds now runs out from the crowd. Well, last night I sat at a dinner beside Mrs. ——, who, as you know, is as respectable and well known an American woman as ever went into the Far East, and besides she is the wife of a famous representative of the United States. At last I had found a witness. She said no end of Americans saw this trick performed on a certain square in Hong-Kong on a certain date before a crowd of five thousand persons."

This is very fine, but unfortunately the police administration had no record of any such crowd. The time was during the war and such assemblies were forbidden. The police of Hong-Kong had no knowledge of the trick—had never seen it. On further inquiry, the only American who could be named by the respectable lady said that the only tricks she had seen in the Far East were done by a Chinese in the foyer of the Wagon-Lits Hotel.

In passing, it may be said that for a long time a society of research in England offered a large reward for evidence that this trick, so often described, had ever been actually performed and no proof was forthcoming. And yet the hearsay testimony of this trick will go on forever! Nothing will stop it!

A Familiar Wartime Yarn

During the war there sprang up a story that a certain American family had received a letter from friends in Germany telling how prosperous everything was in Germany, how victorious and glad was Germany. But, when the postage stamp on the letter was soaked off or lifted, there where it had been concealed from the German censor was the exclamation, "We are starving!"

I began by taking this story seriously enough to track down a piece of hearsay. I wrote to the family named. They replied, No, this family was named in error; it was So-and-So. Therefore I wrote So-and-So. No, it was another family. But by the time I had gone this far on the wild-goose chase of hearsay evidence I found that the story had spread so fast by our national wish to believe that the families who had received this particular letter were living in almost every city, town and village known to our Post Office Department.

Many years ago I traveled into the West with a friend. In the Arizona desert one night we heard an old rancher tell a peculiarly vivid story of the Apache raids. It was a good straight narrative and it carried conviction. It was natural that each of us, being inclined to like a good adventure story with a surprise ending, should pass it on to our friends. After fifteen years we met again. The story had become well known to my group of friends and to his group of friends. But we discovered by a chance comparison of notes that we no longer had one story. There were two! Each had its own virtues, each had its own quality of dramatic ending.

My friend and I believed that we were telling the story exactly as we had heard it from the lips of the old rancher. But no doubt, in the repetition of each of our recitals, minor changes had slipped in; then without any consciousness on the part of either of us the stories had taken new shape. By comparison and beating our memories we were able to get the story back into something which we believe to be like the story the rancher told us. The lesson in this experience, however, is that, if a story can change by being repeated by a single individual, how much greater inaccuracy will result when the repetition is by first one person and then another and then another. Nothing is more fallible than human testimony as to some other person's testimony.

A certain well-known business executive of my acquaintance long ago gave up the idea that such simple man-to-man spoken words as are contained in orders given to assistants or inferiors are heard accurately or remembered accurately. In the course of our discussion of efficient business organization he laid great stress on the fact that he never felt that he could hold any man responsible for carrying out instructions which were not given in writing.

He said, "I know that I myself cannot be certain of hearing words straight or remembering them with accuracy. Therefore when I hear anyone say, 'I heard such and such from So-and-So's own lips,' I put a grain of salt on it. It is one of the feeblest forms of human testimony."

In addition to the lack of dependability in hearsay testimony, the law but unfortunately not the average man or woman—objects to hearsay on the ground that no cross-examination is possible. I remember an instance that illustrates what I mean. Someone who knew that I was interested in tracking down cases of psychic phenomena repeated to me in careful sequence the testimony given to him by a French scientist as to certain spirit photographs. The scientist had taken these with his own camera, in the presence of a medium and several witnesses who had seen nothing. When the plates were developed the "ghost face" of a scientist who had died before the war was peeping out from some shrubbery. The likeness was unmistakable.

Who Loaded the Camera?

Suppose that every word of this testimony were true, and suppose that this hearsay had been repeated by my friend with complete accuracy—even then, although it impressed other hearers, it was worth nothing to me. Why? Because usually the vital question in these spirit-photograph cases has nothing to do with the kind of story told by the French scientist. The evidence as to who took the picture or the circumstances under which it was taken is always put forward in these cases as very important. It has no importance whatever. The vital question is: Who really put the plate or film into the camera, or who first took it out and where was it every second before it was developed? Unless it is possible to cross-examine the witness or witnesses on these subjects, stories as to spirit photographs are utterly worthless.

There is a certain priest in New York State who has accomplished marvels in healing the wounds of conflicts between married couples. Common sense, quick wit and knowledge of human beings play a part in his success, but he attributes the greater part of his power as a conciliator to his immutable insistence that he will never hear one side alone. If a husband or wife comes to him and begins a complaint, he stops the interview and says, "Go get your mate, for I'll only listen to both of you." He will say not only that this practice puts a curb upon falsity, which may arise without any conscious lying from self-pity, prejudice and hysteria, but he will say also that bad as testimony of any kind may be, the worst of all is when they begin to say, "Why, he said to me ——" or "These were my wife's words ——"

Even in direct testimony as to things the person who is telling something has seen or heard at first hand, there is not only the lack of accurate observation and accurate recollection but another element which arises not only from the wish to believe, from preconceived opinions, from intolerance, but also from the fact that human beings, instead of founding their opinions on facts, take sides or beliefs or opinions first and then gather evidence. It may be that every scrap of this evidence, standing alone, is true; but the human being who brings it to us, and probably makes us swallow it, has failed to include any evidence on the other side. I once took a woman who was just becoming interested in playing politics into the gallery of the Senate.

She said, when we came out, "I give up! Whenever Senator Lodge spoke he appeared to have all the facts and the facts appeared

(Continued on Page 168)

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to prove one side. And when Senator Hitchcock spoke he appeared to have still more facts and they proved beyond any doubt his side."

The reply to this agonized woman is simple. It should be pointed out to everyone. It is badly needed. It is this: In the Senate debate or in a law trial an onlooker may be swung this way and that by testimony, but in daily life we are infinitely worse off; we usually get the testimony only on one side. Even if every bit of this testimony is true, we may be badly off; we may be swept miles away from sound belief because we have only heard half of it, and half of it is one of the common weaknesses of human testimony even when it is sincere. For instance, you go to your doctor and he tells you why he thinks you should have your tonsils out. He can make a convincing case of it—every word is sincere, he believes all his evidence is sound; but it may be a rare doctor who will add, "A great many of the best men on the throat believe that it is unwise to take tonsils out under these conditions, and they give the facts to support their case."

The improvement of human testimony cannot be undertaken by legislation, by religion or by punching persons' noses. Legislation may suppress perjury, religion or morals may suppress conscious lying; but punching persons' noses will not necessarily make them more intelligent. Whatever is done in any large measure must be done by individuals for themselves. This is another case where progress cannot be left to institutions or delegated. I presume that there are few persons who at one time or another have not been interested in avoiding impure food for their stomachs and in reducing the output of impure food.

How many have ever said, "I will improve the quality of my own human testimony and I will help to improve the human testimony of others by rejecting the kinds which plainly are worthless or poisonous"?

It is not difficult to ask oneself whether the testimony one is giving is a lie in the sense of conscious untruth. The tragedy in regard to human testimony is not that human beings tell untruth consciously; it is that they tell untruth unconsciously.

The Truth Distorted

That is why this article is written. It is written to make someone conscious of the kind of untruth which otherwise would remain unconscious. I have carefully omitted liars, tempted though I may be to write on Liars North of the Equator. Comparatively, the subject of conscious liars, as amusing and dramatic and entertaining as it is in private life, law and public affairs, is unimportant. The bulk of untruth in the world cannot be laid at the door of the liars in any case. Furthermore, the number of dangerous liars per thousand of population is almost negligible; but the amount of untrue and unsound human testimony is prodigious. It engulfs our daily contacts; it is a river of our daily intake and output, particularly in the spoken word.

If anyone is interested then in improving his own brand of human testimony the first step to be taken is to guard against the wish to believe in giving evidence to the family and neighbors. The wish to believe will not only pervert what we take into our minds; it will pervert the matter we give out. We wish to believe that we are right and unconsciously twist the evidence to prove it. We wish to believe that our senses are good senses and that we have seen, heard, smelled and felt everything. It is not so, and sound human testimony requires that we keep within the bounds of what we have seen and heard. We wish to believe that things are as our sheep minds know them; if a plate-glass window comes out onto the sidewalk we expect it to make a crash; but if our ears have not heard the crash it is bad testimony to say there was a crash of broken glass just because one knows that usually glass crashes.

We all are more or less open to the charge of giving false testimony when we are in controversy or have hot desire to prove that something is so. The better balanced individuals among us do not fall into this error so much as those who think hotly about the subject on which the evidence bears. Hot partisans and theorists often approach or arrive at fabrication of testimony. Some persons will call these persons liars; but after years of analysis of instances of this passionate giving of false testimony—the kind that is found at times in some member of every family—I have reached the conclusion that at the moment this testimony is given it is believed. The fish story is not usually a conscious, deliberate lie; it belongs in a whole world of untruth which bubbles out of our love of the dramatic, our panics, our emotions or our explosive argument.

We get to believe things and nothing but a reckoning imposed by ourselves or by circumstances will bring us back to the facts as they are.

Ashamed to Admit Ignorance

A Hungarian who came to this country fifty years ago became one of the millionaires in an Atlantic Seaboard city. He told me with great amusement how for years he had described to his American wife and his daughters the magnificence of the country estate where he was born in Hungary. The house grew larger, the grounds more beautiful, the gates more imposing, the ceilings higher, as the years went on. Finally his wife and daughters went with him back to Hungary. They arrived at night in the city of his birth and before breakfast he went out to see his family's old estate. He was just as astounded as his wife would have been. He could not believe his eyes! The house was a tiny ramshackle affair, the gates were ridiculous; instead of a park about the house, there were only two acres of land and half a dozen scraggly trees. He had dramatized so that he had fooled himself!

Finally, good human testimony requires one principle seldom followed. This principle is considered by many lawyers and psychologists as of vast importance to good human testimony. It is the willingness to say, "I do not know."

It is rare enough. I remember taking a long automobile tour with a friend of mine. He was one of those drivers who cannot read maps well, who overrun signboards and are unable to remember that the sun usually sets in the west. As a consequence, he spent endless time and labor in asking the way. In a few days he asked the way of so many persons that I began to keep statistics as to their answers. By all means the most useful answers came from colored persons, old women and young children. The colored persons would always give pictorial directions. Instead of saying, "Turn to the second left after the first right," they would say, "Go till you come to a white house under a big elm with a watering trough in the front. Then you will see a church spire down one fork of the road and nothing down the other. Go to the church spire." If they did not know they said so. Young children said so; old women said so.

The children had not arrived at the stage of such pride in knowledge that they would claim it rashly; the old women, perhaps, had gone beyond the hope to know everything.

The worst testimony of all came from adult white men, particularly in groups. As I remember, not one of them, whether he knew or not, would say, "I do not know." They would spread their plumage and say, "Oh, yes. Let's see ——." And if more than one was present we would usually go on and leave them arguing which of the two who did not know was right.

The first man who ever employed me said something to remember.

He said, "If you talk enough in this world you will say something that isn't so."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 36

drank or whether he is married or sold his Mine or Not, so he's just waiting and wondering who got Beat—but he says he don't care much so long as he is back here again with the Other Burros because New York is a Hell of a Place for a White Man to have to try to live and No Wonder most of them is Crazy back there.

Ed Bok Back East offered $100,000.00 for the Best Receipt for a World Peace Plan and then give the Prize to some fellow who used a Whole Page and wrote a Big Book of Rules telling How to Do It. I wrote and told him for Everybody to Learn to Laugh and Quit Their Fighting and He never even answered my Letter or Give me Nothing. I don't see No Sense in Making Peace so Gol Darn Complicated when it all ought to Be so Simple. Most Folks would Rather Fight than have to Learn the Big Book of Rules. It's getting so you have to Laugh all According to Law—and by the time your Lawyer is Through with you, you either Don't want to Laugh or else you have Forgot what you wanted to Laugh about. This Here Civilization is making it Harder and Harder to Live and Laugh, and a real Man could have More Fun if He was an Apache Indian trying to run a Jack Rabbit down with a Bow and Arrow.

Most all the Public Camp Grounds between Back East and the Place called California has got a Big Sign up—a couple of Posts with Some Boards acrost the Top. The Greasewood Golf Course here has put up a Big Sign on two posts and some Boards acrost the Top saying "GOLF COURSE" and it's funny how so Many Folks from Indiana and Arkansaw and Memphis and Maine and Texas drive right up in front of that Sign and Look At It and then Drive right in and Make Camp on the Golf Grounds. The other Night some Folks from Mobile, Alabama, drove right in and camped for the Night on one of the Greens and when I went over and Kicked about it they said they See the Sign and the Nice Level Spot where the Circus Ring had been so they Pitched their Tent there. Lord, I often wonder how some folks ever get this Far on the way to California—and the next morning one of the Kids Stole the Hole and took it with Him. I guess he thought the Circus Left it.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Garage Owner and Editor.

Peggy of the Cabaret

YOU missed a swanky party last night, Babe. Why didn't you come along? Gee, you can go to a Turkish bath any night but it's not every time you can get an invite to a rich millionaire's house.

Who was there? Why, you never saw such a mixed assembly in all your life! It was a conglomeration of Who's Who, What's What, and Who's Got How Much. There was Phil Payne, the newspaper editor; Charley McGee, the Wall Street broker; Archie Wombat, the movie critic who calls all the stars by their first names and their pictures bad names; Fagan, the criminal lawyer—criminal is right!—and a lot of other birds, includin' Oswald Kelley who glorifies the brassière industry, and that famous Polish fiddler what's-his-name—Tascha or Mascha or Gascha Coldslawski—I can never remember that bimbo's Christian name.

Oh yes! There was that publisher there, too—you know—Fred Munson. He just combined the Ham-Eaters' Gazette with the Egg Trade Journal!

All the highbrows were there, Babe, all talkin' at the same time. There was that English knight of the goiter who just made his fifty-ninth trip across the ocean to tell us what he thinks of us in his lectures. But his wife did all the lecturin' that night when she caught him eyin' up a drug-store blonde who was talkin' to Mr. MacIntyre, the press agent.

It certainly was a tony affair all right. They served paddy-de-foy-gräss and cavvyair and a lot of other trick stuff. Later on in the evening all the highbrows started an argument on should married women keep their maiden names after marriage. One pasty-faced dame got up with a spiel about her husband callin' himself Mr. Blutch and she callin' herself Miss Blintz and they got their mail addressed that way, too, and if the elevator boy in their apartment dared to call her Mrs. she'd have the superintendent fire him on the spot!

She said she was first vice president of the League to Retain Maiden Names and they just won a big single victory in the courts by forcin' the public library to give them library cards with their maiden names on 'em. Next month she said the league was goin' to agitate for passports with their maiden names on 'em. Well I hope they succeed, Babe. I'm in favor of the passports.

Later on she turns around to me and says: "How would you like to be married and not have people call you by your maiden name?" And I says, "Huh! That would be quite intristing—wouldn't it! What would that make me—an Elk?"

Well that got a good laugh all around, Babe, and shut her up like a padlocked saloon! Who do you think she was anyway? Just a clotheshorse in the Follies with as many birthdays as Thomas Edison! One of her friends tried to get ritzy and asked me what college I graduated from. Well she had me stumped there, but Mr. MacIntyre came to my defense and said I was a graduate of Bedford Reformatory, Class of '19. Make believe she didn't get the horse laugh on that! And he told her I was also a member in good standing of the Appendix Alumni Association. And I am, too, Babe. I still got it pickled in alcohol.

Well, I should have told you about this apartment at the beginning, Babe. Say, dearie, if they pay a dollar a month rent they must pay at least three thousand! And that's not talkin' in telephone numbers eyether! Why, all the rugs were imported direct from Persia and all the furniture was made by Louis Cans, the French king!

No, I don't know what he made his money in. Ticket speculatin', I suppose.

But you should have seen all the antique junk that guy's got scattered around his place! He must have attended some of the best fire sales in the country! He had an old rickety chair there which wouldn't be fit for a chiropodist's waiting room which he paid $850 for just because Mary Ann Tonette, the frog queen who got it in the neck, happened to have her hair curled in it once! Then he showed us a small cup he paid $500 for that George Washington used to stow his false teeth in just before going to bed. Of all the nuts, the antique nuts are the nuttiest! I should hope to kiss a herring if I laid out good money for junk like that!

Well, my current boy friend is waitin' for me at the hotel so I think I'll grab this taxi and fox-trot along. I'll take you as far as I go if you want to. Oh, you goin' to the Movie Carnival? All right, all right! I'll have the chauffeur for company anyway! But look out for those movie actors, Babe. You goin' to dance with Maraschino? Sweet dadda—let me touch you and be famous! Well, watch your step, Babe. Let your tonsils be your guide, dearie. Let your tonsils be your guide! *—Max Lief.*

Back to the Old Town

MY HOME town has three penitentiaries. It is proud of these big prisons. I left when the penitentiaries began to multiply, and went to New York. For ten years I plugged away, getting my name in the papers daily, writing a book and five Broadway plays. Fame apparently had chosen me as its own. Then came the chance to go back to my home town.

I reached the depot about nine o'clock in the morning. Several people whose faces were familiar passed me. From two or three I received nods; the others showed no excitement at all.

Old Bill, the hackman I used to admire and pal with, was still on the job. This I had learned from the home paper. The thought heartened me. My step quickened as I headed for the corner where Bill used to have his hack stand. As I approached it, I saw an old taxicab. Standing near it was Bill, my good old friend. Joyously I almost ran up, dropped my suitcase and stuck out my hand.

"Howdy, Bill!" I said.

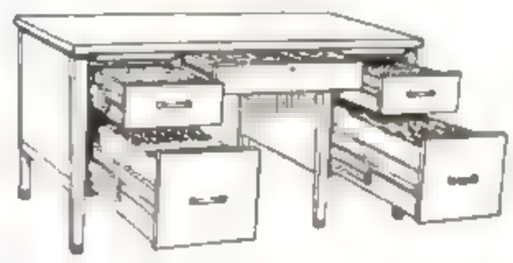
"Howdy, Bide!" came his cheery response. Then he caught sight of my suitcase. "Whatcha goin' to do," he added, "leave town a while?" *—Bide Dudley.*

"Is your office 20 years behind your home?"

YOU drive a new car—your home is filled with modern conveniences—why not make your office modern, too?

Begin with your own desk

If it's the old-fashioned kind with drawers that stick and nothing where you can find it—replace it *now* with a "Y and E" Efficiency Desk.



Drawers coast in and out on real roller bearings—just like coasting on roller skates. Everything neatly, efficiently arranged. Records, papers, cards, office tools—all at your finger tips. It's the 1924 desk—for the man who knows the value of his time.

A handsome private office

A well furnished, efficient office radiates success. Start in with a "Y and E" Efficiency Desk in quartered oak or genuine mahogany; "Y and E" filing cabinets in steel or wood, table, bookcases, costumer and chairs, all finished to match.

Next comes protection

In your files are thousands of letters, orders, important papers—many of them unreplaceable.

Safeguard these by keeping them in "Y and E" Fire Wall Steel Files—the only filing cabinets with a lining of asbestos between steel walls. If you wish, you can have these in the convenient "counter height" size.

For your books, currency, insurance policies, inventories, we suggest "Y and E" Dry Insulated B Label Safes. They give permanent protection because there is no moisture in their insulation to rust or dry out.

Filing or finding letters

Let us show you the "Y and E" Direct Name Filing System—the one that finds or files a letter in ten seconds or less. There is a "Y and E" vertical or card-record system for every business record—sales, costs, employment, stock records, etc.

Send for the "Y and E" man

Without obligation he will tell you about the newest kinds of record keeping for your business, or devise methods to meet your individual requirements. There is a "Y and E" store near you. If you don't know the address, fill in and mail the coupon today.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
532 JAY STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.
In Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

"Y and E" Branches
Albany
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New York
Agents and dealers in 2500 other cities

Safes Desks Files Systems

Mail this coupon!

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO
532 JAY ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Please send me your latest literature covering the items I have checked

☐ Desks
☐ Filing Cabinets
☐ Safes
☐ Systems for

NAME
FIRM NAME
ADDRESS

"Y and E" EFFICIENCY DESKS · WOOD AND STEEL FILING CABINETS · SAFES · OFFICE SYSTEMS & SUPPLIES

GARLAND
STOVES
AND
FURNACES
The World's Best

A Name That Has Made Millions In Friendship

It is not by accident that the name Garland suggests to you a stove, range or furnace you can trust.

Your mother, and perhaps her mother before her, had exactly the same feeling of confidence in Garland.

That is the way the Garland business began more than half a century ago—with the conviction that even the stove business could not reach its greatest growth unless some sentiment were built into the iron and steel.

That is how it grew and grew until Garland became the largest quality stove, range and furnace business in the world.

For more than fifty years we have thought every day not merely of the manufacturing processes, but of the wife and mother, the family that *must* be satisfied.

And they *are* satisfied—in 4,000,000 homes today—and have been continuously satisfied for more than fifty years—and Garland has never stood anywhere but at the head, never given anything but the utmost in service.

That is why you experience in your mind the echo of something that tells you you can be *certain* when you buy a Garland.

That is why you need look no further than the *name* Garland—sure that your money can buy you nothing else in stoves and furnaces so good as Garland.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.

The Garland-Wilcolator, illustrated at left, is a scientific gas oven heat regulator with a most complete cooking chart on the dial. With the Garland-Wilcolator, your baking, broiling, roasting, preserving, etc., are easily and accurately done, eliminating the usual tedium of oven watching. If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, write direct to us.

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS – COAL – ELECTRICITY

Direct Subtraction costs $250 to $500 less

IN *no other* portable, visible-writing, desk-size adding machine can you get ideal, single-operation, 100%-printed-proof DIRECT SUBTRACTION—at *any* price In the large multi-keyed machines you must pay $250 to $500 *more* than you are asked to pay for Sundstrand.

The performance of the new Marvel Model Sundstrand is so remarkable that it verifies the broadest claims But we prefer merely to ask you to *look* at it—to *compare* it with your present adding machine or any other. Compare it for speed, performance, versatility, ease of operation and range of usefulness Let Sundstrand speak for itself. It will *prove* its superiority.

Comparisons such as this have caused large and keen adding machine buyers such as Standard Oil Co., Eastman Kodak Co., Thomas A. Edison Co. and many other business leaders to use 15 to 175 Sundstrands each. The "re-orders tell the story" of unquestioned preference. Over 55,000 Sundstrands now in use.

Telephone or go to the nearest Sundstrand office for an inspection at once. Or write direct to us. Address Dept. B.

Sundstrand
ADDING AND FIGURING MACHINE

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, Rockford, Illinois, U. S. A.
Sales and Service Stations everywhere in the United States and foreign countries

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GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 19)

in the able hands in which I found them, and all these four officials served throughout my administration. They were in charge of Lighthouses, Standards, Steamboat Inspection and Navigation. Two chiefs remained more than a year, until different causes led to their retirement, namely, the heads of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Three services were provided with new heads—Fisheries, Corporations and the Census—and each for specific reasons. The Commissioner of Fisheries was a politician. I determined to make that service a scientific one, divorced from politics. The political chief was removed and the deputy commissioner was promoted in his stead. The latter was an original appointee of President McKinley. I have been told by what seems unimpeachable authority that Mr. Bowers, the retired commissioner, was appointed by President McKinley pursuant to a promise made by him to Senator Elkins, of West Virginia. The senator insisted upon his candidate, and the President felt obliged to yield but asked a distinguished scientific man in Washington to select the man best fitted to carry on the important scientific work of the Fisheries Service. Doctor Smith, whom I appointed as commissioner, was recommended to President McKinley, and was at that time made deputy commissioner. Thus it appears that the Republican appointee whom a Democrat promoted was later removed by the new Republican Administration. For my own part in the case, politics was given no consideration whatever. The new commissioner, Dr. Hugh M. Smith, was a scientist distinguished for his attainments; a member of many prominent scientific societies and known all over the world as an ichthyologist. His promotion to the post of commissioner was my own unsolicited act, for which I was solely responsible. Doctor Smith served with distinction for eight years, and under his wise care the work grew in size and improved in quality until it became the foremost service of its kind in the world, as it was the largest. This is here emphasized because the discharge of the former political chief has been laid most unjustly at Doctor Smith's door. The discarded commissioner later became a member of Congress and after 1920 was able to secure Doctor Smith's removal, only, however, to have him succeeded by the present commissioner, Mr. O'Malley, formerly one of my own assistants, an able and experienced officer.

The chief of the Bureau of Corporations preferred to resign after an able administration. His post was filled at the President's request by Joseph E. Davies, who carried on the work until it was merged in that of the Federal Trade Commission.

The Salt Lick of Congress

The work of the Census was found in a backward state. Many of the data of the census of 1910 were still unpublished. It seemed advisable that the scientific statistician who had been presiding over the uncompleted work should make way for a less technical business executive who would push it to a conclusion. Mr. W. J. Harris, now senator from Georgia, was appointed Director of the Census. It is but fair to say that there were causes not wholly within the control of the former Director of the Census which made it difficult to dispatch the work of the office with even ordinary speed. The bureau was, as we have seen, so badly housed that work during the hot summer was often a torment. There were times when no employes could do themselves justice because of physical conditions. The force was honeycombed with politics. It was the salt lick of Congress. There were in it at times a relatively large number of places exempt from civil-service rules, and these were worked for all they were worth. The office was a sharp contrast in this respect to the other services, for there were more purely political appointments in that single bureau than in all the rest of the department. Thirdly, the statutory force was not only poorly paid but the clerical grades were so arranged that promotion was almost hopeless, and resignations and transfers to other departments became very frequent. We lost in this way between July 1, 1916, and September 30, 1917, eighty-nine officials and employes, or nearly 16 per cent of the entire statutory force.

Stifling Ambition

This phrase "statutory force," familiar to Washington ears, is perhaps strange elsewhere. It means the force expressly provided by statute. The law fixes the number of persons who may be employed, establishes the several grades or employments, and the rates of pay. In my first report I called attention to the extraordinary way in which the appropriations were made so as to thwart all ambition and to promote indifference to the census service and all things therein. Out of 494 clerks, 119 received less than $1200 per annum, 305 received just $1200, and 70—in three grades—received more than $1200; none more than $1800. Obviously there was little future for the 305, and still less for the 119. Naturally a dull discontent was the normal result, and all eyes were looking elsewhere for the step that ignorant parsimony forbade them where they were.

There was a striking illustration of politics at work in the Census Bureau during the first few weeks after we took office. Under an appropriation made March 4, 1913, there were 265 temporary census clerks who were employed to finish certain work. The law expressly fixed the time limit of their employment as June 30, 1913. They not only all knew that the work was temporary but they also knew just when it would end, and their political sponsors—all of them had such sponsors—knew it quite as well. Nay more, these same sponsors were the very men who had made the employment temporary and had fixed its limit, and they knew it. Nevertheless, as May of 1913 passed over into June and the coming of the zero hour was visualized, these clerks besieged the Congress on the Hill with loud demands that something should be done which law forbade, and those same men who made the law hesitated not at all to put the burden on the Census Bureau and the secretary to find a way out. The mere fact that the problem was one of their making did not in the least diminish their insistence that someone else should solve it, even though these same gentlemen knew there was no solution provided by statute. How they did resent being asked if this problem was not of their own making! They hated to be told that the power to order the employment continued was in their own hands. Having made their bed they refused to lie in it. It was a merry war while it lasted. Every loophole and cranny that would hold a clerk was searched out. We did our best to keep the best ones, because the human side of the row was appealing. Some found tasks in other departments, but when June thirtieth came around there was a sad procession of the disappointed moving outward from the Bureau of the Census.

I have spoken of the costliness of parsimony and have said that it is ridiculous to assume that the saving of appropriations means always the saving of money. It is well to illustrate this from our experience with the crews of vessels. A glimpse has been given of the perilous work of the lighthouse tender. Service on such a ship differs from the ordinary occupation of seamen. It takes long practice to handle large buoys safely in a seaway in the necessary work of placing and replacing them at sea. Life and property are risked if the crew is inefficient or inexperienced. Valuable vessels and costly buoys can be damaged by careless or ignorant handling. The seamen on our steamers ought to have received pay at least equal to that which would have been given them on a merchant ship. They did not, and the whole service was hampered in its work through this fact. The officers of our vessels stood loyally by us when they were paid much less than they could get elsewhere for the same or less dangerous work. In September, 1916, the officers of the lighthouse ships in the New York district sent us a respectful petition for an increase in wages, saying, "It is a well-established fact that private and municipal corporations have been paying men who are engaged in similar occupation a much larger salary than that paid by the Government." This was true.

A Costly Labor Turnover

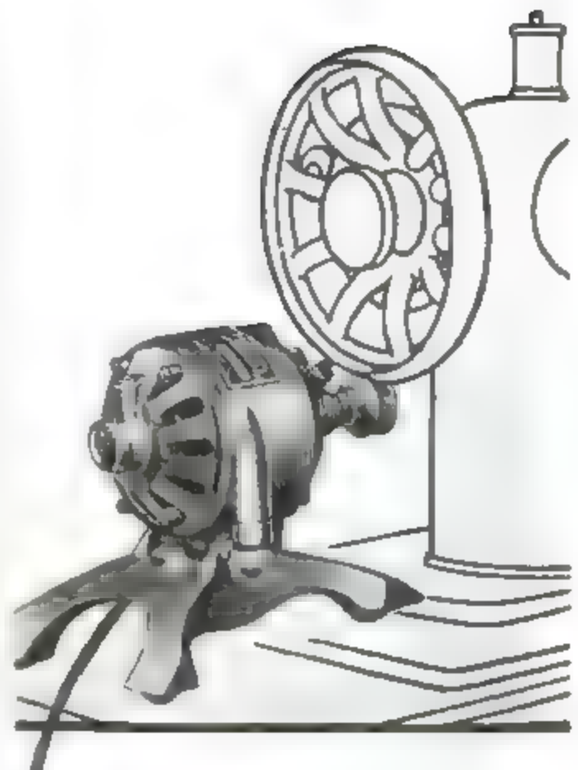
There was also the serious question of feeding the crews. The cost of food advanced, but the allowance for subsistence did not. A seaman's life is one of constant exposure at hard labor out-of-doors in all weathers. He ought to have had more abundant good food than we were able to give him. To some degree similar conditions prevailed on the fleets of the Coast Survey and the Bureau of Fisheries. What were the results? To maintain an authorized force of 250 seamen in 1913 we had 785 changes. For the same force in 1914 there were 786 changes. The situation grew worse until, in the fiscal year 1917, to fill a total of 1275 places we actually employed 4999 persons. This same year the steamer Patterson of the Coast Survey on the Pacific employed within eight months 132 men to fill 49 places, and the Isis on the Atlantic employed 171 persons to fill 44 places.

A brief extract follows from an official report in the spring of 1917: The Patterson "was detained 20 days in Seattle through inability to obtain seamen. She finally sailed with a shortage of 5. After working for about 6 weeks with this reduced complement and its resultant loss, the ship was told to go to port. Here 6 days were lost through drunkenness among the crew and their refusal of duty. She finally got away with a shortage of 7 men.

"Efforts to recruit others in Seattle to fill these vacancies were unavailing; sailors would not even consider the $60 they were offered when they could readily earn $100 or over elsewhere."

The situation was relieved only by stopping the work of another ship, the Explorer, which had been operating under equally

Diamond Shoal Light Vessel No. 105



More pretty clothes

DON'T be without the many lovely things you would like to make, merely because your sewing machine isn't an electric. For a marvelous little electric motor will now make your old machine as speedy and easy to operate as the latest electric models. It is almost unbelievably simple. You merely place the motor next to the hand wheel. That's absolutely all. No tools or belts required. Then you can sew all your own and the children's clothes, the new healthful way, without working your feet, at a cost for electricity of less than one cent an hour.

Hamilton Beach
Home Motor

Sit in any easy position you like. Sew fast or slow or in between all controlled by slight pressure of your foot on the Speed Pedal. 1,000,000 Hamilton Beach motors now in use. Patented and sold under Money Back Guarantee by Electrical, Hardware, Department, and Sewing Machine Stores.

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VACUUM SWEEPERS
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SMALL POWER MOTORS

Folders on Request

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

$18.50
Denver and West $19.00

It won't even kink on request

"DID you ever see a hose like this? I can twist it, tie knots, yank it, but never a kink in it."

It's ELECTRIC Garden Hose, of course. This hose is proof against kinks that break the casing and start leaks, splits and bursts.

ELECTRIC Garden Hose is built up in layers like the best cord tires; tough new rubber covered with jackets of braided cord, and a corrugated rubber covering that resists cuts. It is vulcanized with heavy pressure applied inside, driving the rubber and cord together.

Two identifying marks are on ELECTRIC Garden Hose—the trade-mark shown below, and length marks moulded in every foot to insure accurate measuring. It is a tape line in itself.

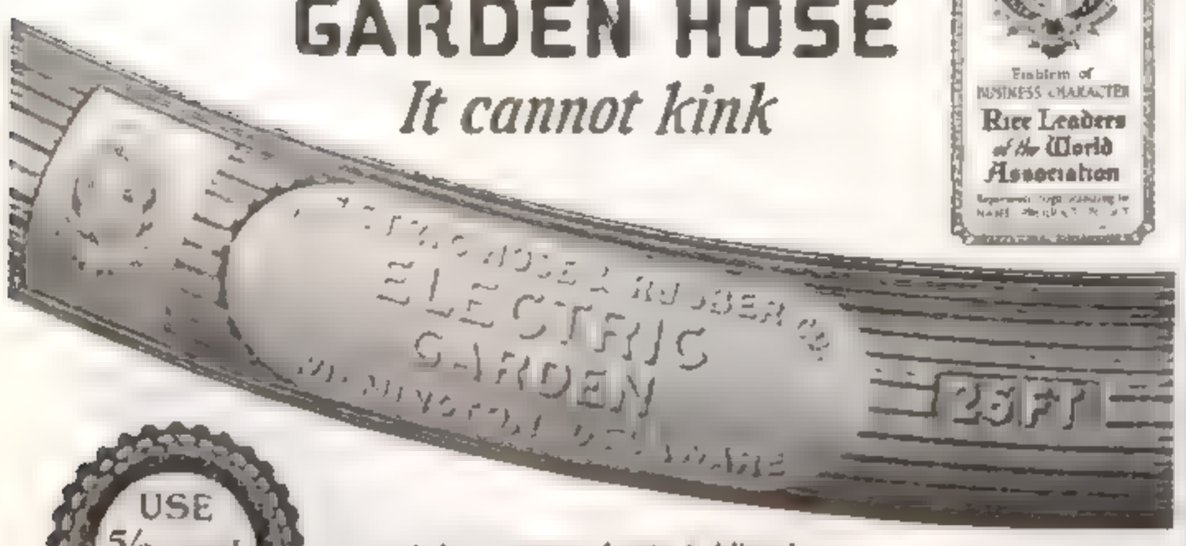
ELECTRIC Garden Hose is the cheapest hose you can buy, service considered. It outwears two ordinary hose, at a trifling higher cost than one of the cheapest kind. Some that we know of have been in use for 15 years and are still serviceable.

Your hardware dealer or seedsman sells ELECTRIC or can get it for you.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO.
Wilmington, Del.

ELECTRIC
GARDEN HOSE
It cannot kink

Emblem of BUSINESS CHARACTER
Rice Leaders of the World Association



USE 5/8-inch HOSE

As large a stream of water is delivered from the nozzle of ⅝" hose as ¾" hose. It throws the stream further. This ⅝" size is lighter as well as cheaper, and being lighter it does not wear out so quickly when dragged over rough cement and cinders.

bad conditions. Enough men were kept on the Explorer to lay her up at Seattle; the remainder were transferred to the Patterson. We were frankly told by officers of the seamen's union that we could not expect to get competent men and must take those rejected elsewhere. Two of our ships were idle eleven months and a third nine months of that year for lack of crews.

Comment cannot add force to these facts. The manufacturer in his mill, the housekeeper in her home, knows what they mean. There was, however, a unique phase to the condition I have described. These men whom often we could not get or whom, when gotten, we could not keep, were needed to safeguard human lives. There were great areas in which the nation had undertaken to protect its people and had failed to do so. The Congress had caused organizations to be formed for such purposes and had charged them with duties of vital importance and then had refused them the means with which to perform those duties. Therefore by unknown current or uncharted rock or unmarked danger a toll was taken, paid in human pain. What excuse was there for this great nation to leave its work undone? There was no explanation from poverty, for more was spent in far less pressing ways than would make our people safe from unknown dangers on our waters. There was no explanation from ignorance, for over and over the truth had been plainly told. We are not a cruel people, but we are a busy one, and the rule applies in Congress as it does elsewhere that what is everyone's business is no one's particular concern. Our mouths are filled with political phrases; our time is given to political strategy and tactics; we investigate this and scrutinize that, while ships lie idle and crews are scanty and the work drags. Then we wonder why some vessel goes ashore, why lives are lost, why shoals are unknown and rocks uncharted, and we do not know who is responsible or why these things are left undone. So the thing that is called economy, but whose true name too often is parsimony, keeps gathering the victims of public complacency and legislative indifference.

Of course it is true that many, if not most, in the clerical force are fairly or even liberally compensated for their work. Hours are short, vacations long; liberal sick leave is provided. The clerk does not lack friends. His voice is heard; his needs are seen. But it is otherwise with the distant field and sea forces. They have few sponsors, and their votes are not sufficiently visualized to bring them within the political horizon.

There are few subjects about which the public conscience is more sensitive than it is respecting accidents to vessels, and the government services whose duty it is to prevent such disasters are held by opinion to strict account. This is as it should be. Never did the two bureaus under my charge on which these heavy responsibilities rested object to their weight; rather they gloried in the dignity of their duty. But they suffered in body and mind because they were not permitted to do their work as laws required and as the public mind demanded, and they objected to being held accountable for that which neither law nor means permitted them to do.

Undermanned and Overworked

Within certain limits the Bureau of Navigation supervised the equipment of vessels, but as we shall see there were times when its men and those of its sister bureau, the Steamboat Inspection Service, had to stand helplessly by and see things go on that they wished to prevent. Listen:

"If a government inspector stands upon a dock watching a motorboat sail away with three times as many passengers as she ought to have and her machinery defective and her hull leaking, he would have no power in the premises, were she a motorboat under fifteen tons measurement, except to see that there was a life preserver in good order provided for every passenger on board, that she had the proper lights and the proper means of extinguishing gasoline fires, with a whistle and a bell of standard dimensions. He could, indeed, require such a vessel to have a licensed operator, but for that license no examination is required. At present a person may obtain a license as operator of motor vessels without being a citizen of the United States or without being twenty years of age, and while being unable to read or write. Under the law, licenses to operators of motorboats are issued without any examination whatever. The inspectors are without authority to ask whether the person applying for such motorboat license is color-blind or whether he understands or can read the pilot rules. Yet such persons, having a license so obtained, may and in fact do take charge of motor vessels carrying passengers for hire. Here and now for the third time the department makes these facts clear and asks the authority, which it now lacks, to protect the lives of innocent passengers. If that authority is not furnished, the responsibility for the loss of life which is certain to happen will not rest upon the department."

This was written on October 30, 1915. There were already laws to prevent overcrowding of passengers on excursion steamers, but no adequate means of enforcing them. That duty was a side issue with the collectors of custom. On July 29, 1914, the responsibility was placed on our Bureau of Navigation; a special temporary force was set at work, and within the year was followed by a permanent civil-service one. This was the first appearance of a regular staff devoted to this essential duty.

The obligations of the sister service were more grave and it was even less able to cope with them. Listen again! I am speaking on November 10, 1914:

"It is useless to pass more exacting laws—until Congress shall have given the Steamboat Inspection Service enough men to enforce the laws and carry out in an intelligent manner the rules that already exist. . . . If disasters occur as a result of lack of thoroughness the responsibility will not rest upon the Steamboat Inspection Service."

A little later, to emphasize the truth that this bureau was both undermanned and overworked, I said—December 3, 1914—to the New York Maritime Exchange:

A First Cabinet Meeting

"Should some day an accident occur because there was not time for the searching study at which we aim or because an exhausted inspector passed something over, we will deal firmly with it, but the responsibility will not in the last analysis rest with us, but with those who provide and with those who can move the providers to provide." On December 16, 1913, I suggested that we be allowed two traveling inspectors to be eyes and ears, counselors and guides for the entire service under the direct orders of its chief. One was granted during the fiscal year 1915, and a second a year later.

But I am sure some reader will say, "Why these department details, and nothing of the larger, more public side of the story? Was there not much of more general interest to tell us?" Yes, there was much going on, and in it the public often to its sorrow took far more interest than in these matters of work of which I have been speaking. There is more of human life, more of daily touch on the part of Government with us all in these that may seem minor things than in the cabinet councils and the larger political events. Yet it is well to change our focus for a time and leave the story of reconstructing a department that in many ways was sadly run down, for another chapter while we turn for a time to a different scene. But as we do so you will not forget, I hope, that in the life of a cabinet officer at Washington there are always these two phases—one public, one less public; one political in the larger sense, the other executive; one larger, the other seemingly lesser, yet with the lesser often of far more importance to the public weal than its more conspicuous fellow.

Mexico was boiling, had indeed quite boiled over, for less than a month before we took up our work Madero had been murdered and Huerta had telegraphed to President Taft, "I have overthrown the government." The first cabinet meeting held, therefore, the keen interest of pressing affairs as well as that of novelty. I was very curious about it, and wondered how it would compare with the meetings of the board of directors of a life-insurance company or of a bank. Long years before, I had interviewed a cabinet officer who had visibly borne his grave responsibilities upon his stately shoulders. He had been courteous but condescending, and I had hastened to leave his office to get warm. I was a living question mark as I passed the group of reporters who haunt the entrance to the executive offices, and turning to the left went on to the cabinet room.

The reality proved to be very simple. A group of ten men, some of them old acquaintances, gathered around a table in a

quiet room of small dimensions, talked freely with the President and with one another about current affairs. The most noticeable thing was the lack of formality. There was no splendor to meet the eye, no ritual. The reality of dignity was present, but no pomp or ceremony. It was much more like the meeting of friends having a mutual interest and a common chief than like anything more formal. Eleven years have passed since those opening days, but the different figures stand out clearly.

Of course it is not necessary to descant upon Mr. Bryan, for he speaks too frequently, too variously and too ably for himself to justify much comment here. Then, as now, he would be considered a fundamentalist, and then as now this attitude on his part involved some extreme assumptions. Of his high personal character, his genuine sweetness of spirit, his sincere patriotism and his loyal purpose to serve according to his light, there is and there can be no doubt at all. We had it out, he and I, one day on the subject of the independence of the Philippines, on which subject I was, for a Democrat, an avowed heretic. At that time, as at others, he seemed to me to be doctrinaire, to apply a principle without sufficient discrimination and without accurate information. Mr. Bryan is by nature an evangelist and he passes from one evangel to another without working any of them out to a conclusion, intellectually content so long as he has a present gospel to preach. He brings his splendid gifts to this disconnected task with a sincerity of purpose and moral enthusiasm which in themselves are admirable and which form, regardless of all else, a valuable contribution to our public thought.

Mr. Burleson and Mr. W. B. Wilson had been my associates in the House of Representatives for three sessions. Mr. Wilson had been chairman of the Committee on Labor and we had been for a time closely thrown together in common work on a special congressional committee. Our viewpoints were very different. I looked at labor problems as an employer, he as a labor leader. He had been a practical mine worker, I a corporation officer. We found ourselves in close agreement on the important subject of vocational education, and as our acquaintance grew I came to have great respect for his character and ability, and increasing confidence in his judgment. There were doubtless many conservative people who looked askance upon the creation of a Department of Labor, questioning seriously what it would be or do under the direction of a labor-union leader. All that is now pretty well forgotten, for Secretary Wilson showed calmness and balance in his administration, and won general esteem for himself and his department.

Burleson's Fault

Mr. Burleson was of quite another type. He had not, to use his own words, drawn an unofficial breath for many years. I could feel the atmosphere of his former service with the Committee on Appropriations in much that he said or did, and that environment was not sympathetic with any public expenditure that could be avoided. A man of means and ability, loyally anxious to serve, it may be doubted whether his particular congressional experience had influenced Mr. Burleson to look at men and affairs—chiefly men—in a broad, humanly sympathetic way. From my standpoint one who is to lead employes successfully, especially when there are several hundred thousand of them, must have as a primary essential quality a human spirit. He must value men as men, must understand them, must be one at heart with them, and be, as their leader, in some true sense the expression of their manhood and their aspirations. I have often regretted that Mr. Burleson, whom I sincerely respected, did not seem to get this viewpoint. At times he seemed almost to be the antagonist of his own forces, to regard them as by nature unreasonable and exacting, and to think it his duty to deny their demands and repress their desires. He may have been right. He was nearer to the facts than I. My knowledge of his departmental working conditions was scanty, but I felt, as he now and again would comment on his working forces, that he did not either understand their worth or grasp the privilege and power of leadership. His policy on the subject of compensating the railways seemed to me narrow, yet, I repeat, that, as he was closer to his work than I, he of course knew it better. His political outlook seemed to me to reflect a similar atmosphere. A sincere devoted servant, an honorable man giving of his best yet seeming to me at times unable to realize that others also were giving their best.

Dear old Lane—I can say it safely, for he was younger than I—wore himself out in harness, as did his chief. The people in the Interior Department must have loved Mr. Lane, and for good cause, for he bore them in constant thought. His was a restless, farseeing spirit, given to fine expression, as his letters show, and reaching out at times beyond his nearer sphere to do what he saw required to be done and grieving also when he could not accomplish all to which he had set his hand.

The Man Who Fooled Them

But this is not a catalogue of colleagues nor a roster of their characteristics. They were a very human group, many with elements of character or mind that made them stand out, not as either better or worse, stronger or weaker, but as different and individual. Mr. Garrison, the most outspoken of us all, bringing a keen incisive mind to bear on all our discussions, would have something here to say about "Old Fundamentals" as fairly descriptive of myself. It used to be said that the Secretary of War must be a lawyer, and certainly one good lawyer followed another when Mr. Baker entered our group. Certainly, too, able lawyers had preceded both. Yet I wonder if the statement is always true, for it seemed to me at times, not from any failure or fault, but from the nature of the work as I saw it, that much in it called for the trained business executive who could add to the spirit of military discipline the breadth of view and the understanding of the art of management that come from great industrial experience. I speak, of course, with the necessary limitations of one who saw from without, and there is here no faintest implied criticism or sting, for I avow my belief that as the searchlight of time bears longer on the conduct of the war it will be found to have been not only clean in its conduct but as wise as it was victorious. Yet there is always danger that so mighty a machine as our military forces form in war, with its powerful traditions, its professional consciousness, its ordered intelligence, may in a great measure run its own gait because men are few with sufficient experience to grasp the wheel firmly and hold it steadily at such an hour. We as a people were fortunate indeed in those who stood at the helm in those days.

Of the other friends around that table there will later be occasion to speak, but they were friends—let that be said of all. Even when we differed, as of course we did, it was as those who would learn from differences. But of Josephus Daniels I never think without a contented smile. He did fool them so. Never mind whom I mean by them—just anyone whom he surprised, and there were plenty. Just a pleasant, smiling, kindly man, apparently so easily led. So inexperienced in nautical affairs, just a journalist from a small Southern city. What an idea to put him at the head of a great technical service like the Navy! But as time went on laughter grew less and the critics who came to scoff found other use for their voices, and when war came the Navy's reply was "Ready."

When the call to cross the river came to our beloved chief, he answered "I'm ready." This was no surprise to those of us who knew him well and to whom through long association the deep realities of his nature were in some measure revealed. He had known loneliness and isolation. In reverent phrase it may be said of him that those who were his received him not. About him blazed the fires of calumny. He heard on many sides the snarling wolfish tribute that bitter partisanship laid at his feet, thus betraying its own silly mendacity and leaving him unharmed, if not serene. It is too early yet to appraise the work of Woodrow Wilson or to estimate calmly his great character. The perspective will come in time, and then he shall be known as he truly was. After they have passed, men that are little fade; men that are great grow. Washington suffered from detractors even in death. Lincoln's assassin spoke of tyrants as he shot. Both Washington and Lincoln live in greatness and influence in all our hearts. Those who knew Wilson, even if only in part, await his growth in fame and influence through future days with quiet minds.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Happy Land for Youngsters

Glacier
NATIONAL PARK

Open June 15 to September 15

Take your children out West this summer to the nation's own playground—Glacier National Park.

What a thrill you will provide for them, mountains, lakes, horseback riding, motoring over splendid "skyways." And Blackfeet Indian Camps nearby. No better vacation than a trip to this wild heart of the Rockies where modern hotels and rustic Chalet camps insure restful comforts and good meals. Plan your trip now. All expense tours of 1 to 7 days or longer if desired.

Visit Pacific Northwest

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See America First

Low Fares via

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Route of the New Oriental Limited

Finest train to Pacific Northwest

"step thru-

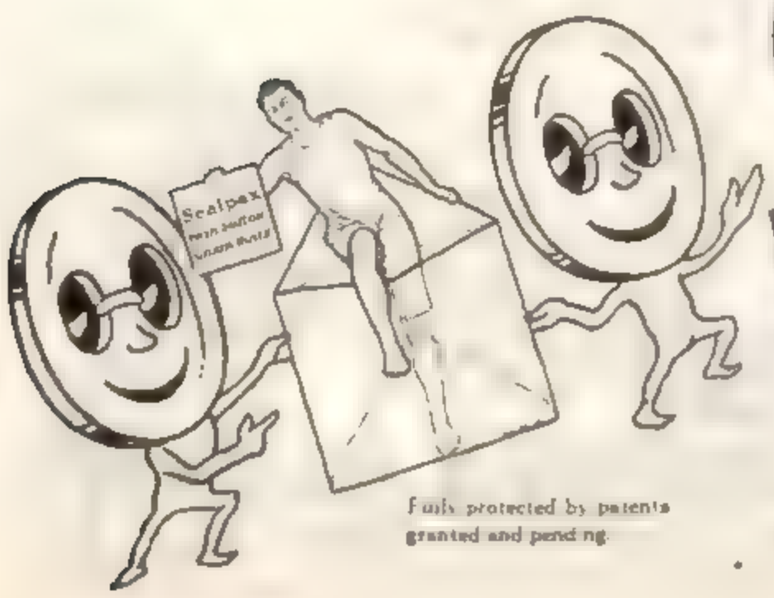
Sealpax Twin-Buttons have TWO buttons on the shoulder, none down the front—not even on the fly.

In you go! One foot. The other foot. Pull it up. Button two. That's all.

That's all! The Sealpax Twin-Button is no more complicated than a handkerchief. Just two convenient buttons. Easy to put on as a hat. Cool and comfortable as an imaginary garment.

No wonder men like it.

Also made in boys' sizes.



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Sealpax

REG'D U.S. PAT. OFF.

Two buttons on the

button two"

Get a divorce from buttons. Wed yourself to the quicker, easier, cooler Sealpax Twin-Button Union Suit.

This suit is the bachelor's friend. It means good-by to button troubles, less work for the needle, and less grief for the laundry.

Ask your dealer for "Sealpax Twin-Buttons" in the transparent sealed envelope. You *can't* forget the name.

The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md.
Also makers of "Lady Sealpax" and "Little Brother" and "Little Sister Sealpax"
Sold by leading jobbers

If there is no Sealpax dealer near you, send us $1.50, in cash or by check, and we will send you the Twin-Button Sealpax Union Suit.

Twin-Button

shoulder—none down the front

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

"Plenty enough for the most nights [illegible] Travelers, Week-end, and Thrift Specials. Send for "The Nightie Book," describing them!

A *new* idea in Pajamas!

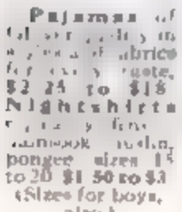
TAKE a close look at the young man pictured, lounging easily in his Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Pajamas. He's wearing the most comfortable pajamas ever designed!

They're generously roomy, of course, and as carefully tailored as your finest custom-made suits. All Glover Sleepingwear is. But besides that, they embody a NEW IDEA.

They do away entirely with the old binding drawstring at the waist! Instead, they have the Glover *sidetties*. Adjust these side-ties once, when you first put the trousers on—then simply button in front, as you would with any trousers.

You can't imagine how supremely comfortable, how well-tailored, how smartly styled, Sleepingwear can be until you've tried Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad. Ask for it today at your favorite store! If they can't supply you, send us $4.00 for a trial suit of the "Dormitory Special." Sizes A, B, C, D. *Satisfaction guaranteed*

Pajamas of [illegible] fabrics for every taste, $2.25 to $15
Nightshirts [illegible] poncee sizes 15 to 20 $1.50 to $3 (Sizes for boys, also.)



Children's Sleepers [illegible] to stand a tub a hard wear. Comfortable [illegible] sock. Ages 1 to 10 $1 to $3.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 4 : Dubuque, Iowa

MR. PETHICK PAYS A DIVIDEND

(Continued from Page 17)

understand how it works, you need only put your business affairs, your love affairs, your every problem in its control, and your Success will be automatic. Automatic! You will not have to think any more; you will rise to Success by infallible law. Isn't that a wonderful thought?

Your Subconscious Mind is the Life Force that controls the involuntary functions of your body and rational mind. Put your hand on your heart and feel how regularly it beats. Do you remember when you were a tiny infant? What marvelous intelligence guided your growth to manhood? What intelligence apportions to every part of your body its proper nutriment? Reader, without your Subconscious Mind you would drop down dead! Can you by taking thought add one cubit to your stature? No, but your Subconscious Mind can, and has done so! Stop your silly efforts to think, live the Automatic Life, give all your affairs over to your Subconscious Mind!

"Between you and me," muttered William, after struggling through the foregoing, "there's a whole lot in this, only it is very deep stuff." He had a confusing sense of illumination, a sense of dazzlement. He pocketed the book until the evening.

The Esoteric Law was divided into twelve lessons of four pages each. William plowed through two pages of the first lesson—entitled Secrets of Ancient Egypt—before his enthusiasm waned. Then he began to skip, looking for a soft spot. He found it among the testimonials:

I was a carriage painter at thirty per week and always wanted to be a doctor. After studying your course, I hung out a shingle as a general practitioner, and now I am knocking down upwards of a hundred per week. I never studied a word of doctoring, but my business grows automatically; the more people I treat the more sick people there are. I do not understand it with my mental mind, but it is wonderful.

P. S. I am opening a College of Doctors.

I always wanted a diamond ring, but my husband wouldn't buy one. I took up with you and followed your prescription, and I repeated day and night, "I want a diamond ring I want a diamond ring." My husband treated me something cruel, but I stuck to it with all my Subconscious Mind. And this morning he gave me a diamond ring, and it is just the kind I wanted. Now I am going for a fur coat.

And then there was the afterword:

Now, Reader, that you have completed our course and gained faith in your Subconscious Mind, you want to put your new power to the test, don't you? But first let us prove our faith in you! Let us confer on you a Handsome Graduate Diploma, and let us send you the name and address of a prominent business man in your section who is glad to give our graduates immediate employment on very handsome terms. Graduate Successor, do you want a big Executive job, easy work, short hours, big pay, and no experience necessary? Send Two Dollars.

"Two dollars again," grumbled William, who was tired and cross. "I wish he would drop that subject. It would serve him right if I did not read any more in his book, but just sent for his diploma and the name and address of where I could get a good job."

He was tempted to do this, although it would not be strictly honest. Certainly Professor Pfaff supposed that he had assimilated the twelve lessons or he would not address William as Graduate Successor. He supposed that William was now in the grip of his Subconscious Mind and careering effortlessly toward success. William resolutely rejected the suggestion of his rational mind that the professor was a charlatan selling buncombe. William had intellectual humility; he ascribed to his own obtuseness his failure to understand what he had read of the lessons. He compromised with his conscience by promising himself that he would study the lessons faithfully, and meanwhile he would send for information about that big executive job.

He sent the two dollars the first thing in the morning, addressing, as directed, Box —— General Post Office, New York City. And he received within forty-eight hours a flattering letter from Professor Pfaff instructing him to present it at the offices of the Consolidated Brokers of America, on Forty-second Street near the Grand Central. The diploma as Graduate Successor was coming, said the professor, under separate wrapper. William shaved carefully, put on his Sunday suit, and went down to break the news to the captain that he was going to leave the ferry company's employ and accept a fine position downtown.

"Fine!" said the captain. "When are you quitting?"

"Right now."

"Good," said the captain, walking back into the wheelhouse. "Mighty glad to hear it, McCann."

"He certainly took it nice," reflected William, touched by the way the captain bore up under the blow of loss. "He is not such a bad fellow, after all."

William arrived at the handsome offices of the Consolidated Brokers of America at 9:45 A.M. As soon as he opened the main door he was taken charge of by a brisk office boy who took from him his letter of introduction and steered him into a waiting room. "Subconscious Mind!" barked the boy, and shut the door behind him.

"Sit down," ordered an older youth who sat behind a desk in the center of the waiting room.

William sat down on the edge of his chair. He was not familiar with business offices, and was relieved to see that these people knew what they wanted of him. Some twenty people were sitting about the walls, people of various ages and conditions, and all of them had the guarded air of applicants for work. Several of them were obviously manual workers, and were as constrained in the unaccustomed atmosphere as was William. He set his derby hat on his knees and tried to forget it, whereupon it fell on the floor; he picked it up and put it on his head, snatched it off and put it under his chair, took it from there and held it under his arm, tried holding it over his heart, hung it on the back of his chair and promptly knocked it off with his shoulder. The wretched thing gave him no peace until he picked it up again and dandled it on the tip of his finger and set it to spinning. But he felt that that was not a permanent solution. But then another door opened, and a tall gentleman in a white waistcoat put a bald head into the waiting room and looked around with bulging blue eyes, and said pleasantly, "Any Subconscious Minds here this morning?"

"Go in," said the youth at the desk to William, jerking a thumb toward the door; the tall gentleman had withdrawn at once, leaving the door invitingly ajar. William gripped his fractious hat and flexed the muscles of his chest and shoulders and strode to and through the doorway.

He entered so an office about twenty feet square, whose three large windows, facing west, were high above the roofs of the older city and commanded a view of the distant Hudson and of the farther Palisades on the Jersey shore. A thick gray rug of domestic make covered most of the polished concrete floor. On the gray-painted walls were steel engravings of great Americans, of Daniel Webster and of George Washington and of Benjamin Franklin; there was a black-and-white portrait, framed in mahogany like the others and not to be disassociated from them at a cursory glance, of a bald-headed gentleman in a white waistcoat and chin beard. This last gentleman, despite the quality of his company, did not wear the eager air of an intruder, of a nonentity who had thrust himself forward to get into a picture of his betters; he looked across the room at George Washington with confidence and calm, with that native dignity which belongs to every man who wears a white waistcoat and a whisker on his chin. William saw with emotion that this picture was a likeness of the tall gentleman who was sitting before him in the flesh and behind a flat-topped oak desk on which brass and crystal glittered.

"Mr. William McKinley McCann, I believe," said the gentleman, rising, tilting his head to the left, advancing his right foot and extending his right hand. "Delighted, Mr. McCann. Professor Pfaff, of the American Academy, speaks of you in the highest terms as one of his most promising pupils. I've looked forward to meeting you, Mr. McCann; I have indeed. The name is Pethick, Mr. McCann—Horace T. Pethick."

Mr. Pethick's voice was deep and pleasant, drawling and slightly nasal. William liked him at once, being humbly grateful for his reception. And Mr. Pethick was a pleasant fellow in himself, a man who lived well and preferred the easiest way. His cheeks were plump and pink, his lips were red and pouted, the lower half of his white waistcoat was gracefully rounded. His prominent blue eyes were amiable, disagreeing only with each other; one of them looked at William, but the other wandered.

"A number of our best men have been sent us by Professor Pfaff," said Mr. Pethick, who was seated again at his desk. "We have a tremendous number of excellent positions to fill at all times, and we can never get men enough. We get them from all sources, but the demand is inexhaustible. I have examined the professor's system of instruction, and was convinced that his graduates were excellent material for our purposes, and I accordingly requested him to send us such of his graduates as lived in the vicinity of New York City. He finds openings for the others in their own neighborhoods, I believe. Yes, the supply of men of executive caliber is regrettably small. Don't you find it so, Mr. McCann?"

William coughed and nodded.

"You never said a truer word," said Mr. Pethick, tapping William's knee. "And why is this so? It is because our young men lack self-confidence. No doubt you have often seen it stated that there is plenty of room at the top. And there is! But where do you find our young men rushing to seek work? At the bottom! Why, Mr. McCann, it's an economic fallacy. Come, you're an average young man, if you'll pardon me for a moment, but did you ever walk into an office in your life and apply for a job paying over ten thousand dollars per year?"

"Well, no, I didn't," admitted William.

"And why didn't you? Because you lacked self-confidence, that's why. You didn't believe you could earn over ten thousand dollars per year. Be frank with me, as I am with you. But Professor Pfaff has taught you self-confidence, has taught you that nothing is impossible to you if you trust to your Subconscious Mind, and that's why you're here. And that's why I propose to pay you over ten thousand dollars per year, beginning as soon as you please."

"Well, I'll say this is nice of you, Mr. Pethick," mumbled William.

"Not at all, my boy. I'm doing this for my own sake. Oh, I'm frank with you! I need you or I wouldn't waste a minute on you. How would a position as factory superintendent at nine hundred dollars per month hit you, Mr. McCann? Or here's a nice thing—where did I put those papers?—sales director, at ten thousand flat. But perhaps you'd like to know more of our methods before coming with us."

"Yes," said William, swallowing.

"A very wise requirement," said Mr. Pethick. "I'll tell you frankly—we are promoters. We organize corporations, get them into production, and send them on their way. We are organizing three good things right now—the Associated Gushers, Incorporated; the Boreal Exploration and Improvement Company; and the Greater Niagara Power Company. Can you imagine, in view of the scarcity of high-grade men, what it means to have to staff even these three corporations? Why, we have hundreds of big-pay positions to fill! We must hire executives of all kinds. We are at our wits' end to find them. Why, just take the single case of the Greater Niagara Power Company; I am going to offer you the position of sales director in this corporation at a salary of ten thousand dollars per year, but I want you to convince yourself that the corporation's proposition is sound and worth while. What do you think of Niagara Falls as a source of power, Mr. McCann?"

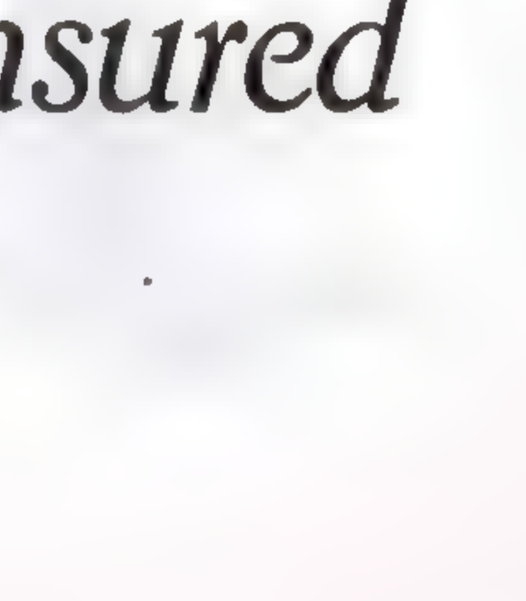
"Well, I don't know," said William.

"A very fair answer. Here, then, is a photograph of the falls. Look at it. See the vast masses of water that are tumbling down, going to waste! Really a criminal waste of a great national resource. Have you any conception of the foot pounds that are tumbling over that falls and going to waste? Why, say, McCann, if the foot pounds that are going to waste there in any hour were laid end to end they would reach from here to San Francisco, with enough power left over to lift four mortgages off a brick house. I speak figuratively of course. And now look out that window at all the factories that are burning expensive coal for power, when they could all be run by power from a couple of strands of wire laid here from Buffalo. Can't you see the opportunity? When can you go to work?"

(Continued on Page 180)

If every wife knew
what every widow knows
every husband
would be insured

The Prudential
Insurance Company of America
Home Office, Newark, New Jersey



Edward D. Duffield
President

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(Continued from Page 178)

"Right away," said William. "But "

"You're going to say that you are not familiar with the duties of a sales director," said Mr. Pethick with a cordial smile. "That's perfectly all right, my boy. We'll teach you. We'll make a salesman out of you, paying you while you're learning, and as soon as the company gets into production you may assume the duties of your new position. Confidence! You may start right in this morning, selling stock in the Greater Niagara Power Company "

"Selling—stock?" protested William.

"Now please don't confuse our proposition with a stock-selling scheme," said Mr. Pethick, looking pained. "A man who will inveigle others into selling stock is just about the lowest of the low. An unprincipled scoundrel, I'd call him. I'm frank with you, McCann. Not, you understand, that stock selling is not a necessary preliminary, but no man should be asked to focus on a mere preliminary. If I thought you were interested only in collecting big commissions for selling stock I wouldn't talk to you. I want you to focus on the big job as sales director that is coming to you! But you've got business sense enough to know that we must first raise the money to lease the falls and to build power houses and to provide you ultimately with a roll top desk and a dictating machine. Ha, ha—you understand that. Selling the stock is a preliminary and a minor detail, but there it is, and you certainly wouldn't ask somebody else to do it for you and then step aside. And in fact I may say frankly that I wouldn't care to give you a responsible position until you'd proved your mettle Oh, I believe in straight talk, McCann."

"I don't think I could sell stock."

"If you don't think you can, you can't. I give you my word of honor, McCann, that you can sell stock, and that you will sell it. What you mean to say is that you don't know how to sell stock; that's quite different. Do you know how to make your hair grow? Of course you don't; but you do make your hair grow, don't you? Do you know how to digest your dinner? You'd be the greatest chemist in the world if you did. Where there's a will there's a way, McCann. Forget the how and the why, and tell me—are you willing to sell stock?"

"Yes, I'm willing," said William.

"Good," said Mr. Pethick, rising and shaking William's hand. "Go right through that door, and see our Mr. Hemple! Good day, my boy. Good luck. Tell Mr. Hemple you're the new sales director of the Greater Niagara Power Company."

William told Jennie all about it.

"He certainly treated me like a gentleman," he said. "And Mr. Hemple was an awful nice man too. Say, Jennie, I got along like a cat and a pitcher of cream. Honest, I don't know how I done it, but it just came to me like human nature, and there I was, chewing the fat with those big fellows as if they were nobody. Where there's a will there's a way, Jennie. Mr. Hemple said I was a natural-born salesman and had personality plus."

"Then he was a nice man," said Jennie. "But did they tell you how to sell the stocks, Will?"

"Mr. Hemple said he wasn't going to lose any time teaching a natural-born salesman how to sell. He gave me all the papers, and he said to read them over and follow directions and have checks made out to the Consolidated Brokers. He said he would advise me to try selling to my relations first, and people I knew well, and then I could go on and sell to outsiders. He said every human being has got some kinds of friends and relations, and they should follow their instincts and tackle them first. He said, 'If you are in any trouble, who do you go to for help, and do you have to think about it first?' Well, that is very true, and that is where the Subconscious Mind gets in its fine work. He said, 'Lots of Smart Alecks will say to themselves that they will use their head and go where the money is; and they will go over to Broad Street to tap Pierpont Morgan, or will go up the Hudson to call Mr. Rockefeller aside and tell him their proposition—and what will they get?' And he said, 'You said it, Bill!' He calls me Bill."

"He must be a nice man too."

"Aces, Jennie. He says all their salesmen start in first on the people they know. Look here, Jennie, you got a hundred and twenty dollars soaked away in the Thrift, haven't you?"

"But I'm saving that, Will, for you know."

"You're only getting 4 per cent. You just wait till I show you what you will get paid for your money by the Greater Niagara Power Company! Say, it is one of the most wonderful propositions you ever heard of, and it is all printed out. Say, wait till I read you how much the fellow made that

"Well, I Just Took One More Chance"

bought a hundred dollars' worth of Henry Ford's stock in the beginning, and Ford could not get wise guys to buy a nickel's worth. Say, it was about a million dollars. Wait till I find the page. Well, suppose you only make a thousand dollars. That's nice money."

"I guess I will draw my money out of the Thrift," she said, after an hour's study of the flamboyant literature. "Oh, Will, do you think they would wait until Wednesday for it?"

"Why, sure, Jennie. They're princes, I tell you. See, I will put you down for twelve hundred shares of the stock, and they will send it to you when they get your money. Well, Jennie, my rake-off will be twenty-four dollars. Not so worse, hey? I would have to work a week on the old double-ender to make that money, and now I knock it off in no time. Say, if this keeps up, it won't be no time before—you know. Hey, Jennie? I'm going right after my old gentleman now; he's got nearly six hundred salted away. And then there's Aunt Sophy has got sugar, if I can make her hear through her ear trumpet; and then I will buzz the boys in Spadoni's. Say, this is going to be all right. So long, Jennie."

"Keep up the good work, Mac," said Mr. Pethick, shaking William by the hand at the end of the first week. "You grossed four hundred and forty dollars, eh? Splendid, my boy. I told you that you could sell stock. I never met a man yet that couldn't, if only he was willing to try. Make next week the banner week. Go over to the cage and get your check for eighty-eight dollars, Mac. Where there's a will there's a way, hey?"

But the next week was not so good. The boys in Spadoni's, being approached in bulk, vied with one another in making witty remarks; the local tradesmen whom William canvassed were all willing to invest, but disinclined to plunge. They were used to throwing away dimes in lotteries and gambling schemes in aid of churches and other worthy causes, and each of them offered without losing time to buy one share in the Greater Niagara Power Company. The business wasn't worth while. William was arrested toward the end of the week by a new and zealous patrolman. William had been buttonholing acquaintances as they came from the ferry, and the patrolman marched over and collared him.

"Where's your pencils?" he demanded.

"Pencils?" said William. "Get away!"

"You ain't got pencils," said the patrolman satisfiedly. "I got instructions to arrest anybody begging in this town without offering pencils. That's the law, young fellow; and begging ain't huckstering or peddling unless you got pencils."

The chief of police, knowing William, released him at once, but the story got around, and William's standing as a stock salesman was badly shaken. William was slow to accept defeat; he went down to Forty-second Street and saw Pethick and recounted his disappointing experiences, and asked his suggestion in the premises.

"I'll leave it to you, Mac," said Pethick handsomely. "What's your instinct in the matter? Be frank."

"I feel like quitting," confessed William.

"Then quit!" said Pethick, slapping the desk.

"Wha-what?"

"Quit," said Pethick, helping himself to a good cigar. "Follow the prompting of your Subconscious Mind. To be perfectly frank with you, Mac, I don't think your genius lies in selling. You can sell, mind—you've proved that—but it's not your best line. You have to do violence to your natural instincts, which are more for action, for physical activity, for the out-of-doors. I've got your name and address, Mac, and you'll hear from us when the Greater Niagara Power Company gets into production and needs outdoor men—I have you in mind for maintenance-of-way chief—but just now we must concentrate on selling stock. You better go downstairs to the Consolidated Employment Agency, and they'll advise you scientifically and analyze you and find you the job that just suits you. There's a small fee for the service."

"How much?"

"Two dollars," said Mr. Pethick, slapping him on the back. "Out that way. Good-by and good luck!"

William walked down one flight and entered the anteroom of the employment agency. A dozen clients were sitting about waiting to be called for examination. William recognized several of them as salesmen or ex-salesmen of the Consolidated Brokers on the floor above.

"Quit selling stock?" he said to one of them.

"Had to," said the ex-salesman. "Couldn't sell any more. I sold some to my sister—she's a school-teacher—and then I was done. Say, fellow, I'm beginning to think these people are swindlers. The way I figure it out, they will hire anybody to sell their stocks because everybody has got somebody he can stick, and then they throw him out and get in a new crowd. I bet their stock is no good."

"Get away," said William indignantly. "Look at the offices they got, and -and everything. And Mr. Pethick himself is a prince."

William was called into the inner office: there he saw two hard-finished men of indeterminate age—they could have been twenty-five, and they might just possibly have been fifty-two—sitting in comfortable chairs beside a table and smoking large cigars of pleasing aroma. One of them introduced himself as Mr. Whipple, the manager of the agency, and told William to meet "our character analyst."

"Stand over there, McCann," said Mr. Whipple, pointing with his cigar. "Stand like a soldier: like this!"

"Show your friend," said William curtly. "I learned with the Fifty-third Pioneers, mister." But he came to attention. Mr. Whipple sorted over some cards and selected one.

"Coarse convex blond," said the analyst.

"Who?" demanded William.

"Animative, variety loving, easily enthused," said the analyst to Mr. Whipple. "Do you notice that he's a squarehead?"

"Who?" demanded William more forcefully.

"Don't interrupt, McCann," said Mr. Whipple. "What do you deduce from the fact that he is a squarehead?"

"That shows that he is not easily deceived, and that it would be exceedingly unwise to make any extravagant statements to him, as he would see through them like a flash," said the analyst. "He is a mixed type—convex upper, concave lower. His nose—he has the nose of a fighter."

"Was a fighter," said William, caressing the named feature tenderly. But he was flattered to hear that he was hard to fool.

The analyst rose and took William by the upper arm; William flexed the muscle proudly. "Hard-fleshed," said the analyst. "Has rigid bones. See the line of his forehead; he is distinctly low-minded; he may not be positively dishonest, but he is material in his outlook on life." He poked a forefinger into William's ribs; William jumped. "Motive," said the analyst. "Loves sports, athletics and adventures! I should say that he is a typical outdoor man—camping, fishing, swimming."

"Swam three blocks in the Hudson once in the middle of winter," said William. "They pulled me out. I was out on the side bumper, washing windows, and ——"

"Passionately fond of swimming," nodded the analyst. "Mr. Whipple, I think we should find this man work around the water."

"You think he's a seafaring type?"

"In a way. But yet not precisely."

"A lake?"

"That would be better. Something comparatively landlocked, so that he may exercise his passion for swimming without undue risk. I should think possibly —a river! Could you find him a good position on some river craft?"

"Why, that is just what I was doing," said William.

"There you have it," said the analyst, sitting down.

"I see," said Mr. Whipple; and he filled out a card. "Here, McCann. Take this up to the New York-New Jersey Ferry Company, and apply for work. Tell them that we sent you."

"But that is just where I used to work!" protested William.

"And does that make it objectionable?" said Mr. Whipple sternly. "The matter with you, McCann, is that you're too fond of change and variety. You're not looking for a vocation; you're looking for a vacation! Do you think employers are going to pay you to amuse yourself? Mind you, I'm not blaming you too much, since you were never properly and scientifically analyzed before, and you couldn't be sure that the work was just what you were cut out for. But now you've had every advantage of science, and if you go wrong again it's your own fault. Here, my boy, look at your index and see for yourself—blond, convex, motive, coarse, hard, low, previous experience. And there's the prognosis 'Would make a good deck hand.' Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face."

"I told you how I got it," said William, spelling out the notations on the index card.

(Continued on Page 185)

Which is the higher card—Vanity or Eyesight?

She had trapped her partner's ace! That outraged individual said nothing but his glance spoke volumes. The other two players gasped. If she explained that the humiliating blunder was due to a simple blurring of the eyes, they probably wouldn't believe her! It was too mortifying to confess that she, like so many other women, would not have her eyes examined for fear that glasses would spoil her looks!

Neglect sight to save appearance

How many women make the same mistake! Dreading the effect of eyeglasses on their appearance, they tolerate patently errors in vision, more or less serious. They passively accept excessive irritability, nervous fatigue, headaches, all the indirect results of eyestrain. The obvious indications—scowling, crowsfeet, dark circles—they often take to the wrong specialist. They *ought* to take them to the refractionist.

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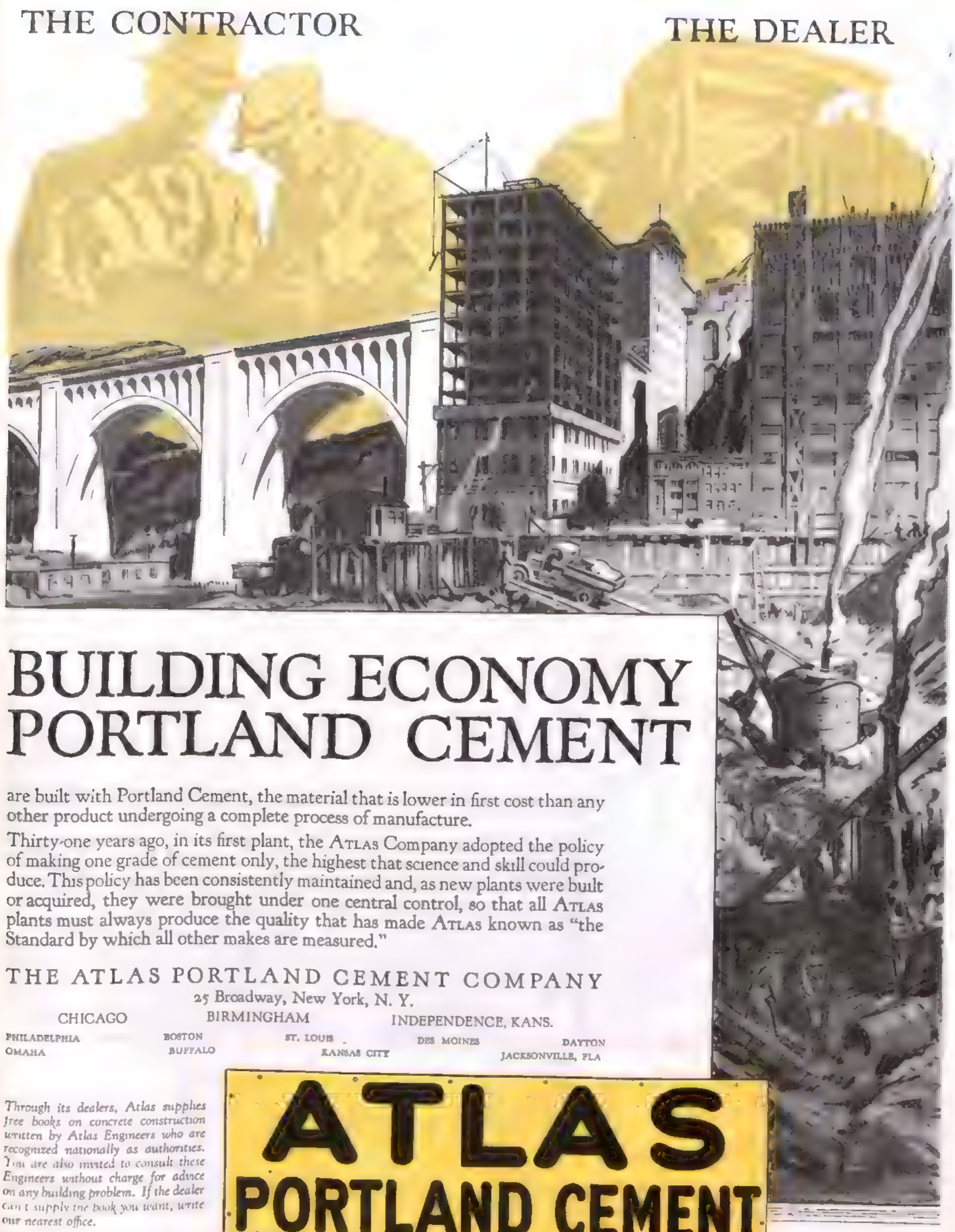

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Bird's *Neponset* Rugs

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 180)

"Well, I will give it another try, Mr. Whipple, and I am sorry if I said anything. I do not understand about this science."

"No offense taken, McCann," said Mr. Whipple, shaking his hand. "We all make our mistakes. Try to justify our judgment and faith in you, my boy. Out this way. Good luck and good-by."

"Want to get to work again?" said the captain when William presented himself. "Tired selling pencils, are you?"

"I was not selling pencils," said William.

"That is just what the policeman said. Well, I do not like to have jailbirds on my boat, but you are a young fellow and I will give you another chance. You let me catch you soldiering again and I will bounce you so quick it will make your head swim. Understand me now."

"Captain," said William earnestly, "you will not bounce me. I am probably the best deck hand on the North River, only I didn't know it. Say, captain, why don't you go down and get analyzed and find out if you ought to be captain of this boat? It will make you feel great."

"That so?" said the captain, glaring. "Well, if you or any other young squirt gets to feeling great and thinking I ought not be captain of this boat, just let him say so and I will button up his lip. Get below!"

William buckled down to his duties. When the Greater Niagara Power Company got into production and sent for him, they should find that he had vindicated their judgment. His sentiment toward the affable gentlemen in the handsome offices on Forty-second Street was confused; part of it was certainly a yearning to take one good punch at them. But crossed with that bellicose impulse and neutralizing it was his remembrance that one hundred and twenty of Jennie's hard-won dollars must sink or swim with the Greater Niagara Power Company. William then was resolutely optimistic. He did not mention to Jennie that he had a future with the Greater Niagara Power Company as maintenance-of-way chief; he feared that her credulity would crack, and he knew that his would go down with hers. When he had the hundred and twenty dollars to give back to her—time enough then to confer with her.

He was on the night shift when he saw Mr. Pethick again, on the boat that left the New York side at half past two in the morning.

Mr. Pethick's visibility this night was very low; he was the sole occupant of a closed car, and he was muffled up so that even his chin whisker had been tucked in out of harm's way. William, waiting to shut the gates, caught an exciting glimpse of Mr. Pethick's profile as the car passed; he kept watch on the car then with pardonable interest. He was quite sure of his man when one of Mr. Pethick's eyes looked at him; but as Mr. Pethick himself was looking at another object than William at the time, he did not return William's nod and grin. William held back diffidently, admiring the beautiful car.

When the boat was nearing midstream Mr. Pethick alighted from his car, carrying a dress suitcase. He walked forward through the runway, and William saw him enter the men's cabin. Mr. Pethick mounted the inner stairs; William climbed an iron ladder from the rear deck, and peeped through the railings above to see what his patron was about. If Mr. Pethick needed any direction William was eager to volunteer it. And indeed Mr. Pethick seemed undecided. William saw him—a shadowy figure—standing on the promenade deck, resting his dress suitcase on the railing, and looking out over the dim fields and floes of moving ice. William knew that Mr. Pethick was not quite comfortable there; a wind of bitter cold was blowing down the Hudson valley and whipping Mr. Pethick's flowing garments about him. And then Mr. Pethick made a thrusting gesture, and William saw that the case was gone.

"I'll get it, Mr. Pethick!" he shouted against the wind.

He was not sure that he could recover the case, but he thought it very likely, in view of the gale, that the case had not gone into the river. He jumped down from the ladder, clambered over the bulwark, and made his way along the snow-covered footway that circumscribed the vessel. The walk was about two feet in width, and the four inches of snow gave him fair footing, but he went cautiously, having no liking for an unpremeditated dive into a river some seventy feet in depth. But his venture was justified; there was the case on the narrow walk. He seized it and retraced his precarious steps. He glowed with the consciousness of having served Mr. Pethick.

The boat had entered the slip on the Jersey shore; already the few automobiles were rolling off. He ran forward, shouting for Mr. Pethick. He arrived too late; Mr. Pethick had departed.

Early in the following afternoon William carried the suitcase down to Mr. Pethick's offices. The suitcase was very heavy; it was mighty lucky for Mr. Pethick, thought William, that it had not fallen into the river, as it would certainly have shot to the bottom. He opened the door to the offices and then paused on the threshold, taken aback by the strangeness of the waiting room. There was very little furniture left in it, and there was now a great heap of disordered papers in the middle of the floor. Two gentlemen were reclining in chairs with their feet propped on one desk, smoking cigars; they were bulky men with hard and unnerving eyes.

"Come in, young fellow!" one of them shouted. "What can we do for you?"

"I'd like to see Mr. Pethick," said William.

"You got expensive tastes, young fellow. It's worth five thousand dollars to take a look at Mr. Pethick. Don't you read your newspaper? What do you want to see him about?"

"This here belongs to him," said William.

"Let's have a look at it then. Detective bureau, young fellow. Sit down there."

The gentleman broke the lock of Mr. Pethick's case after a brief attempt to open it, and proceeded to pile the contents on the desk. They consisted principally of bundled papers; there was also ten cast-iron corporation seals. The gentleman desisted and picked up the telephone.

"Franklin 2304! District attorney's office?"

After he had talked on the telephone he put up the receiver and beckoned to William. "Come along downtown with me, young fellow. They want to talk to you down in Center Street. Don't get nervous. Just tell them what they want to know, and it might be money in your pocket. Come along!"

"We can live with mamma until we find rooms somewheres," said Mrs. William McKinley McCann. "Do you think we could have our own kitchen?"

"Maybe," said William.

"I always wanted my own kitchen, Will. But I know how terrible rents are. Well, we can live with mamma. We certainly were sports on that trip to Niagara Falls. I bet we spent over a hundred dollars, didn't we, Will?"

"More!"

"Well, it is only once in a lifetime, and we got some good out of Niagara Falls, after all. What are you going in here for?"

"We can look at it, can't we? There's nobody lives here yet. Look, Jennie, I got the key off the agent."

"What's the good of looking?" said Jennie. "I bet they would want seventy-five dollars a month. We can't pay more than twenty-five or thirty."

But she went in with him. It was a new five-room bungalow in the shadow of the Palisades. It was not a handsome or peculiarly sturdy bungalow; it was walled with a patent siding, it was roofed with a patent shingle, its floors were single and its windowpanes made the landscape outside flow and flicker. Its ceilings were eight foot six; its lighting fixtures were flimsy spun brass. But it had a wonderful view.

"Look at there!" said William, peeping through a waved pane. "That's Riverside Drive across the river there, Jennie. When it comes to a view, we got the laugh on them. Ain't it a whole lot better to be here looking over at those fine houses than it is to be over there and having to look over here? I'll say it is. Cheaper too."

"Oh, Will, do you suppose we could ever have a house like this?" breathed Jennie. "Just look at that beautiful kitchen. But somebody lives here; there's furniture."

"Only enough to get along on. Say, Jennie, I got a surprise for you. Do you remember me telling you about the time I went down to the district attorney's office in New York? Well, there was a reward, Jennie. A reward for information leading to arrest and conviction, you know. Some people Mr. Pethick had skinned and who got hot about it. Well, they paid that reward to me, Jennie. The papers that were in the grip he wanted to throw in the river told all about his business; and I could describe the car. Say, it's a lucky thing for us there isn't a bridge over the Hudson yet. Hey, Jennie?"

"You got a reward, Will! And you never told me! What did you do with it? So that's the money paid for our trip to Niagara Falls!"

"A little of it. Most of it is here, Jennie, in this house. The deed's in your name, Jennie, and there's something left over for furniture."

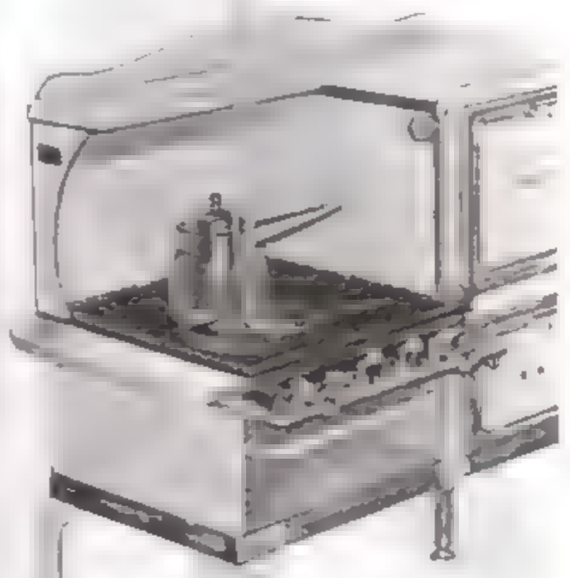
"And what's that picture?" she said, getting up in a few minutes and drying the tears from her face. It's no joke to learn suddenly that you haven't got to live with your mother and that you got a whole house of your own, and a kitchen and everything; it's enough to make anybody cry. "I don't remember that picture. What does it say? It says 'Dip—dip—go on! Where did you ever graduate from?'"

"Where did I ever graduate from?" he blustered. "You just read that and see. There's my name, right there! I'm a graduate successor from the American Academy of Success, Successor, Mr. William McKinley McCann, that's me!"

Hilo, County Seat of Hawaii, With Snow-Capped Mauna Kea, One of the Highest Mountains in the Pacific, in the Background

TAPPAN

GAS RANGES



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SOCIALISM MAKES ITS BOW TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

(Continued from Page 9

That is the kind of socialism which the British race, unless it is indeed definitely decadent, will not stand for long.

But before that suicidal tendency is eliminated in the succession of future socialist governments which the swing of the electoral pendulum is likely to produce, the British Empire will have gone through vicissitudes which world-wide as it is, will affect every other nation on the globe. And all the world is anxiously watching the present experiment, mere prologue though it is.

The advent of the British Labor Party to power was marked by three events, all in their way symbolical—the death of Lenine, a strike of locomotive men which paralyzed the British railroads for a week and the creation of the first three Labor peers. The death of Lenine was a register point that revealed how far the tide of crude Bolshevism had ebbed from its high-water mark; for the time being the cause of world revolution and the abolition of capitalism is in the hands of those who believe in the superior efficacy of cautious constitutional revolution by parliamentary vote. The enginemen's strike revealed the difficulties which beset a Labor government when confronted by a revolt of some section of labor that can paralyze the national machinery. In this case, although all the more extreme of their own party were vehemently with the strikers, the government was fortunate in that only one small union was involved, while the trade-union of the vast majority of British railroad workers—the National Union of Railway Men—vitriolically denounced the strike as treason to the Labor cause. But the new government had an embarrassing week. And the creation of three new peers by a professedly socialist government—though necessary if that government was to have a minimum of spokesmen in the House of Lords—was a touch of irony which amused while it reassured the British public—do red revolutionaries create lords?—and at the same time perplexed or infuriated—according to their socialist ardor—the Labor Party's own supporters.

Surely, this was not revolution! It was deliberate perpetuation of the wicked capitalist system! And in those Labor clubs where the socialist and the communist rage together there was much furious oratory in consequence. Were the workers—those class-conscious workers who are happily still in so small a minority in Britain—once more betrayed? Alas, it was obviously only too true! Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had quite definitely no intention whatever of immediately inaugurating the dictatorship of the proletariat and the overlordship of the horny-throated comrade.

"So This is Socialism!"

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had collected a ministry, if not of all the talents—though its collective intellectual capacity can challenge comparison with any of its predecessors—at least of all, or nearly all, the respectabilities. It was a significant gesture. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. MacDonald cherishes an almost religious and quite unshakable faith in socialism—his own particular brand, *bien entendu*—as a panacea for social evils. But he has that shrewd perception of the possibilities and limitations of the moment—unkind people call it opportunism—which prevents him from setting his horse at a ditch too wide to leap. He prefers patiently to lead the docile beast round—the socialists have an ineffable faith in the docility of the British public—sure in his own mind that so long as he doesn't startle his mount he will eventually get to the other side. And one fine day the British public, quite unwittingly led to the millennium, will look around and exclaim, "So this is socialism! How nice!" That is the theory which underlies every act of this first British Socialist Government. Its one chance of existence, and of eventual attainment of its ends, is to make the British public forget all about socialism.

It is an ingenious theory, hallowed by many years successful minor practice by the Fabian Society—but, like many ingenious theories, it is somewhat too delicate to work in this rough world. Quite apart from the fact that a very large section of the British public is jumpily nervous at every act and word of its new masters, and, to continue the metaphor of the horse does not every politician in a government describe himself as in the saddle?—very ready to buck-jump and unseat its ultra-clever rider, it takes no account of the perfervid sincerity of those socialist millions who enthusiastically voted the Labor Party if not into power at least into that second place which by a peculiar constitutionalism was converted into office.

It cannot be too clearly remembered that socialism, to those who sincerely hold its tenets, has all the force of a religion. Some of those cultured and bourgeois or even aristocratically born gentlemen who sit on the Government Front Bench in the British Parliament and give a cool intellectual assent to the dogmas of Karl Marx—to what wild dogmas will intellectuals not give assent?—may be mere dilettanti. But the rank and file, the surging mass of simple-minded laboring men who have caught the contagion of the doctrines so long preached to them with such convincing vehemence, are fanatic in their creed—as fanatic as ever Covenanter or Huguenot, Moslem or crusading followers of Peter the Hermit.

The Unemployment Problem

Socialism has not conquered the intelligence of the masses of Europe; it has fired their emotional enthusiasm, as in the past that emotional enthusiasm was fired by some new religious faith. They never understood or understand the dogmas, anyway, then or now. All they understood was that a new road of escape to the millennium was suddenly opened to them. In the old days the millennium was in heaven. Socialism promises it at once, here on earth, and they are impatient to reach it. They have no comprehension of or sympathy with tactics. A million and a half men are out of work and hungry in England; the socialist government—by a miracle—has arrived.

"What about it, Ramsay?"

And not only are there 1,500,000 unemployed, with all the attendant misery and demoralization therein involved, but all the industrial workers of Great Britain are being squeezed in a very severe economic pinch. During the war, and in the postwar boom, which so suddenly collapsed at its climax in 1920, the industrial classes demanded, and obtained without much difficulty, substantial increases in wage rates. But in general those wage increases were not more than commensurate with the total rise in the cost of living, and in all the great industries a standard sliding scale was gradually agreed upon between the employers and the trade-unions which was based upon the average index figure as prepared by the Board of Trade. That index figure, published monthly, took into account a great many commodities, such as clothes and house furniture, which the workingman buys only at long intervals, and other quasi-luxury commodities—genuine butter, for example—which the British workingman rarely buys at all.

So long as that index figure was maintained at something like 100 per cent above prewar prices the working classes of Great Britain were slightly better off than before the war. But when that index figure began to come down, as it did in 1921, with a gradual quickening of descent through 1922 into 1923, the position was reversed. It was chiefly the quasi-luxury articles that cheapened. The working classes found that certain essential commodities, such as bacon and meat, of which they consume a great deal, were scarcely below the peak prices of 1920, while their wages were steadily falling in accordance with the official scale. In 1921, 7,200,000 workers lost £6,000,000 in weekly wages; in 1922, 7,600,000 lost an aggregate of £4,200,000 a week, and in 1923, 3,000,000 lost a further £4,000,000 a week. Nevertheless, with the exception of a dock strike in June, 1923, which was disowned by the Dockers' Union, they submitted loyally and almost without protest to these wage reductions successively enforced at those different points of the index-figure scale previously agreed to by their leaders.

Continued on Page 188

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(Continued from Page 186

But in the majority of instances the wage agreements made between the employers and the trade-unions provided only for a gradual reduction of wages pro rata with the cost of living. It was apparently assumed that a fall in the cost of living, once initiated, would continue until something like a prewar level was stabilized. It had not been foreseen that the index figure, after a sharp drop, might jump up again. Yet this is what has occurred. To give an example, the index figure was 79 above prewar in September, 1922, 69 in June, 1923, and 79 again in January, 1924. In that drop millions of pounds of wages were shaken out. There is not, generally, an automatic readjustment of wages to the higher scale again. The workers can restore their economic level of September, 1922, only by fresh negotiations with the employers—and strikes if need be. Consequently the industrial horizon of Great Britain is black with coming storm. Already more than 1,000,000 workers in the highly organized trades have handed in notices for the imminent termination of their agreements.

From the employers' point of view it is no simple matter to grant the unions' demands, however apparently justified they may be. British industry, since the crash in 1920, has been fighting a desperate battle to maintain itself in the markets of the world. Undersold by countries with depreciated currencies; burdened with a load of taxation unparalleled anywhere in the world; its Central European customers unable to purchase; its workers adamant in their insistence on a seven-hour day, when its Continental rivals work eight or ten—it has only, in the final analysis, kept itself alive by its traditional prestige and the comparative stability of British credit, which has permitted foreign customers to finance themselves in Britain for work to be carried out in that country. The employers maintain that they can increase wages only if the workers will at the same time increase production and reduce the overhead.

Behind it all lies the stern fact that Great Britain is—in present conditions—an overpopulated country. Her annual emigration of 250,000 people was stopped in 1914, and, from a variety of causes, has never been fully resumed. There are at least 4,000,000 people out of the 48,000,000 in Britain who would have been building up fresh markets overseas had there been no war. It is illustrative of this that British industry, despite all its handicaps, maintains in employment at the present moment almost precisely the same total number as in 1913. At the same time the total subsistence fund for the maintenance of that congested population is seriously diminished.

A Grave Situation

Not only has Great Britain lost many markets for her manufactured produce or been forced to compete in them at a lower margin of profit but the return from her invisible exports—the interest on her foreign loans in particular—which in prewar days provided so large a part of her revenue has been drastically reduced. In the most conspicuous instance, her financial relations with the United States have been entirely reversed—from being a creditor nation, she has become a debtor nation on a gigantic scale. Either Great Britain must recover her markets and open fresh ones or she will drift into a condition of acute internal crisis of which no man can see the end.

Not the least sinister feature of the present situation is that every year hundreds of thousands of lads are leaving school to find that there is no place for them in industry. They hang about the street corners in enforced idleness, draw the government unemployment dole, and eventually become unemployable and ripe for any mischief. It is those young gentlemen who form 90 per cent of the communists—not that the communist Party is at present very large in Britain. It exercises an influence on the Left Wing of the Labor-Socialist movement out of all proportion to its numbers.

All this is seething behind the Labor-Socialist government. That government exists on the votes of a little more than 4,000,000 working men and women—of whom about half perhaps are convinced socialists, but all of whom expect an immediate amelioration of their status from these loudly self-proclaimed friends of the workers. What are they going to do about it? Are they going to be a class government or a national government? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made haste to announce that his was not going to be a class government, but a government in the best interests of the nation—had it been otherwise he would have been flung from office on the instant by a combined vote of the Liberals and Conservatives—and pointed to his ministry of all the respectabilities as proof of it. At the same time he endeavors to quiet his restive followers by desperate semiprivate assurances—the official Labor publications, *passim*—that he has not lost faith in socialism, but that the only chance of an eventual genuinely socialist government, fully empowered by a socialist majority in Parliament, is by a parade of studied moderation now, while, nevertheless, all that can unobtrusively be done to give effect, both in home and foreign affairs, to socialist ideals and pledges shall be done. It would be a misuse of metaphor to say that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is in the saddle. He is like a circus rider mounted upon two horses, one foot on each. And sooner or later those two horses will violently diverge!

The first example of these Fabian socialist tactics occurred almost at once. Mr. MacDonald, while offending the bulk of his own party by excluding those two prominent Left Wingers, Messrs. Lansbury and Smillie from his cabinet, nevertheless threw a sop to the extremists by making Mr. Wheatley, the leader of the red Clyde socialists, Minister for Health.

Poplar Guardians in the Limelight

Now between the previous Liberal and Conservative Ministers of Health and the London Borough of Poplar there had been a long-standing feud. Poplar is a poor Thames-side parish, inhabited largely by casual laborers and afflicted with desperate and chronic unemployment. It is the constituency of Mr. Lansbury and one of the chief London centers of advanced socialism. One of the pet schemes by which the socialists hope to destroy capitalism is the legalization of the principle of Work or Full Maintenance—that is, at trade-union rates. Obviously, if a man receives as much for standing idle as for productive work, all incentive to labor vanishes—and the overwhelming horde of applicants for full maintenance would break down the resources of the strongest state and produce that financial chaos which is the socialist-communist dream.

Relief to the destitute is administered in Great Britain, under an admittedly obsolete act of 1834, by Boards of Parish Guardians. And the moving spirit on the Poplar Board of Guardians is Mr. Edgar Lansbury, Jr., as advanced a socialist as his member-of-Parliament father. The Lansburys saw a splendid opportunity to put this principle into practice at the expense of the ratepayers, few of whom, being large employers who live in more salubrious districts, had any controlling vote in the matter.

Accordingly, in 1920, the Poplar guardians began to relieve the destitute of their area at rates which, if not intrinsically immense, were higher than elsewhere in the country and often more than the recipients could earn if they were in employment. Mr. Edgar Lansbury himself exultantly proclaims this fact.

"Many members of the Poplar board work at the docks and on the railways and receive less in wages than the scale of relief they pay [out of other people's pockets] to their unemployed fellow workers," he writes in the New Leader of February 15, 1924.

The Ministry of Health's auditor promptly surcharged the offending guardians with the amount in excess; the guardians refused to pay and went to prison and were finally released, triumphant, but with the point at issue still unsettled.

Then began a long squabble between the Ministry of Health and the Lansburys; and in June, 1922, Sir Alfred Mond, the then minister, issued an order specifically directed at Poplar under which all payment in excess of a scheduled scale became illegal. But the socialist Poplar guardians ostentatiously ignored the order and defied the government of the day to do its worst. The audits of their accounts were suspended and the guardians personally became liable for vaguely vast amounts. Thus was the position when the Clyde-side socialist, Mr. Wheatley, assumed office as Minister of Health in January, 1924.

Almost his first visitors were the Lansburys, father and son, and the next day Mr. Wheatley had gratified his socialist comrades by rescinding the famous order and indemnifying them from their liabilities. Instantly there was a clamor all over the country. The socialist papers let themselves go in paeans of triumph; Work or Full Maintenance by administrative action seemed to be in sight. The nonsocialist majority saw in this act an example of that insidious sabotage of the social system by bureaucratic fiat which had been a haunting fear behind the confidently pronounced certainty that a socialist government in a minority could do no harm.

Mr. Asquith, perhaps regretting that he had put the socialists into office, seized on the episode and vigorously denounced the government, demanding a debate in Parliament for the discussion of its act. Something like a panic ensued among the socialists. Was their new government going to be massacred at birth? The debate had to be granted—but in the interval, Mr. Asquith, seeing that if he pressed his attack home his personal enemies, the Conservatives, would in all probability succeed again to power, thought better of it. And so, when the debate occurred, he actually led his Liberal followers into the lobby to support the government in the division he had himself provoked! It was a vivid exhibition of the inherent weakness of the Liberal Party and went far to discredit it with the country as a bulwark against socialism.

Mr. MacDonald, however, was obliged to give assurances that this kind of thing would not occur again. Apart from bringing the overdue reform of the Poor Law into the sphere of practical politics, the ultimate chief significance of the whole affair was that Mr. Wheatley, the heretofore despised Clyde-sider, scored a great personal success in the debate and revealed himself as a not improbable successor to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, if and when the Left Wing socialists get command.

That was the first pitched battle the socialists had to fight in Parliament, and they won it only because their adversaries ran away. But it came as a salutary reminder to them that the administrative method of advancing socialism was one to be used with caution.

A far more serious matter to them was the dock strike which broke out on February ninth and for ten days paralyzed the entire foreign trade of the country. In this instance the public feeling in Britain was almost unanimously on the side of the strikers. Rarely having a full week's work to do, the dockers live at the best of times very close on the starvation level. They had lost, by agreement, two shillings a day since the index figure had dropped below seventy-nine in September, 1922; they demanded that two shillings back, now that the index figure had risen to seventy-nine once more.

Official Sidestepping

But before the dispute was settled the government found itself in a very awkward position. Some 5000 sacks of inward American mails at Plymouth, and the outward Indian parcels mail, were held up by the strikers. In Britain it has always been an accepted axiom that, whatever happens, the mails go forward. A Liberal or Conservative government would have turned soldiers or sailors on to handling those sacks. A Labor government dared not do this lest it should be accused of blacklegging labor. The socialist Postmaster-General, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, in old days prominent as an extremist, even refused to accept the protection offered by the police to the outgoing Indian mail and ordered the postal vans to turn back.

This was all very well from the socialist point of view; the solidarity of labor, of course, comes before national interests. From the national point of view, it was the sort of thing that cannot be allowed to happen. The mercantile community—one can imagine the important business matters held up for ten days in those 5000 sacks of American mail—was furious and it made its views known to the government with some force. It is an open secret that the strike was eventually settled by the government explaining to the men's leaders that they must accept the 95 per cent compromise offered by the employers or—since as a Labor government it could not logically protect the country against labor—it would have to resign. And as this Labor government is still in the stage where to the working masses it is something almost mystically sacrosanct, something to be preserved at almost any sacrifice, the workers gave way. They got one shilling at once and the other shilling after a short period of waiting.

At the time of writing, the Labor government has so far introduced no important measures of its own, but it has backed two bills introduced by socialist members. One—a rent-restriction bill—was, in the words of its sponsors, designed to drive the private individual out of the business of owning house property. The other, an enlargement of the franchise, not only proposes to give the vote to girls of twenty-one but removes all the qualifications, residential and other, which had previously gone to secure some small stability in the male voter. Democracy could no further go. However, neither of these bills is yet law.

In the realm of home affairs it is the problem of unemployment that is going to provide the crucial test for the Labor government. While in opposition, the socialists not only mocked viciously at the efforts of preceding governments to deal with this key problem but loudly proclaimed to the universe that they—being "scientific experts" in the matter—had ready waiting a cut-and-dried infallible specific to settle it. Undoubtedly the suffering working classes believed them implicitly. After seven weeks' waiting, they were challenged in Parliament to produce not a detailed measure, but some sketch of their ideas. Mr. Tom Shaw, Minister of Labor and until January seventeenth cosecretary of the Hamburg International with Fritz Adler, answered for the government. It was a pitiable confession of impotence.

"The only real remedy," he said, "is in the restoration of foreign trade."

Those are the identical words so often used by his Liberal and Conservative predecessors. It was the turn of the other side to mock.

Anglo-French Relations

Stung by the sarcasms hurled at him, Mr. Shaw burst out, "We are not conjurers to produce policies like rabbits out of a hat!"

The House of Commons jeered—and the echo of that jeer is reverberating through the country.

The socialists have not claimed to be conjurers—but they have consistently claimed, with plausible and emphatic eloquence, to be magicians.

In foreign and imperial affairs the Labor government has been terribly embarrassed by its own side. As socialists, belonging mostly to the Independent Labor Party, and in all cases to the Hamburg International, they are individually pledged to the rescue of Germany from France and the complete independence of Egypt and India. But these things do not look quite so easy from the viewpoint of a government office as they did from the orator's platform. One has to go slowly—with slowness maddening to those irresponsible enthusiasts behind them, not themselves in office, who can afford a fine scorn of tactics.

And Mr. MacDonald has gone very slowly, very cautiously. The most important problem, of course, has been the relations between France and Britain; and not only the socialists but the Liberals and a section of the Conservatives view with anxiety the prospect of France keeping a grip on the Ruhr and becoming the metallurgical mistress of the Continent. The French, mindful of the antecedents of the Labor government, undoubtedly expected an immediate denunciation of themselves by the socialists and a period of strained relations—there are rumors of French long-range Berthas recently installed on the Channel coast.

But this is not Mr. MacDonald's way. From the military standpoint, Great Britain is in no condition to issue a peremptory challenge to French policy. The British air fleet must be immensely increased before that is possible. Mr. MacDonald sees, or thinks he sees, an easier way. He looks forward to the downfall of M. Poincaré. In the meantime he set himself to conciliate French opinion by exchanging courteous letters—to which all possible publicity is given—with M. Poincaré in the hope that, a more pleasant atmosphere being established, he will find M. Poincaré's successors easier to deal with than Mr. Bonar Law or Mr. Baldwin found M. Poincaré himself. He is at all costs determined not to strengthen M. Poincaré's position by evoking a storm of nationalist anti-British sentiment in France. So he coos seductively to France, comes to an agreement with her for a control of German

(Continued on Page 193)

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(Continued from Page 188

military resources—this is equally to the interest of the German communists; a revolt is alleged to be fixed for May—and accepts the sacred principle of reparations.

But the Labor government's worst troubles always arise from its own house. Mr. Arthur Henderson, who was chairman of the Hamburg International until he was appointed Home Secretary in the Labor government, was without a seat in Parliament and had to win one in a by-election at Burnley. And at Burnley he made a declaration which for a week convulsed Europe. He stated that "he wanted the public to understand where the government stood. . . . All of us who value world peace . . . must insist as an absolute essential on the revision of the Treaty of Versailles with all the expedition possible." He went on to say that this revision should be territorial as well as economic, that the treaty was "undoubtedly opposed to the principle of the pre-Armistice agreement upon which Germany grounded her arms," and that "they were violating ancient traditions in order merely that the spoils might go to the victors."

This last sentence reads very like an echo of one of the basic resolutions of the Hamburg International:

"The peace treaties violate all economic principles. A violent and overbearing spirit in the camp of the victors, hatred . . . on the part of the vanquished, such are the results ——"

As thirty-two European states hold their frontiers on the terms of the Versailles Treaty, this declaration startled the entire Continent. Mr. Henderson was a responsible cabinet minister, the former chief whip of the Labor Party—was he speaking on behalf of the British Government? Mr. MacDonald, when the storm burst in the British Parliament, said he was not. For whom then was Mr. Henderson speaking—for himself? Mr. Lloyd George gave voice to the general impression that the words had been put into Mr. Henderson's mouth.

When Hamburg Cracked the Whip

"They were not Mr. Henderson's words by any means," he said in the House of Commons; "not if I know him. I cannot say who wrote them for him. . . . It looked like an elaborate, carefully prepared declaration every word of which had been considered."

The truth of the matter was that the Hamburg International, disliking Mr. MacDonald's apparent *rapprochement* with M. Poincaré, was cracking the whip over the Labor government, which it regards as its nominees.

However, the British Parliament accepted Mr. MacDonald's declaration that Mr. Henderson's statement did not represent the policy of the government and so far as the public was concerned the matter dropped. Privately, it is reported, Mr. MacDonald sent his old colleague, Mr. Henderson, a very strongly worded letter in which he expressed his emphatic condemnation of the statement; and, fortified by the reports of British ambassadors abroad and the protests of foreign ambassadors in London, seized the opportunity to bring the Left Wing members of his cabinet and their—perhaps majority—supporters in the Labor Party to heel. Possibly as a sop to these friends of Germany, the British reparations duty on German imports was simultaneously administratively reduced from 26 to 5 per cent—it could not be abolished without reference to Parliament—to the great disgust of British manufacturers.

Just before this, two incidents in Parliament had vividly illustrated the disunion rapidly widening between the socialist government and its socialist supporters. The first of these arose from a question by the Conservative ex-Secretary for Air. He was obliging the socialist government, which, desirous of emphasizing to its own party the necessity of a strong air force if Germany was to be supported against France, nevertheless could not prevail upon any of its own pacifists publicly to raise the subject. Sir Samuel Hoare inquired whether the present government accepted the principle agreed upon at the Imperial Conference "that Great Britain must maintain a home-defense air force of sufficient strength to give adequate protection against air attack by the strongest air force within striking distance of her shores." He laid stress on the fact that France could match 1000 first-line aëroplanes—of which 600 were grouped as an independent striking force—against 100 British.

Mr. Leach, a professed pacifist—a month before he had publicly said that "Earl Haig would do better not to be proud of having done his duty. Together with Marshals Foch, Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff, he had played a leading part in the greatest and bloodiest swindle in the world's history"—and the socialist Undersecretary for Air got up to reply. His speech was an extraordinary and broken-backed compromise between the policy of his government—if the British Government is ever to put pressure on France it must have more aëroplanes—and his personal quite opposite opinions.

Officially: In answer to the question, he could say in plain and explicit terms that there was no change in the policy of the government for the time being in this matter. [Opposition cheers and a Labor cry of "Shame!"]

Personally: All the nations of the world that prepared most for war got the most war. Preparedness was not the best weapon of diplomacy. Two thousand years ago a great Reformer laid down the principles for solving the problem of national defense. If they wanted peace they must prepare for peace.

The House listened in an amazement that passed swiftly into indignation. The spectacle of a British minister for a vital branch of his country's defense publicly proclaiming that he did not believe in the job intrusted to him, and implying that the real principle of national defense lay in turning the other cheek to the aggressor, was a little too much for the common sense of British members of Parliament. The British House of Commons has traditionally a very tolerant sense of humor, but this was altogether beyond a joke. The government was only saved from defeat that night by the speaker applying the closure and refusing a division. And the Labor government was so dissatisfied with its own spokesman that next day it put up Lord Thomson—one of its newly created peers—in the House of Lords to state unequivocally its determination to create a strong air force.

The whole incident is typically illustrative of the confusion of mind in the socialist ranks. On the one hand, they are all enthusiastic champions of Germany and insistent that Great Britain shall force France to relax her grip upon her enemy. On the other hand, their ranks are filled with professed pacifists, conscientious evaders of military service during the war, cranks and idealists to whom all military preparation is anathema. Added to this, the Left Wing is furiously disgusted with Mr. MacDonald's moderation. It is sorely tempted to pull his government down, in the hope that the extremists would, somehow or other, manage to get his place.

The second incident also arose out of a question of national defense. A Liberal member—and the Liberal Party contains almost as many pacifists and conscientious objectors as the Socialist—challenged the government's decision to proceed immediately with the building of five new cruisers, demanded as a minimum by the Admiralty for trade-route protection.

The Premier's Message to India

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald answered for himself. Those ships, he declared, were replacements. He believed in disarmament, but not in disarmament by letting the navy rot away to nothing. Furthermore, he gave as his fundamental reason for proceeding with the building of those ships that it would diminish unemployment in the shipbuilding industry and in the Royal Dockyards. This argument had no weight with the socialist Friends of the Workers. Practically the whole of the socialist back benches, including several parliamentary private secretaries to ministers, announced themselves as against their own government, although when the matter was put to a division they contented themselves as did some socialist ministers with significantly abstaining from voting. On this occasion, by a curious irony, it was the Conservative vote which saved the Labor-Socialist government from defeat.

Again, over the question of India, the dissatisfaction of the advanced socialists and it must be remembered that most British socialists are advanced or nothing with their cautious ministerial leaders has become acute. It will be recalled that, immediately Mr. MacDonald was Premier-designate, he cabled a message to India which warned the Indian revolutionaries that "No party in Great Britain will be cowed by threats of force. . . . If any sections in India are under the delusion that that is not so, events will very sadly disappoint them."

That blunt declaration evoked vehemently angry protest from Mr. MacDonald's own supporters, pledged a thousand times over as they were to complete independence for India—an anger that was scarcely mollified by the immediate release from prison of the arch anti-British agitator Gandhi. The Premier, however, reaffirmed his policy on February twenty-sixth through the mouth of Lord Olivier, another of the newly created socialist peers and Secretary of State for India.

Speaking in the House of Lords, Lord Olivier, in a long and carefully phrased speech, wherein he stated that the Labor government was "unequivocally friendly to the Indian Constitutional Reform Party," told not merely that House of Lords which he addressed but that far-off India, anxiously waiting for a clear declaration of the Labor government's intentions, that although the government had pinned their faith to a program of constitutional democracy, they claimed to know by centuries of experience in Europe and America the laws and conditions indispensable for the stable working of that system, which was not native to India. It was perfectly plain to the government that those conditions were not at present established in India and could not be established at a few months' notice by the deliberation of a round-table conference or by the premature report of a commission under the Government of India Act.

Party Discipline Wanting

It was once more a plain rebuff to all those Indian agitators, for so many years such close friends of a Labor Party volubly sympathetic with every interest that was anti-British, who expected that the first act of a Labor government would be to march the British out of India and leave 300,000,000 ignorant and helpless peasants to their exploitation.

Immediately the storm burst out. A day or two previously, the Feburary twenty-second issue of the New Leader—the Labor government's official weekly—had hopefully looked forward to the time when "we"—the socialists—"carry the Indianization of the Indian Army to a point which will permit first of the reduction and then of the withdrawal of the white garrison." And in the Daily Herald, the Labor government's own and only newspaper, Mr. George Lansbury, that prominent Left Wing socialist whom Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had not invited to join his cabinet, had written:

"It is not expected that full dominion status can be given at once; but what is expected of Lord Olivier next Tuesday is a declaration that the present government will not wait another eight years before considering a further extension of self-government, but on the contrary will, in conformity with the desire expressed by the Legislative Assembly of Delhi, set up a round-table conference."

The demand for that round-table conference had been in defiant revolt against the government of India, and Lord Olivier's declaration, much to the disgust of the bulk of the Labor Party, had been in direct opposition to Mr. Lansbury's virtual order.

Accordingly the next day this Labor-government organ devoted its leader to the chastisement of its own Secretary of State:

"It was the cold official tone he adopted, the bureaucratic blinkers which he ostentatiously wore, that filled with dismay those of his audience who had looked forward to hearing Labor's Indian policy courageously outlined.

"It would have been enough to speak with sympathy of the Indian desire for self-government, to make it clear that Labor repudiates the claim to India as a British estate, to admit that we are there by the will of the Indian people, and to suggest at any rate some approximate date for the abolition of tutelage and the setting up of dominion home rule. . . . We are afraid his speech will make many Indians think there is next to no difference, so far as India is concerned, between a Labor government and any other."

Obviously the discipline among Mr. MacDonald's closest supporters—the Daily Herald lives on subsidies from the Labor government's party funds—is susceptible of improvement.

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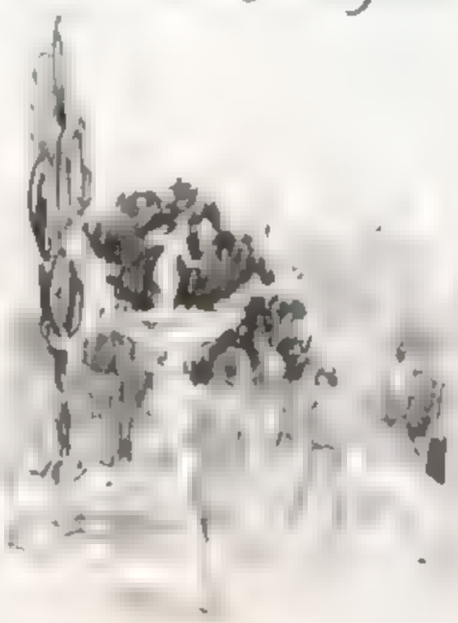

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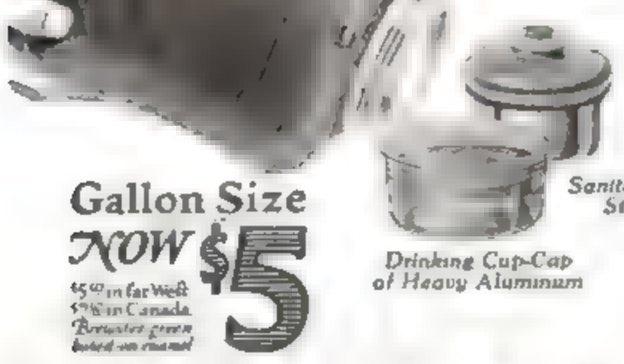

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whose earthquake shock may send a quiver through the whole world is outside the scope of this article. Here we are concerned only with the stability of the present Labor-Socialist government at the nerve center of the British Empire—and, quite evidently, its stability is extremely precarious. It pleases no one; least of all, it would seem, its own supporters. Only one of its acts -apart from the unconditional recognition of Soviet Russia—has met with unanimous approval from the totality of the Labor Party—the decision to abandon the Singapore base. In this approval the majority of British Liberals concurred—on the grounds, it is alleged, that Great Britain cannot afford to make simultaneous military preparation in the Pacific and against France; and preparation against France they believe to be incomparably more urgent. In this direction, the return of the British fleet to its pre-1912 preponderance in the Mediterranean is significant. It can immobilize France's black African army.

But whatever support the decision to abandon the Singapore base—or rather those extensions which would make it possible for a modern battleship to refit there—may receive in England, in those British dominions east of Suez it has been received with dismay. They are acutely conscious of the temptation their own sparsely settled lands offer to the overcrowded population of Japan; and under present conditions the British battle fleet is totally unable to fight an action in the Pacific. A fleet, particularly if it has to come from the other side of the world, needs a base and docking accommodation in the strategic area just as much as it needs guns. The nearest base at which a British battleship, damaged in a fight in the Pacific, could refit is Malta. It might as well be, for all practical purposes, in the moon.

Last year, at the Imperial Conference which met in London, the dominion premiers strongly urged the immediate necessity of this base and offered to contribute to its cost. They were vigorously backed up by the British Admiralty, who, in amicable agreement with their American confreres for the keeping of the peace in the Pacific, had, it may be surmised, agreed with the United States for the improvement of Singapore as a complement to the American bases in a possible joint defense of the Pacific against a menace from the north. At any rate, it is significant that at the Washington Conference Singapore was left just outside the geographical area in which no new fortifications were to be permitted.

Certainly, whatever the truth of this, the British Admiralty agreed with the British dominions that the modernization of Singapore is an absolute necessity—and it was reported that when Mr. MacDonald decided to stop further work on it Lord Beatty was on the verge of sending in his resignation by way of resounding protest.

However, although the British dominions may rage in ineffectual wrath and alarm, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has for once enjoyed the unanimous support of all his followers. The occasion is so isolated that it is significant.

The Power Behind the Premier

How long is Mr. MacDonald going to hold power?

The British Labor Government is a product of the British Parliamentary Labor Party; and the Parliamentary Labor Party, although it comprises all the socialist parties and a number of avowed communists, is chiefly a product of the Independent Labor Party—by far the strongest socialist organization in the country and yielding nothing to its rivals in fervent advocacy of advanced doctrines.

The Independent Labor Party is the power behind Mr. MacDonald's throne. When Mr. MacDonald produced his carefully selected ministry of all the respectabilities, the I. L. P.—as it familiarly calls itself—acquiesced with no very good grace. Reluctantly convinced that it was the only way of establishing a socialist government that would last a week, and brought to see, in the interests of that next time to which they look forward, that a socialist government here and now which would demonstrate to the nervous British public that Labor was fit to govern was highly desirable, it nevertheless insisted on the inclusion of a sprinkling of Left Wingers in the cabinet and in the minor offices.

But Mr. MacDonald was apparently adamant in his determination that two of the best-known advanced socialists—universally regarded as certainties for the first Labor government—Messrs. Smillie and Lansbury, should be left out. Mr. Smillie probably owed his exclusion to his spoiling the effect of Mr. MacDonald's carefully tactful speech at the Albert Hall Victory gathering on January seventh by assuring his enthusiastic audience that the revolution was still coming; and Mr. Lansbury, about the same time, had seized the opportunity to make publicly some very offensive references to King George V.

But the Independent Labor Party found a better use for these two stalwarts. It formed a special committee—known as the Ginger Committee—for the express purpose of keeping the government up to the maintenance of the sacred socialist cause, and it put Messrs. Smillie and Lansbury at the head of it.

Through this committee the I. L. P. hopes to control the government, even as the Jacobin Club in Paris controlled the French Revolutionary government—and it has already had one or two sharp conflicts with the premier.

In addition to this, the advanced members of the cabinet do their best to force the pace by statements from public platforms which are—and are meant to be—a considerable embarrassment to Mr. MacDonald in his placatory attitude of moderation. Mr. Henderson's demand for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles is a case in point, and on the same platform Mr. Leach—the hero of the air-force debate—publicly advocated the nationalization of banks; that is, the seizure by the state of all credit, one of the most favored of the socialist plans for the quick smashing of the capitalist system. Mr. MacDonald may do his best to make the British public forget all about socialism until socialism has imperceptibly become a fact; his supporters will have none of such subtle tactics. They declare their aims with an uncompromising frankness that must give the socialist premier many a bad half hour.

The Socialists' Program

"As we take power now," says the Labour Monthly for February, "we are dependent on Liberal votes and will have to modify our programme accordingly. This need not necessarily be fatal to us. It all depends on what we get in return for our temporary postponement of the Capital Levy. We shall get the sole control over the administrative machine of the State. . . . The Capital Levy is ruled out for the time being. There is only one other means by which we can finance our schemes. . . . We can tread the thorny path of inflation. If the Liberals could induce us to do this, their speculators would rake in the cash, while we should rake in the curses of all those small middle-class people and artisans who have invested their savings in housing bonds, war loan and coöperative banks. They are with us now—or a larger part of them are—but after this they would either turn to the Tories or become the rank and file recruits of a Fascist movement.

"These are prospects that await us if we try to finance over a period of years our social schemes by inflation. We should abandon our economic key position—the Capital Levy—and a measure closely associated with it, control of the banks. . . . We must not abandon our economic key position, the Capital Levy. We must use the administrative apparatus of the state in order to show that a Socialist Party can and will set that apparatus in motion to replace private enterprise. Having done this . . . it will then be absolutely necessary to appeal to the electorate on the issue created by ourselves—capital levy and control of banks, or inflation."

That is one sample. And, it may be added, this cynical abuse of its administrative powers for its own purposes by a socialist government in a parliamentary minority is precisely the danger that the British public most fears—and the danger that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been trying his hardest to make that public forget. He has tried so hard in fact that it is beginning to look to the socialists as though Mr. MacDonald did not believe in the social revolution after all, even if attained by constitutional methods. They are getting terribly afraid that possibly—quite possibly—his government is going to prove a lightning conductor for the revolutionary spark. Hence the I. L. P. Ginger Committee, and hence much plain speaking in the socialist press. *(Continued on Page 197)*

Passing the buck in the conference room

"WHAT'S this? What's this?" exclaimed the President. "You mean I should have hung around here to buy materials for a power-piping job we were going to install with our own men? There's going to be some fireworks around this plant," he added testily. "When I get to the bottom of this costly delay somebody is going to be fired from these works."

The President's frown warned the group about him not to laugh at his inadvertent pun.

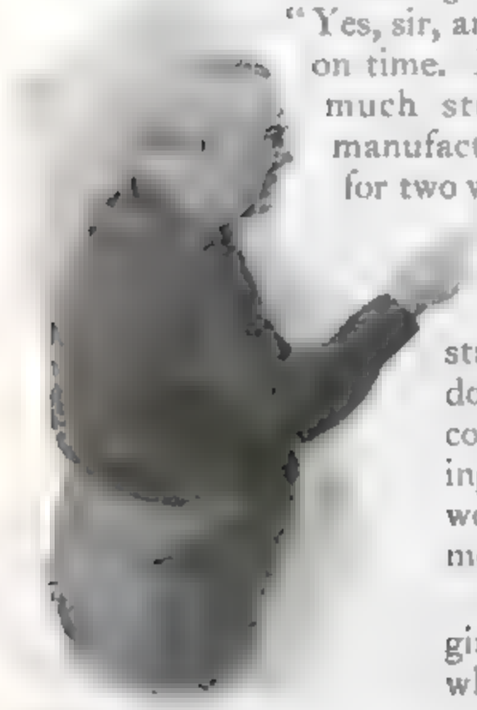
Production Manager: "As I wired you in New York I lacked the authority to get out of this hole."

President: "The same old alibis. I'm tired of having the buck passed from department to department every time I leave town for a few weeks. I certainly thought I could count on an experienced chief engineer to get a piping job properly installed, especially when it was planned and specified in detail by our consulting engineer."

Chief Engineer (First buckholder): "Any contractor or even our own men could have put in this piping work easily in two weeks with anything decent to put in."

President (turning to Purchasing Agent): "Didn't my last memorandum to you explicitly state that our prompt shipment clause was to be a part of every order for material?"

Purchasing Agent (who now holds the buck): "Yes, sir, and the original materials all arrived on time. But the Chief Engineer rejected so much stuff that we've had a flock of manufacturing representatives bothering us for two weeks. They've been dealing direct with him. Nothing but constant bickering. No correspondence. No record. I'll never be able to straighten things out with the half dozen people I've dealt with. All I could do was to call in the Consulting Engineer to see if his specifications were sufficiently definite to protect me."



President: "Mr. Consulting Engineer, will you please put this buck where it belongs?"

Consulting Engineer: "Mr. President, hold out your hand. In going over the records yesterday with your Purchasing Agent I found this personal memorandum in your handwriting—it says—'Re bids on piping materials for Plant B power work. Prices from individual manufacturers $2,000 lower than any bid for the complete materials called for in the specifications. Save this money by picking up materials in lowest markets.'"

President: "Certainly. That's always been our practice. Saved us a lot of money."

Chief Engineer: "That practice . . ."

Consulting Engineer: "That practice, Mr. President, is obsolete, especially where so much material is involved. Apparent savings turn into actual losses, as your cost-sheets show. That's why I invariably advise placing the entire specification for piping materials with one company that can properly interpret my plans, take off the list of materials, make the bends and welds accurately, cut and thread the pipe carefully and deliver the whole job in accordance with my sketches *and* in time."

Chief Engineer: "I tried to get the Purchasing Agent to give Grinnell Company the order for materials but your memo—"

Consulting Engineer: "And a wise choice it would have been."

President: "Well, I guess the old buck has finally parked itself right with those fireworks I was going to set off. From now on *I'll consider myself fired* while you engineers are placing the orders."

* * * * *

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(Continued from Page 194)

"Let there be no mistake as to the position," says the editorial of that same Labour Monthly for February. "The majority of the Labour movement is wholeheartedly behind the decision to form a Labour government. But there is not the same unity as to the policy to be pursued. . . . The real question is a question of administration. How are, for whom will they deal with affairs as they arise—strikes, police, wages, empire, armaments, foreign issues, and so on? Will they stand by and for the working class first and foremost all the time, or will they consider themselves the guardians and representatives of the capitalist state machine? Between these two alternatives there must in fact be a choice.

"Ominous statements have already appeared. The view of the Right Wing, expressed by Messrs. Webb and Thomas—two members of the cabinet—has been declared that the object of forming a Labour government is 'simply and solely to give constitutional effect to the duty of carrying on the King's government.' That is at any rate a frank statement. Equally definite views have been expressed by the Left Wing that the object shall be to fight for the workers. Which is it to be? Let there not be any conscious self-deception of trying to hide behind idyllic statements that there ought not to be any conflict between the two. As soon as a practical issue arises, such as a strike or a war, that abstract harmony is blown sky-high. . . . Let the Labour government stand by the workers, and the workers will stand by it."

Orders From Moscow

The March issue of The Plebs, the organ of the National Council of Labour Colleges—a potent force in the socialist movement—is equally to the point.

"The incurable romanticism which clings to the belief in the saving grace of sweet reasonableness as a means of making expropriation at once pleasant to the expropriated and profitable to the expropriator is entrenched upon the Treasury Bench. . . . It is not enough to wag our heads gravely in the direction of Eccleston Square" [the offices of the Labor Party] "and to mutter 'Fie! Fie!' as knight succeeds unto baron in the Labour hierarchy and minor lights intrigue for the posts of Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household and the reversion to the hereditary Wardship of the Kitchen Fire-irons. . . . Armchairs have a fascination few can resist; but with a Mills bomb under the seat they lose much if not all of their charm."

And so on. If the socialist dignitaries of the first British socialist government forget about socialism in the process of making the British public forget it, it will not be for lack of ginger from their supporters. The communists—ordered by Moscow on February sixth "to come to common action with the left political organizations, as well as with the local organizations of the Labour Party"—have intensified their virulent campaign against that "bourgeois reactionary," Ramsay MacDonald, whom the Bolsheviks—ungrateful for his recognition—so charmingly promised to support "as the rope supports a hanged man." Sympathetically the Left Wing Labour Monthly for March considers this a judicious moment to publish a venomously hostile article on Ramsay MacDonald which Lenine wrote in 1919. From somewhere behind the scenes, the word has gone forth that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is to be discredited with the socialist masses by all possible means. In the view of the ardent revolutionaries, he is a Kerensky whose overthrow by a Lenine is almost due. Perhaps. Perhaps not.

What is going to happen? It is possible that Mr. MacDonald may resign—as an individual, not as the head of a government—on the ground of ill health and be replaced by some more uncompromisingly vigorous socialist—Mr. Wheatley, for example. But his majesty King George, acting, of course, under the advice of the Liberal and Conservative leaders, might prefer not to summon another socialist leader without reference to the country. In that case there would be another general election.

More probably, perhaps, Mr. MacDonald, having triumphantly convinced the British middle classes that Labor is fit to govern, may force a dissolution in the summertime and go to the electorate with an alluring program of spoliation of the rich for the benefit of the poor, coupled with complaints that the wicked capitalists prevented his minority government from bringing in the millennium during its term of office. Next time, therefore, it must be a majority government, and it is just possible that the socialists might get that majority.

Forces in Opposition

Establishing a socialist government on any terms and at all costs was a shrewd piece of tactics; it has given the British masses the feeling that socialism is winning, and it is human nature to want to be on the winning side. Almost certainly the socialist vote at the next election will be vastly increased. The reaction will come later—when the country has had a dose of real socialism.

And what of the forces in opposition? The Liberals are visibly disintegrating. Short of a miracle, their party will split into two—one part coalescing with its natural affinity, the doctrinaire intellectual socialists, the less radical half going to join the Conservatives in an anti-Socialist Party. And the Conservatives? The Conservatives are looking for a leader in the coming fight. Mr. Baldwin is no doubt a very excellent man, but as a leader he has hitherto failed to inspire any very conspicuous enthusiasm in his followers. Who will be that leader? Mr. Winston Churchill, in the opinion of many Britishers.

Mr. Churchill was originally a Conservative, and throughout his career, in all the greater questions with the exception of free trade, has been nearer the Conservatives than to his Liberal colleagues. He failed to win a constituency in the general election; but—there being a vacancy in the historic Westminster division—he offered himself to the Conservative headquarters as a Conservative candidate. The group that controls the high policy of the Conservative Party, however, is like the old Bourbons. It is incapable either of learning or forgetting anything. It cannot forget that Winston Churchill deserted the Conservatives for the Liberals, and that he was hostile to the Ulster cause. Accordingly it refused him, and Mr. Winston Churchill stood on his own platform as a definite antisocialist.

But he may yet be the next Conservative Prime Minister. Undoubtedly he will be the outstanding figure in the offensive against socialism which the older parties will certainly launch at no very distant date. A socialist government is a dangerous experiment for the British Empire, and the more educated classes have no desire to give it a longer length of rope than that necessary to hang itself with. And that length they may—not improbably—miscalculate.

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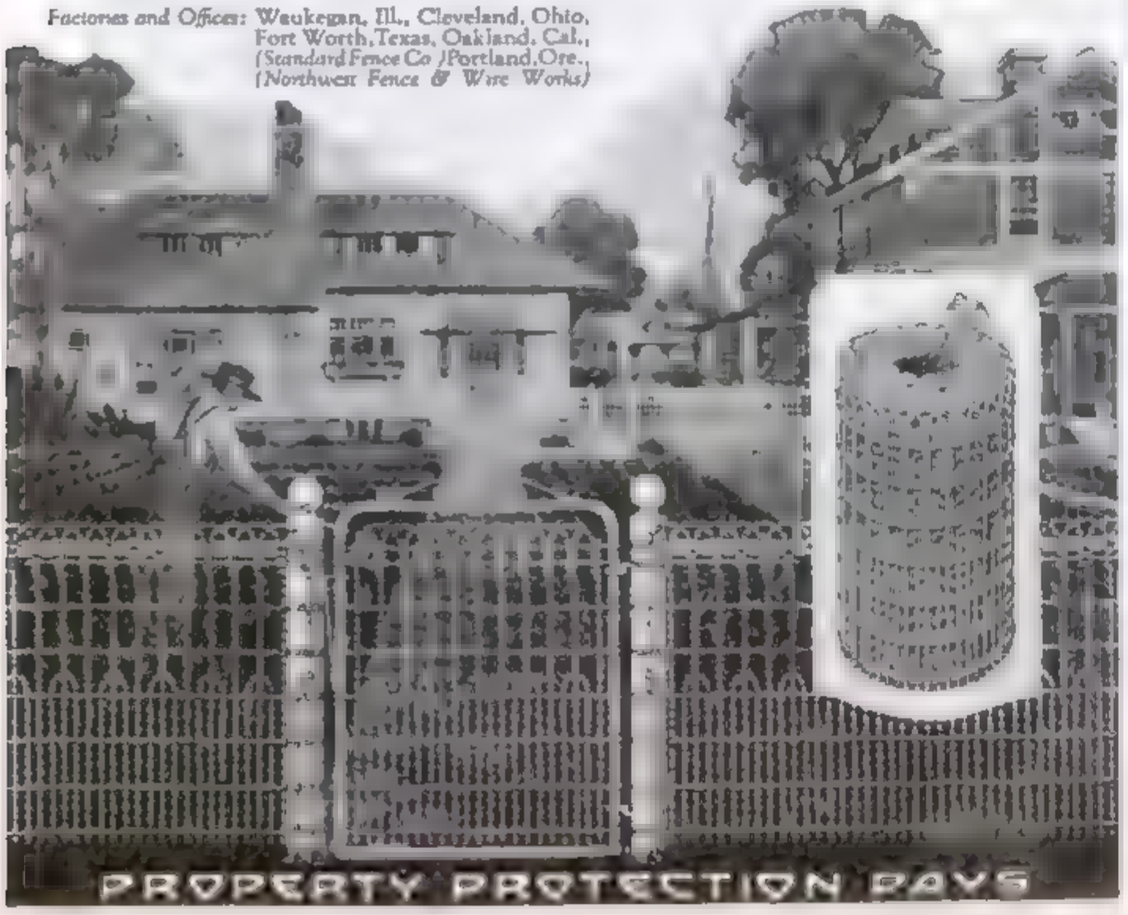

THE MEDITERRANEAN SOUTH

(Continued from Page 8)

about 118,000 square miles. On this area lives a population of nearly 40,000,000, rapidly increasing in numbers.

Italy is a well-defined geographical unit. Sundered from the European land mass by the massive rampart of the Alps, and washed elsewhere by the sea, Italy's boundaries are clearly traced by Nature. This natural isolation has been enough to insure the impress of a common language and culture upon all the inhabitants of the peninsula. It has not, however, been enough to keep out numerous foreign influences. The mountain chain of the Alps is broken by passes through which invading hosts have often poured. Also, the seas which bound Italy are narrow and easily crossed from the opposite shores. In fact Italy has for ages been racially modified by two contrasted streams of incoming population, one entering the country through the Alpine passes of the north, the other descending upon its southern coasts from lands to the eastward or from North Africa. This is the basic reason for those pronounced racial distinctions which characterize the Italian people today.

Another factor making for racial diversity is Italy's internal geography. The peninsula itself is mainly mountainous, thus breaking up the land surface into many small districts separated from one another. Only in the north is there a really large stretch of plain country—the broad valley of the Po. These two geographical factors together give the key to Italy's racial history.

Today as in the past, Italy is divided into two sharply contrasted regions inhabited by populations of a very different character. To the north lies the rich Po Valley, a natural magnet for invaders from beyond the Alps. To the southward stretches the narrow and mountainous peninsula, becoming ever more rugged and broken, relatively unattractive and inaccessible to landward penetration from the north, yet open to landings from the sea.

We are now able to understand Italy's racial history, which has followed closely the lines traced by Nature. The earliest inhabitants of any lasting significance were the Mediterraneans, the slender, dark-complexioned people who entered the peninsula many thousands of years ago, coming apparently both from the eastward through the Balkans and from the southward by way of Northern Africa. Settling the entire peninsula, together with its island appendages, Sicily and Sardinia, they made Italy for a while a solidly Mediterranean land.

Roman Patricians of Nordic Strain

Presently, however, their title to sole ownership was challenged. Through the Alpine passes to the north began to flow that succession of invasions which has so profoundly modified Italy's destiny. At first these invaders were men of the round-headed, thick-set Alpine race who gradually conquered the Po Valley, expelling or absorbing the Mediterraneans and turning Northern Italy into the predominantly Alpine land which it has ever since remained. Later on, tall, blond Nordics crossed the Alps, conquering the mixed Alpine and Mediterranean populations of Northern Italy and establishing themselves as ruling aristocracies. In time these mixed tribes under Nordic leadership pushed southward, modifying the racial make-up of Central Italy, but rarely penetrating to the extreme south, which remained almost solidly Mediterranean in blood.

Rome is the leading example of the peoples which arose as the outcome of these prehistoric migrations. The Roman people in its early days was clearly of diverse racial origin. Like most of the great peoples of antiquity, it was composed of a ruling aristocracy differing sharply in race from the mass of the population. The Roman patricians, the ruling class, were apparently Nordics with a perceptible dash of Alpine blood. This is clear from the busts which have come down to us, most of which show plainly Nordic—sometimes startlingly Anglo-Saxon—features, combined with a broadish head betraying an Alpine strain.

The predominantly Nordic racial make-up of the Roman ruling class is made equally clear by a study of the Roman temperament, which was plainly Nordic in its political and military ability, love of order and stern devotion to duty; yet also showed an Alpine cross by its rigidity, limited vision and lack of creative imagination. The Roman plebeians seem to have been mainly Mediterraneans, steadied by a fairly strong Alpine infusion and with a few Nordic traces.

It is interesting to observe how sharp was the consciousness of racial differences between the two orders of society in early Rome. The patricians as Nordic aristocracies have always done—long kept the purity of their blood by stern prohibition of intermarriage with the plebeians, thus maintaining their hold upon the state and impressing their spirit so deeply upon Roman institutions and customs that their ideals persisted long after the patrician class had lost its Nordic character.

This nature of the old Roman spirit needs to be emphasized because it has been so widely misunderstood. The prevailing idea is that the early Romans were small, dark people—in other words, Mediterraneans. This is a serious error, because it misinterprets the very source of Latin civilization. As a matter of fact, a glance at Roman ideals and institutions shows that these were patently Nordic with Alpine modifications. The truth is that down to the fall of the republic—when Rome ceased to be racially Roman—the spirit of Roman society was emphatically un-Mediterranean. To think of the stern, practical, unimaginative Roman patrician as a typical Mediterranean is nothing short of ludicrous. It would have been clean against the Mediterranean race soul, which, wherever found in anything like racial purity, whether in ancient Greece or in modern Ireland, is always basically the same.

The Legacy of Rome

To find the Mediterranean spirit in ancient Italy we must look, not to Rome, but to those states of Southern Italy and Sicily which were Rome's early rivals. Here, indeed, we discover the Mediterranean soul at its best—its artistic gifts, its hot emotions, its quick imagination, its love of form, color and life; here also we find that extreme individualism and political instability which have ever been Mediterranean weaknesses and which brought Southern Italy under Roman rule.

The Roman period needs to be examined not only because it set an indelible stamp upon Italian ideals and culture but also because it produced important racial changes in the Italian population. Modern Italy can, in fact, be understood only in connection with the Roman past.

The legacy of Rome was both good and evil. Rome made Italy for centuries the center of the world and bequeathed a wealth of glorious memories which must ever stir Italian hearts. Today, as in other days, Italians are steeped in the Roman tradition, and Italian leaders from Rienzi to Mussolini turn naturally to ancient Rome for inspiration. The Fascisti, with their legions, their classic salute and their symbol of the fasces—the ax bound with rods—are indulging in no vain theatricalities; these things are the instinctive expressions of a people with whom old Rome is still a burning memory.

Such is the bright side of Rome's legacy to modern Italy. Yet there is a darker side. Rome, though mistress of the world, dealt the Italian homeland wounds which fester through the ages. The evil aspects of Roman society, the drain of foreign conquests and civil strife, the curse of slavery—these and other baneful factors impoverished and degenerated the population not only of Rome itself but of all Italy, so that when the Roman Empire finally fell it left behind an exhausted, enfeebled stock, unable either to carry on the traditions of Roman civilization or to defend itself against its enemies. For centuries Italy became a mere geographical expression, the helpless prey of foreign invaders.

Particularly deep and lasting was the racial damage suffered by the south. Northern and Central Italy gradually recovered energy and ability, owing both to the vitality surviving in the native stock and to the incoming of superior new blood. But the population of Southern Italy and Sicily was so thoroughly drained and degenerated during Roman times that it has ever since been inferior in quality. Here, as in some other parts of the Mediterranean basin, the Mediterranean stock today ranks below its

(Continued on Page 201)

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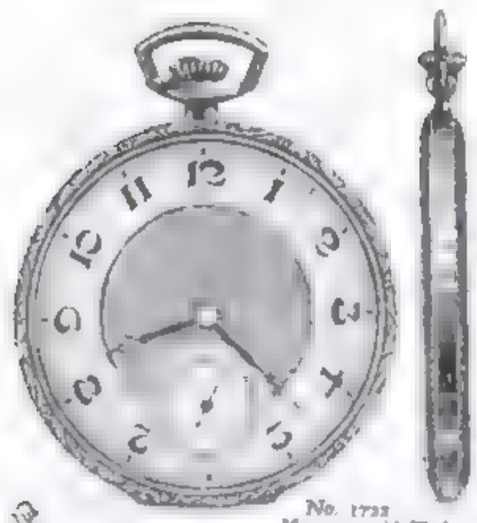

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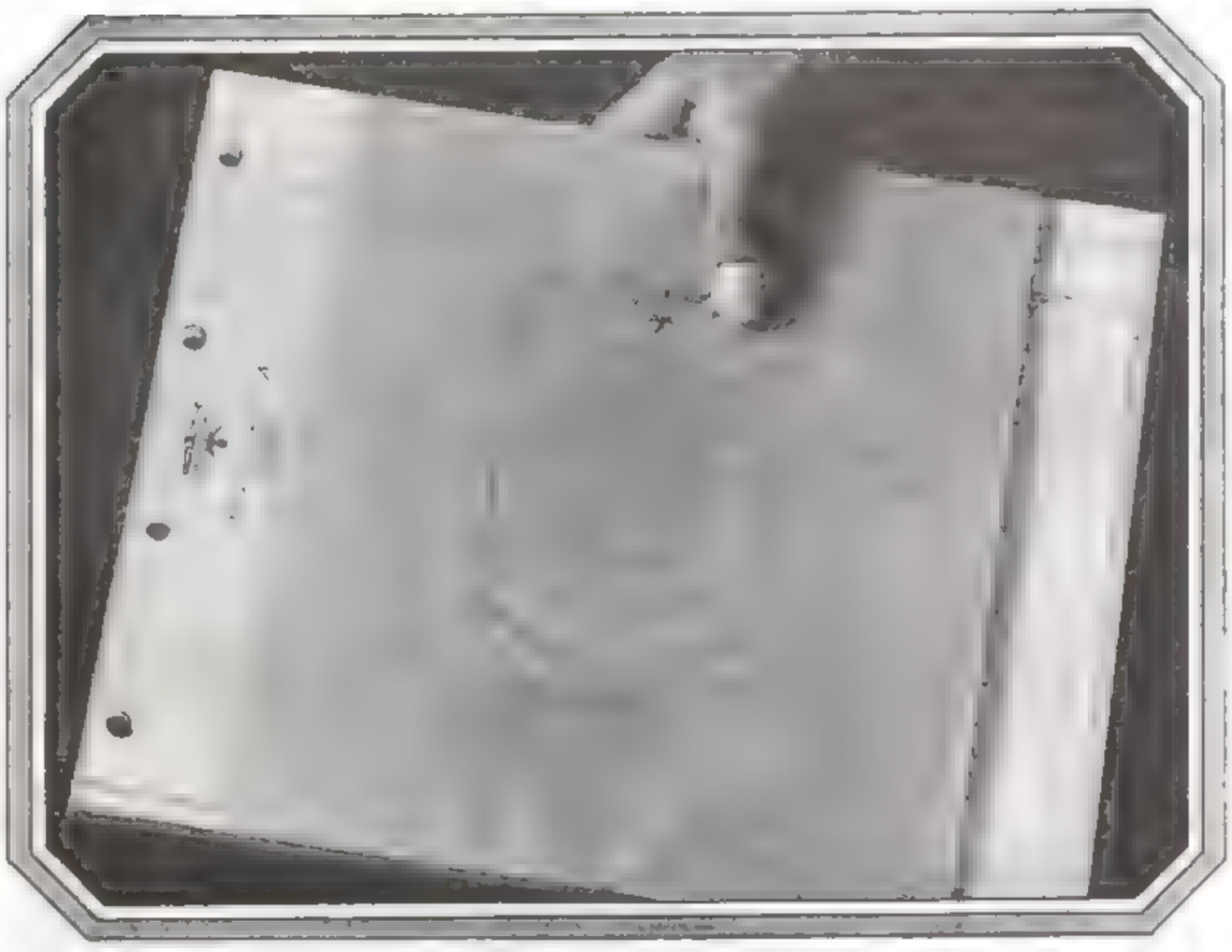

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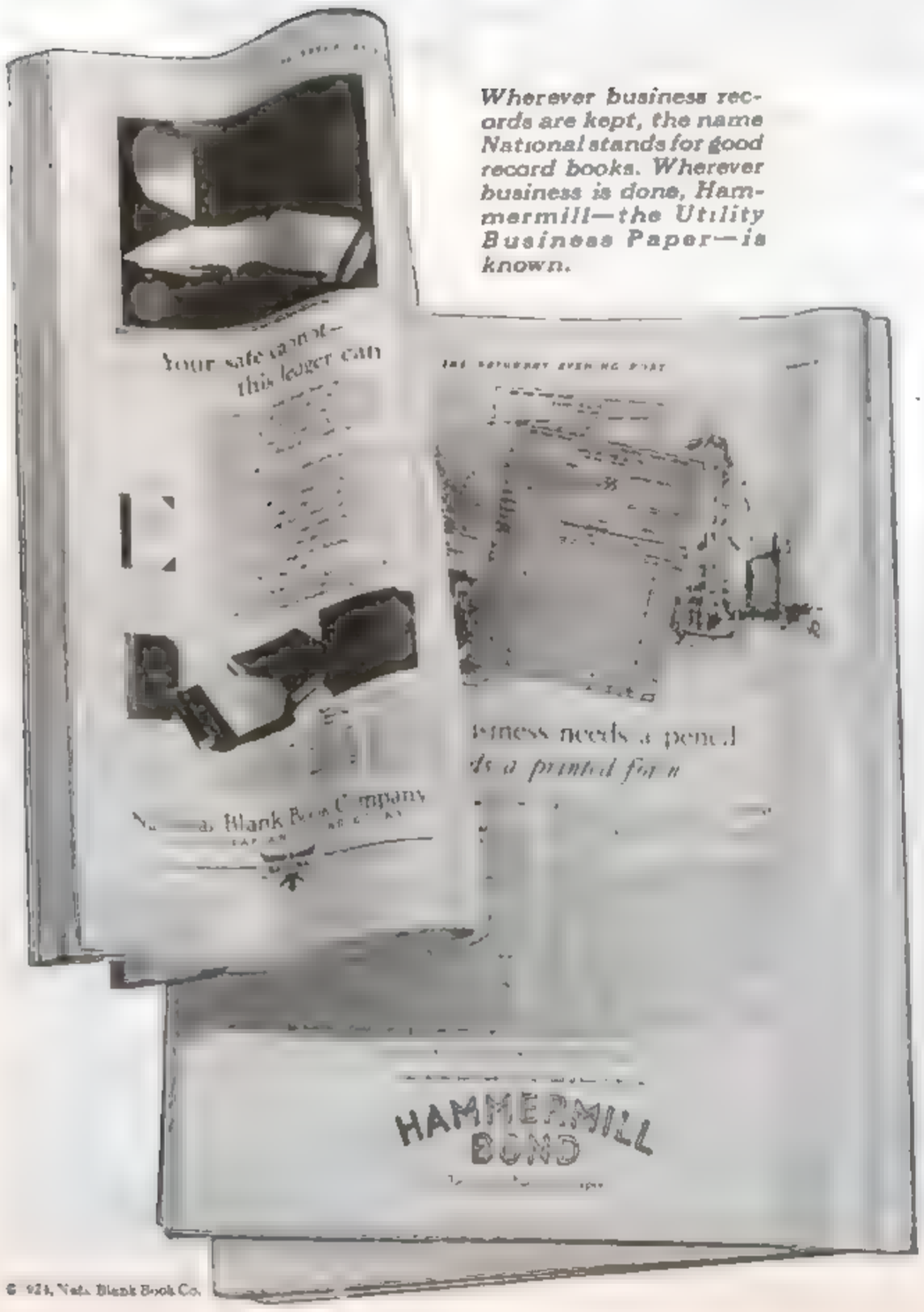
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LOOSE LEAF AND BOUND BOOKS

(Continued from Page 198)

level in ancient times. The early Mediterranean inhabitants of Southern Italy and Sicily were vigorous, gifted peoples, who produced gracious, colorful civilizations.

These civilizations, however, faded out in a cycle of strife ending in Roman rule. The south fell on evil days. The countryside passed into the hands of Roman land speculators who parceled it out into great estates—*latifundia*—worked by gangs of slaves mostly drawn from inferior Asiatic and African stocks. The dwindling remnants of the native population crowded into the cities, became pauperized proletarians, and intermarried with freed slaves and nondescript immigrants, also largely drawn from the Levant and North Africa. It is from this population of later Roman times that the modern South Italians and Sicilians mainly descend. In them the presence of Asiatic and North African strains is today plainly visible, these strains having been not only implanted in Roman times but further reënforced during the Middle Ages, especially in the period when Southern Italy and Sicily fell under Saracen rule.

Far happier was the course of events in Northern and Central Italy. To begin with, these regions were not racially impoverished during the Roman period to anything like the same extent as the south, while comparatively little admixture of inferior Levantine and North African elements took place. Furthermore, the fall of Rome was accompanied by a series of barbarian invasions which, however destructive at the time, brought in much good new blood. These invaders were mostly Nordics, and the Nordic stream from beyond the Alps continued to flow for centuries, leavening the populations of Northern and Central Italy with Nordic energy and creative ability.

The growing vigor of the Northern Italian stock presently displayed itself by the rise of strong city states like Venice and Florence, and by a splendid outburst of artistic and literary ability crowned by geniuses like Dante, Michelangelo and Raphael. It is true that the constant civil wars and foreign invasions which afflicted Italy down to recent times killed out much of the best stock, so that the population of Northern and Central Italy today is not the equal of the population five centuries ago. Still, the present population of these regions is unquestionably a good stock, physically sound and revealing its latent qualities by its ability to produce strong, gifted personalities.

The rise of modern Italy to political unity and material prosperity during the past century was made possible largely by a series of remarkable leaders like Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour; while the present Fascist movement has brought to the front a number of distinctly able men, culminating in the extraordinarily dynamic figure of Mussolini.

A Striking Contrast

In all these Italian movements, from the Middle Ages to the present day, one basic fact is strikingly clear—the startling difference between north and south. Almost everything worthwhile comes from Northern and Central Italy. The south contributes practically nothing of value. Of the few men of ability which the south has given to modern Italy, the majority were descended from northern ancestry.

Anyone who has traveled in Italy realizes the sudden change which takes place south of Rome. Rome is, indeed, the dividing line between two sharply contrasted regions. Northward are progress and prosperity; southward lie backwardness and poverty. This is precisely what the racial situation would lead us to expect. The two halves of Italy are inhabited by very different breeds of men. The northern half contains the best of the old Mediterranean stock, plus a strong Alpine element and a considerable leavening of Nordic blood. The southern half is peopled by a racially impoverished Mediterranean stock, long since drained of its best strains and in places mongrelized by inferior Levantine and African elements. Taking Italy as a whole, the best estimates of its racial make-up consider the population to be about 10 per cent Nordic, 25 per cent Alpine, and 65 per cent Mediterranean. Of course, among the Mediterraneans are included those Levantine and African strains for which no specific estimates have been made.

By recognizing the peculiarities in Italy's racial make-up, by realizing the wide differences which exist not merely between specific racial elements in the population but also between the characters of similar racial stocks in different regions, we can get a far clearer idea of the course of Italian national life than would otherwise be possible, while much that at first sight seems strange becomes understandable.

When Italy at last became a united nation half a century ago, she was faced by a multitude of problems requiring delicate handling and special treatment. In the economic field Italy has been distinctly successful. Although primarily an agricultural country, Italy has, nevertheless, built up a prosperous industrial system—of course, in the north—despite the handicaps imposed by lack of coal and other raw materials. Socially, Italy has also progressed, the general level of well-being, education and other social factors being markedly higher in the north and distinctly better even in the backward south.

Italy's most serious difficulties have been in the field of politics. To forge a real national state out of such diverse and long sundered elements was a herculean task. Particularly difficult was the creation of political institutions congenial to the Italian character. Certainly the course of Italian political life has hitherto left much to be desired.

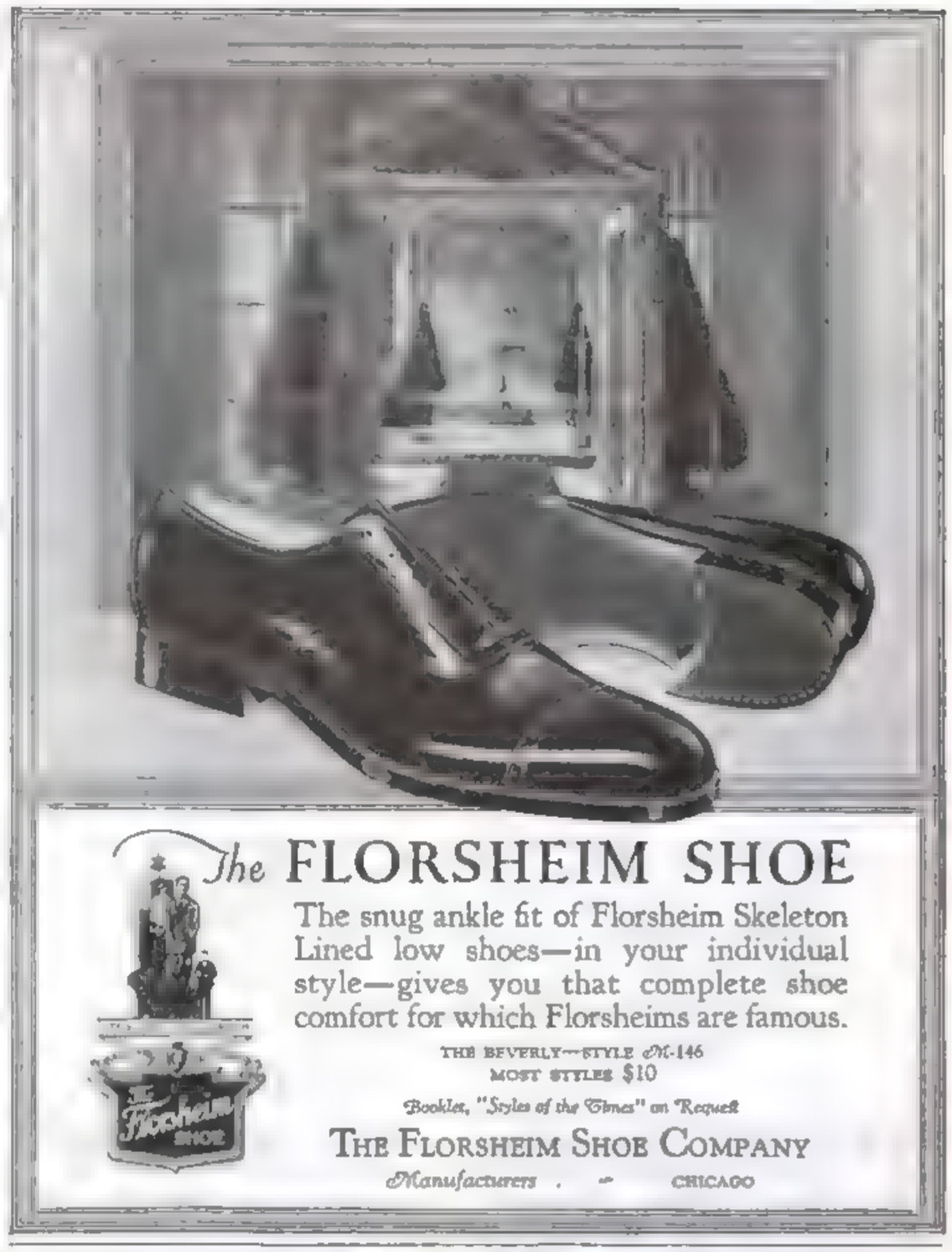
English Institutions in Italy

Italy started out with a set of political institutions modeled on the parliamentary, democratic ideals of England and France. But this borrowed system did not prove a brilliant success. Once the patriotic fervor of the first days had died away, Italian political life was controlled by a caste of professional politicians who gradually evolved a system known as *trasformismo*—a sublimated pork barrel which ate the heart out of Italian political life. Behind resounding party platforms and fine phrases the professional politicians framed deals and made elections, keeping one eye on the people and the other on the treasury. When public opinion got too much aroused there would be an election and a change of government; but this really meant little more than a shuffle of political offices among different gangs of the same professional crowd. The situation was further complicated by the fact that there were, not two well-defined political parties as in America, but a number of political groups, so that ministries were usually formed from blocs, bound together more by the desire to get office than to do anything constructive once they were in power. The upshot was that Italian political life was wasteful, inefficient and, above all, purposeless. As for the general public, continually duped as it was by this political shell game, it became increasingly bored and disgusted with the whole business—which was just what the professional politicians wanted, as lack of public interest left them a freer hand to play their political games.

In the years just preceding the Great War, to be sure, signs of vigorous popular discontent began to appear. This was best shown by the rise of several new political groups which stood frankly outside the old political system and possessed genuine programs of action instead of mere party phrases. The most forceful of these new groups were the Syndicalists, who wanted a social revolution, and the Nationalists, who demanded a strong, imperialistic foreign policy which should make Italy a greater power in the world. Bitterly hostile to each other though they were, Syndicalists and Nationalists alike condemned *trasformismo* and preached the need of political realities. However, they were but minorities controlling few electoral seats, and so had little direct effect on Italian parliamentary life.

Then came the war. After grave setbacks, Italy emerged victorious, only to have her aspirations disappointed at the peace settlement. Exhausted, disillusioned and exasperated, Italy fell a prey to internal disorders which threatened civil war or revolution. The old political caste, which had badly mismanaged the war, proved quite unable to face the crisis at home. Things went from bad to worse. A succession of weak governments did nothing but temporize and play petty politics. Italy seemed on the verge of chaos.

Then came—Fascismo! A small but determined minority headed by able leaders, chief among them Mussolini, banded themselves together, fought and defeated the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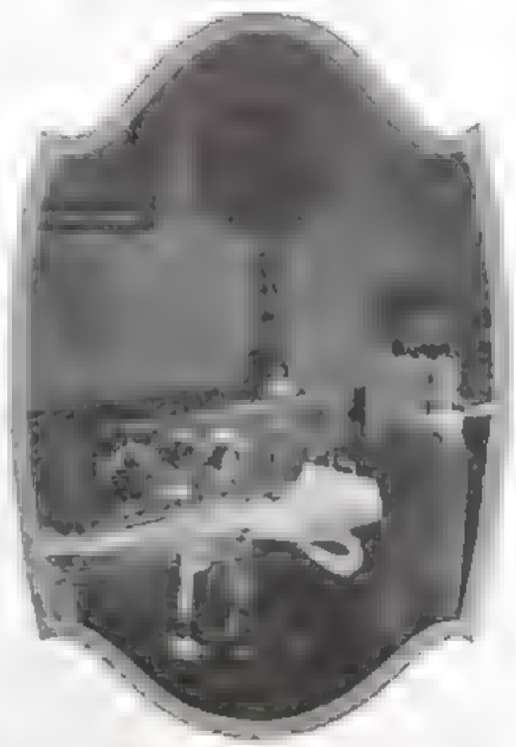

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Radio enthusiasts who have had the opportunity to hear the new Tuska creation are amazed at its wonderful range, selectivity and volume. Write for special folder 21H.

Hears 43 stations in summer

In a few weeks last summer, Mr. Peter D'Iggs Jr., of Paterson, N. J., received 43 stations, and compiled a log of 11,000 miles. He used a Tuska No. 22o. His record was equaled by other Tuska owners.

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Test the Power of Batteries

and flashlights before you accept them. Ray-O-Lite Batteries and Flashlights are sold from this cabinet for your convenience and protection. Ray-O-Lites are the best you can buy and the test block in the cabinet insures your knowing their strength.. Patronize the store which displays the Ray-O-Lite Cabinet.

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Bolshevik elements who were planning a social revolution, then turned upon the government—which had been supinely looking on—overthrew it and established a frank dictatorship. For nearly two years Mussolini and his Fascist Blackshirts have been the undisputed masters of Italy.

With the material results of Fascist rule the world is passably acquainted. The order, efficiency and prosperity which it has brought to Italy are well known. What is not so well known, however, is the spirit of Fascismo and the exact character of its ideals. Fully to appreciate Fascismo's significance one must go to Italy and meet personally the Fascist leaders. To do so is a rare and stimulating experience. In present-day Italy one immediately gets a sense of freshness and vitality. People are thinking frankly and acting boldly. Theory and precedent are disregarded in favor of natural impulse and common sense.

To think of Fascismo as a mere reaction against Bolshevik plots and governmental weakness is to miss utterly its real spirit and its larger meaning. Fascismo goes much deeper than that. It is nothing less than a vivid and vital outpouring of the Italian spirit, seeking to forge new institutions and new ideals in harmony with the mind and soul of the Italian people. That is what gives it both its present strength and its lasting significance. Specific acts of the Fascist government may be wise or unwise; the whole Fascist régime may be but a pioneering venture, destined soon to evolve into something quite different; nevertheless, all this does not touch the basic fact that Fascismo has set a stamp upon Italian life and thought which will endure.

The kernel of Fascist philosophy is realism. Probably the Fascist spokesmen will object to my use of the word "philosophy"; because so sternly realistic are the Fascisti that they deny having any such thing. Hating theories as they do, they strive to keep their minds from crystallizing around general ideas. Instead, they seek to face specific situations as these arise, to judge them from the observed facts of the case and to deal with them in the light of common sense. Precedent, consistency, logic—these things are, in Fascist eyes, mere nonsense. In fact the Fascisti claim that it is just because of undue reverence for such things that not merely Italy but the world in general is where it is today. According to the Fascisti, the world has long been going on a wrong tack. For the past century or more, say the Fascisti, we have become increasingly obsessed by theoretical abstractions condensed into phrases or single words which we have set up like idols and to which we have superstitiously bowed down.

"Down With Our Idols!"

Consider some of our present-day idols. Their names are Democracy, Liberty, Equality, Rights, Parliamentary Government, and more besides. Look at them closely. What do they really mean? In themselves, they mean nothing. Theoretical abstractions that they are, they have no concrete significance. Yet there they sit, like gods in a heathen temple, paralyzing the creative thought and energy of mankind! Before them we meekly lay our problems.

Is this not so? Look you! A situation confronts us. What do we do? Do we study the special facts of the case and then act according to those facts in the light of our common sense? We may do this in our private lives, but we rarely do so in public matters. Instead, we seek the will of our idols! In other words, we try to find a solution which shall be "democratic" or which may not offend such "sacred principles" as liberty and equality.

"What arrant nonsense!" cries Fascismo. "And what dangerous nonsense too! Such idolatrous blindness gets us nowhere; or, rather, lands us in a bog of troubles. Therefore, down with our idols! Down with Democracy! Down with Equality! Out with the word 'Rights'—save, perchance, when coupled with the word 'Duties'! Sweep these false gods into the dust bin along with the other fallen idols of the past! Thus, and thus only, may we clear our vision, free our common sense and regain the path of true progress."

Such is the uncompromising realism of Fascismo. The Fascisti have, indeed, the courage of their convictions. No "established institutions" for them. Relentlessly they ask, "Does it work? Is it efficient? Is it suited to our people?" And if the answer is no—out it goes.

The same is true of ideas. Mussolini's special publication is called Gerarchia. Significant name! "Gerarchia" is the Italian word for "hierarchy," and in its pages we find a theory of society which flouts the doctrines of democracy and equality in no uncertain fashion. Instead of preaching men's equality, Gerarchia stresses their inequality. Men being thus unequal, democracy, in the ordinary sense of the word is an absurdity. Mussolini's ideal social structure takes the form, not of a level plain, but of a towering pyramid. He glimpses a society in which individuals will be ranked according to their natural capacities and limitations.

For even their most cherished ideals the Fascisti insist upon a realistic basis. For example, the Fascisti are nothing if not patriotic; the power and glory of Italy are ever in their minds. And yet their patriotism is neither mystic nor sentimental; on the contrary, it is rooted in realism. I well recall a discussion I had on this point with one of the Fascisti leaders. The talk turned on the nature of Italian nationalism.

The Call of Youth

"I will explain to you," said the Fascist leader, "how our nationalism differs from the nationalism of most other peoples. Elsewhere you will find nationalism largely based upon abstract rights and historical precedents. We Fascisti disregard all this as beside the point. For us there are no abstract rights—not even the right of a nation to bare existence. A nation, like an individual, must deserve its existence—and must continue to deserve it. For example, we Fascisti do not claim that our Italy acquires any special rights because, on this geographical area, there was a Rome, a *Cinquecento*, a *Risorgimento;* because its soil nourished a Dante or a Julius Cæsar. No, our belief in Italy's present and future greatness rests upon what we living Italians are, do and will do."

Bold words, these—and very refreshing to one who, like myself, had recently been in Central Europe and the Balkans, where I had listened to long, labored nationalist arguments often based upon a conquest by King So-and-So or a victory of General What's-His-Name, gained perhaps many generations before.

This bold spirit and confident optimism of the Fascisti undoubtedly spring in great part from the fact that Fascismo is emphatically a young man's movement. Not for nothing does Fascismo's inspiring marching song begin with the words, "Giovanezza! Giovanezza!"—"Youth! Youth!" Fascismo has swept old-line politicians and bureaucrats wholesale into the discard. Mussolini himself is only forty, while few of the Fascisti leaders are more than forty-five.

As already remarked, Fascismo is clearly a spontaneous Italian product. Its methods and ideals are precisely what a study of Italy's history and racial make-up might lead us to expect. Mediterraneans everywhere instinctively crave strong, dynamic personalities to lead them, while Alpine stocks seem to do best under the guidance of able ruling minorities. Mussolini and his lieutenants therefore appear well fitted to accomplish much for Italy and to lead their people along paths suited to the national character.

Perhaps we may even be about to witness the creation of new political institutions better suited to a mixed people of Mediterranean-Alpine origin like the Italians than were the parliamentary, democratic forms borrowed from England when Italian political unity was attained half a century ago. The fact is that democratic parliamentary institutions have been a real success only among peoples largely Nordic in blood. The idea that they can be applied indiscriminately to peoples of all races is precisely an example of that abstract theorizing against which Fascismo is today voicing so healthy a protest.

From Italy let us now turn to consider Spain and Portugal. These two nations together occupy the Iberian Peninsula, the great land block which forms the southwestern corner of Europe, washed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, and almost touching Africa at the Straits of Gibraltar.

The Iberian Peninsula differs widely from Italy in form, climate and internal structure. In the first place, it is much larger. This greater size, together with its square shape and higher average elevation, produces natural conditions very unlike

(Continued on Page 205)

What charm this rug adds to the room

Yet the price is reasonable— and it wears for years and years

The beauty of a room, when all is said and done, lies largely in the beauty of its rug. It is the foundation to build on. And when with such rug beauty are combined reasonable cost and long, long wear—then you've arrived at a combination of every possible quality a rug should have.

The ideal rug for you

The Sanford Beauvais is just such a rug. Go to your nearest rug or furniture merchant and examine one carefully. Feel the softness of the pile. See the depth of the pile. Turn the rug over and notice how closely woven the back is. Spread it out on the floor and try how firm and flat it lies, what a soft, luxurious tread it has. Push it with the foot and try to wrinkle it. You can't—it's too sound; it's too well built. Note that it is seamless—and seamless means better wear, for it's on the seams a rug first wears out. Ask the price. You'll be astonished at its reasonableness. Then you will understand why you cannot get a better rug value than this, try as you may, and why, dollar for dollar, you get the maximum value possible. It often wears for twenty-five and sometimes for thirty-five years. Its pure wool nap, its closely woven back, give it stamina.

Sanford Beauvais rugs offer the widest selection of patterns and sizes in the market. Their colors will give cheer to any room. They come from 12 ft. x 15 ft. down to scatter rugs, the 9 ft. x 12 ft. size being the most popular. They come in hall runners. All may be had in matching patterns. All are seamless.

Stephen Sanford & Sons have made rugs and carpets since 1838. Never have they lowered the quality of their product; and that is the reason dealers today have such confidence in this rug. Most rug dealers and furniture houses carry Beauvais rugs. More dealers carry them than any other kind. If, however, you cannot procure them, write us and we will send you the name of the nearest merchant who sells them.

Valuable booklet free

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"How to Choose Rugs that Beautify Your Home." A booklet filled from cover to cover with suggestions. How to choose rugs in harmony with your home—how to get the longest wear from rugs—how to determine quality when buying—all helpful information. It is richly illustrated in full colors, showing color-harmony suggestions for various rooms. We will mail you a copy free, upon request.

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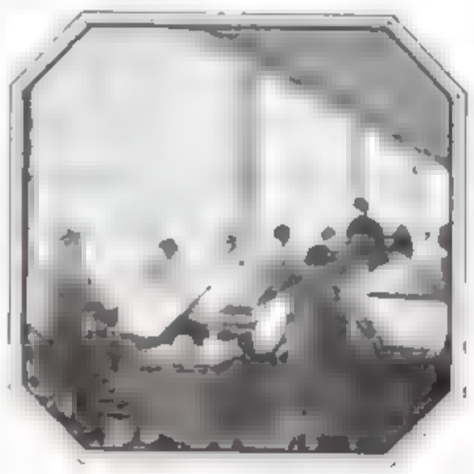
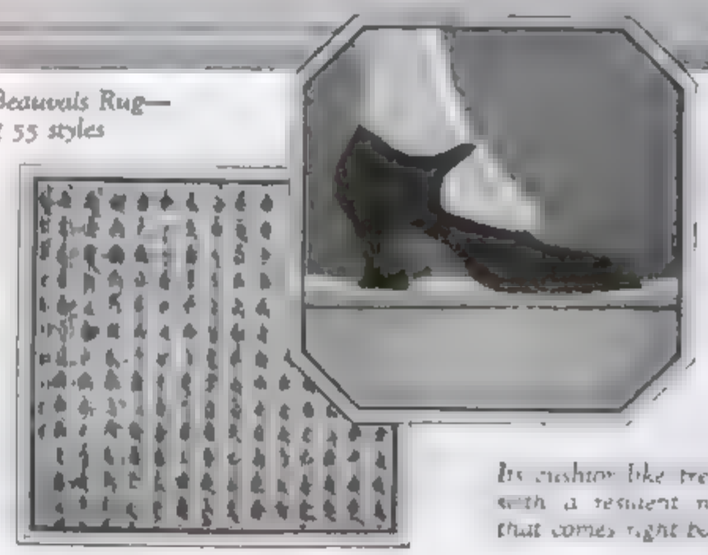
This is a Beauvais Rug—one among 55 styles



Twenty-five artists work continually on new designs for Beauvais Rugs



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Its cushion like tread with a resilient nap that comes right back

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Boyce-ite

Every motorist in the United States should read this announcement

GASOLINE forms carbon—your motor's worst enemy.

Carbon is a pest—it should never be allowed to form in any motor.

Carbon weakens compression, fouls plugs, reduces horse-power, overheats the motor, wastes fuel.

For years you and I have allowed carbon to do its destructive work until the knock became annoying and our car slowed up on the hills.

We then let some mechanic dig, burn, scrape or gouge out hard, gritty, unyielding carbon from the delicate parts of our motor.

This carbon pest is costing the motorists of America millions of dollars yearly. That is why after I established the Boyce Moto-Meter I turned my entire attention to the solution of the carbon problem.

After years of investigation and experiment my staff of scientists has produced *Boyce-ite*—a harmless, oily fluid which removes the knock from any motor and does away with carbon troubles forever.

Here's what *Boyce-ite* will do for your car—a small quantity poured into your favorite gasoline will

—give your motor more power
—make starting easier
—increase your gas mileage from one to six miles per gallon
—eliminate all necessity for grinding valves, cleaning plugs and removing carbon.

Boyce-ite kills the carbon pest.

I urge you and *every* motorist to use *Boyce-ite* every time you buy gasoline, it is inexpensive and most convenient to use.

Boyce-ite is no experiment. Distributors of such cars as Ford, Packard, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Marmon, Stutz and others—are recommending it to their customers.

Your dealer carries *Boyce-ite* or can get it for you without delay.

Boyce-ite is the fastest selling repeat item the trade has ever known—over 3,000,000 cans have been sold in the past few months.

Convenient touring package fits the pocket of your car—contains 3 cans of *Boyce-ite*—$1.00.

Thomson Boyce

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., MANUFACTURERS OF BOYCE-ITE EXCLUSIVELY, LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK
Laboratory and Factory, Farmingdale, New York

(Continued from Page 202)

those prevailing in Italy. The Iberian Peninsula consists mostly of an immense plateau bordered by mountain ranges which rise sharply from the sea. Only in a few places are there considerable coastal plains. Cut off from the moist sea winds by its mountain ranges, the interior plateau tends to be dry and barren, so that population has always been concentrated along the fertile seaboard. This is one reason why the Iberian Peninsula has rarely attained political unity. Grouped along the coasts, its inhabitants have lived with their backs to one another, looking outward over the sea rather than inward toward their neighbors. In fact, on the western coast, where isolation is most pronounced, a separate nation, Portugal, arose with a distinct language and culture of its own. The rest of the peninsula kept more together and in time formed the Spanish nation; but even in Spain we find marked distinctions between different regions which have never been obliterated.

If the Iberian Peninsula had been more open to foreign penetration it might have been the seat of several distinct nations instead of merely two. This, however, has been prevented by its isolation. Lying off the main line of European land migrations, and separated from the rest of the European Continent by the almost unbroken mountain wall of the Pyrenees, the Iberian Peninsula has tended to live a life apart. For this reason it has undergone relatively few invasions and few racial changes, and its population is today more homogeneous in blood than any other part of the European Continent except Scandinavia—likewise a region of geographical isolation.

The Iberian Peninsula is racially a distinctly Mediterranean land. In both Spain and Portugal the population is mainly of Mediterranean blood. Nevertheless, the two peoples differ from each other to a considerable extent both in racial make-up and in the innate quality of their Mediterranean stock. For this reason, as well as from considerations of language and historic pasts, separate consideration is desirable.

Of the two nations, Spain is very much the larger and more important. Occupying nearly seven-eighths of the entire Iberian Peninsula, Spain has an area of more than 190,000 square miles and a population of a trifle more than 21,000,000 souls. The Spanish people is and always has been mainly of Mediterranean stock. At various times, to be sure, Alpine and Nordic invaders have entered Spain by way of the Pyrenees, but these elements have never greatly changed the racial make-up of the general population. What Alpine blood there is in Spain is confined to the mountainous regions of the northwest. Here the local population differs from the rest of Spain both in physical type and in temperament, being more stolid, tenacious and laborious than elsewhere.

Racial Dominance in Spain

Nordic blood is not concentrated in any one locality, but is mainly scattered through the upper and middle social classes, though Nordic traits are found more frequently in the north than in the south. Pure blood types are, however, nowhere common. In Southern Spain there are many evidences of North African blood, with occasional negroid traces. These North African and negroid traits are mainly due to the long Moorish occupation of Southern Spain.

Considering the population of Spain as a whole, the latest estimates of its racial make-up are, 85 per cent Mediterranean, 5 per cent Alpine and 10 per cent Nordic. Personally, I consider this last estimate somewhat too high. In my opinion, the amount of Nordic blood in Spain today does not amount to much more than 5 per cent of the total.

Formerly, however, Spain possessed a much larger proportion of Nordic blood. This Nordic element was most numerous after the fall of the Roman Empire, when Spain was overrun by a number of Teutonic tribes such as the Suevi, Vandals and Visigoths, who established themselves as ruling aristocracies and for a time turned Spain into a superficially Nordic land. Though greatly diminished by the Moorish invasions, Nordic blood remained relatively abundant among the upper classes, especially in the north, down to comparatively recent times.

The Nordic spirit played a part during Spain's period of greatness, which lasted for nearly two centuries after Columbus' discovery of America. During that period Spain was far and away the greatest power on earth, being at once the owner of most of the New World and the master of a large part of Europe.

Yet those two centuries of power and glory proved to be Spain's undoing. The flower of the nation was drained away to subdue a savage continent or to die on European battlefields. The bold *conquistadores* in America, the dauntless Spanish infantry in Europe alike represented the pick of both the Nordic and Mediterranean elements. Generation after generation these men went forth by hundreds of thousands—to return no more. As a melancholy Castilian proverb of those days well put it, "Spain makes men—and wastes them!"

And while Spain's bravest and boldest were dying abroad, the most intelligent who remained at home were being weeded out by a number of unfavorable social factors. The monastic ideal became so widespread that vast numbers of men and women, representing on the average the superior elements of the population, entered celibate orders, died childless and thus deprived the race of their valuable inheritances. Furthermore, the intolerant spirit of the times ruthlessly killed out all who ventured to differ from orthodox ideas. During this period the number of persons imprisoned, burned alive or driven into exile by the Spanish Inquisition was fully 300,000.

Lack of Able Leaders

The combined result of all these drains upon Spain's energy and intelligence was the dramatic collapse of Spanish power in the middle of the seventeenth century. From her proud rank of the world's leading nation, Spain sank almost to the position of a third-rate power—a position in which she has ever since remained. This sudden collapse from grandeur to obscurity long puzzled historians. Today, with our knowledge of racial matters, the reason is perfectly plain. Like a prodigal spendthrift, Spain drew recklessly upon her racial reserves for tasks beyond her strength. When the last reserves had been spent, Spain fell into hopeless weakness—because she had mortgaged her racial future.

Modern Spain is, indeed, a striking example of racial impoverishment. Racial impoverishment should be clearly distinguished from other biological ills like degeneracy and mongrelization. The Spanish people of today is not degenerate, while there is little admixture of inferior alien strains except in certain portions of the south. What is wrong with modern Spain is that its population has been so drained of creative energy and intelligence that it produces little except mediocrity. Very rarely does Spain produce strong, gifted leaders. Herein Spain differs markedly from Italy, which has retained the power to breed such commanding personalities.

Lack of able leaders is especially serious in a racially Mediterranean country like Spain, because Mediterranean peoples always need strong, dynamic personalities to awaken their enthusiasm and bring out the best that is in them. No people today displays more typically Mediterranean characteristics than does the Spanish. In fact the population of present-day Spain is racially far more Mediterranean than it was some centuries ago, owing to the virtual disappearance of its once numerous Nordic element. The Spanish people is probably the purest Mediterranean stock now in existence, which is well shown by the Spanish temperament, which is just about what we might expect from a study of Spain's racial make-up—bearing in mind, of course, the fact that Spain has been drained of much of the intelligence and artistic gifts which are normally found in unimpoverished Mediterranean stocks.

The Mediterranean temperament comes out most clearly in Spain's political life. The keynote of the Spanish national spirit is an almost boundless individualism. Ideas and principles, as such, are at a discount; they must be personalized. That is why Spanish political parties crystallize about some magnetic leader who knows how to win the personal loyalty and devotion of his followers. Furthermore, Spain has not yet evolved a governmental system suited to the character of its people. Even more than in Italy, the centralized bureaucracy borrowed from France and the parliamentary institutions borrowed from England have alike failed to work successfully.

Spanish parliamentarism in particular was from the first a sickly growth. Despite

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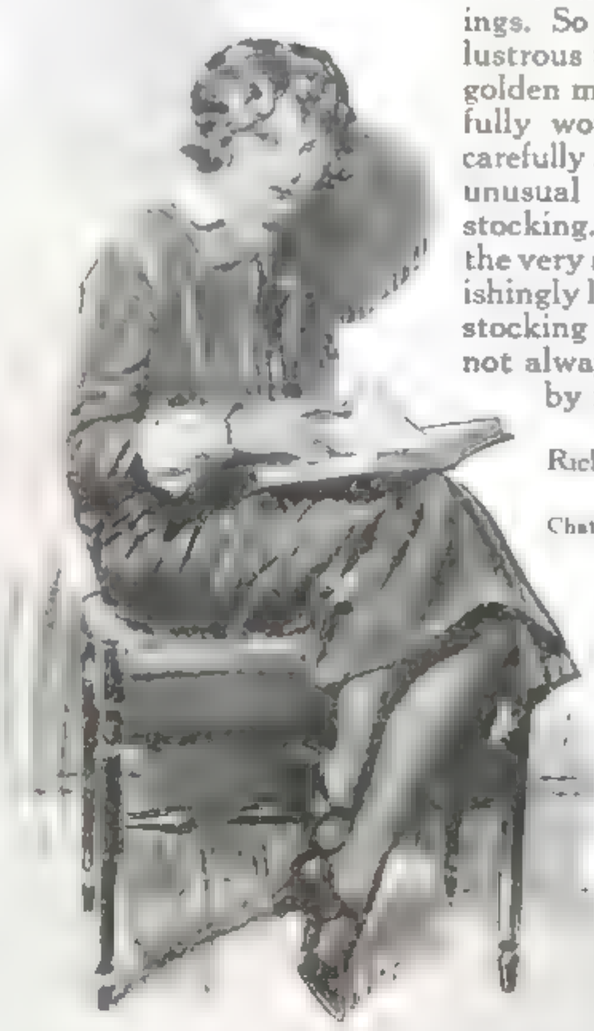

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high-sounding constitutional forms and phrases, all real power soon came to be lodged with a caste of professional politicians who invented a system even more corrupt and oppressive than Italian *trasformismo*. This Spanish political system is known as caciquism. Caciquism is a magnified and nationwide Tammany Hall. The system is worked by a knot of big bosses *caudillos*—at the capital, Madrid, and is enforced by a swarm of local bosses known as *caciques*, who make the elections as Madrid commands and take their pay in local offices, power and plunder. When the country cries too loud, a safety valve is found in an electoral change of government; but the relief is a sham, for the Spanish political parties play the game of rotation in office to perfection and hand over the treasury to one another at the precise psychological moment. The chief result of a Spanish election, therefore, is the coming to power of an alternate gang of *caudillos* and *caciques* zealously imbued with the Jacksonian maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils." Their personal loyalty to their chief may be strong, but their devotion to the public welfare is usually conspicuous by its absence. All this is well known to the Spanish people, which accordingly takes little interest in politics and views the kaleidoscopic shifts of ins and outs with a cynical and sullen indifference.

This deplorable state of affairs has led to the recent breakdown of Spanish parliamentarism, when the government was overthrown by a revolt headed by Gen. Primo de Rivera, who established a dictatorship. On the surface, this looks like another Fascist movement, and General Rivera has been hailed as the Spanish Mussolini.

Closer inspection, however, reveals wide differences between the Spanish and Italian movements. Fascismo was a spontaneous, popular growth, backed by a large part of the youth and brains of Italy and headed by a remarkable personality associated with a considerable group of able leaders. It displayed from the first not only boldness and determination but also creative energy and original ideas. The Spanish movement, on the other hand, was primarily the work of discontented army officers. It was a military rather than a popular revolt, and it bears a close resemblance to other military revolts which have occurred in Spanish history. Although the Directory, as the new government is called, has been in power several months, it has done nothing comparable to what Fascismo has achieved, and it has not succeeded in gaining a like measure of public confidence and support. As for General Rivera himself, he is obviously no Mussolini.

The Rise and Decline of Portugal

What will happen in Spain is, of course, highly uncertain. Perhaps if Italy succeeds in working out a constructive solution of her problems, Spain may profitably adopt this solution, adapted to her somewhat similar circumstances. But so far as present indications go, Spain does not seem to be originating a constructive program, as Fascist Italy appears to be doing.

From Spain let us pass to Portugal. This small country, with an area of 34,000 square miles and a population of 5,600,000, has neither a prosperous present nor a hopeful future. Like Spain, Portugal enjoyed a time of greatness, but the time was short and was purchased at the expense of an even more pronounced decline. The reasons were similar. Portugal, like Spain, was suddenly thrust into a position for which she was not fitted, consumed her strength and vitality in tasks too heavy for her to bear and sank exhausted into lasting impotence.

Both countries rose to greatness at the same time. At the very moment when Columbus was discovering America for Spain, the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, was starting on his memorable voyage around Africa to India. This gave Portugal a great colonial empire in the East, while other Portuguese explorers soon gave their country an American colonial empire in Brazil. From her colonies Portugal rapidly drew such wealth that she became a great power, her capital, Lisbon, being one of the most splendid cities in Europe.

Racial Impoverishment

This wealth and power was, however, literally squeezed out of Portuguese blood. To conquer and hold Portugal's vast colonial empires required great fleets and armies which took the very cream of the Portuguese stock. At the beginning of their heroic period the Portuguese were an almost purely Mediterranean stock, energetic, intelligent and with marked literary and artistic qualities. The great days of Portugal produced not only bold sailors and brave soldiers but also poets and artists whose names will live long in history.

And then, in a trifle over a hundred years—it was all over! Portugal collapsed, as Spain was to collapse a little later. The only difference was that in Portugal's case the collapse was far more complete The drain on the Portuguese stock had been frightful and the resulting racial impoverishment was therefore even more lamentable. The peasantry had largely abandoned the countryside. Drawn to the cities and to the colonies by the lure of gold and adventure, or conscripted wholesale into the fleets and armies, they had sailed overseas, to die or to settle as fate might decree, but rarely to return.

Furthermore, upon this racially impoverished people there fell a fresh misfortune—the incoming of inferior alien blood. The half-deserted countryside passed into the hands of great landowners who imported gangs of negro slaves drawn from Portugal's African colonies. This was particularly true of Southern Portugal, where a semitropical climate and a fertile soil made negro slavery highly profitable. In time the population of Southern Portugal became distinctly tinged with negro blood, which produced a depressing and degrading effect upon the national character.

The history of modern Portugal has not been a happy one. Misgovernment and turbulence have been the outstanding features of its political life. Attempts to apply democratic parliamentary institutions have been melancholy failures. Fourteen years ago anarchy was overthrown and a republic was set up, but this appeared to increase rather than diminish political instability. The Portuguese Republic has been one long story of disorders, cabinet crises and revolutions suggesting Central America, and no signs of improvement are in sight. From present-day Portugal the world has apparently little either to expect or to hope.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue

What a difference *whiter* teeth make

when their *hidden* brilliancy is revealed!

ALL teeth are naturally white. Lurking beneath the surface—however dull, dingy or stained they may be—is a dazzling whiteness only waiting to be released. A little help on your part and understanding are all that stand between you and this greater beauty.

This is a scientific fact, say dental authorities.

Old methods fail

An ordinary toothbrush will not bring out the natural whiteness of teeth. It will not even keep your teeth safe. Nor will ordinary brushing, despite all care.

Look at the teeth of people you meet. Nine times out of ten the *sides* of their teeth are *discolored* either by stains or tartar. Why? Because the toothbrushes they use are *not* correct in design; the bristles merely brush the *front* surfaces of the teeth. They do not slide *in between* them or reach into the *crevices* where decay is *always* first to start. This probably has been your *own* experience if you ever had teeth filled.

Dentists have always deplored the fact that there exists such a widespread lack of knowledge of the *importance* of selecting a toothbrush that cleans the *five surfaces* of every tooth.

The solution found

All doubt as to the *correct* type of toothbrush for people to use is now ended. The dentists of the United States have finally spoken. 4118 of them designed one that you can use with the assurance that it will give your teeth the protection they need and bring out their greater beauty. It is named the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush.

A RUBBERSET CO. product

Andrew Albright, Jr., President RUBBERSET COMPANY, makers of the world-famous RUBBERSET shaving, hair, nail, bath, complexion and paint brushes, perfected this toothbrush. A half-century of brush-making experience is in back of it. Like all brushes made by the RUBBERSET COMPANY, the bristles of this toothbrush *stay in*—they *can't* come out.

Note the *unusual design* of this toothbrush—the *slope* that the bristles take; how each tuft of bristles is *wedge shaped* and *widely spaced*. It is made small so as to fit the small angles in the back of the mouth.

Press this toothbrush against the teeth and observe how the bristles *slide* clear through *in between* them, sweeping them clean of food residue. Run it around the *back teeth* and see how *easily* and *thoroughly* it cleans them.

Try this new toothbrush

See for yourself the remarkable difference the right toothbrush makes in your teeth; how perfectly white and brilliant it soon makes them, bringing out their greater beauty that has heretofore been hidden. If your dealer can't supply you, send 35c and we will mail one promptly to you.

With the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush no teeth are missed in the cleaning. The *five surfaces* of each tooth are thoroughly cleaned.

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Proper curve of the handle makes it easy to clean the *backs* of the front teeth with up and down motion.

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Every Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush is sterilized, and packed in a hermetically sealed, transparent, sanitary, glassine envelope and enclosed in a protecting carton.

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SEE P. 111

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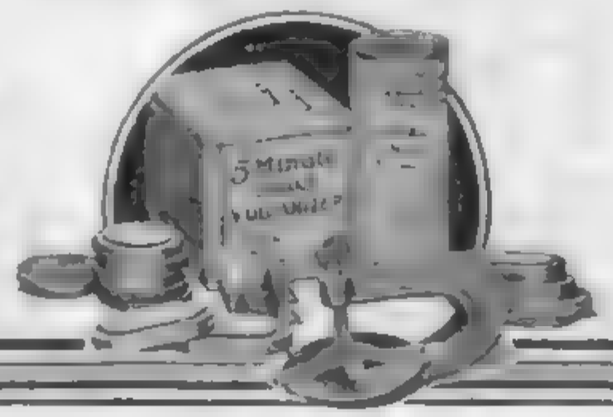

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AROUND THE DOG WAGON

(Continued from Page 27)

To which the mongrel paid no attention. He had determined that here was surcease from hunger and privations, and he persisted in his appeals. The circus woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," came finally, "I guess I can get you a square meal anyway."

Whereupon she gathered him in her arms, hid him under a loose dressing-room cape which she was wearing, smuggled him into the cookhouse, surreptitiously fed him and then —

By that time the pup had won his battle. Once out of the cookhouse, the performer hurried to the dog wagon. But the dog boy shook his head. In the first place, the circus didn't need any more dogs, and besides that, every compartment in the wagon—a regular circus wagon, fitted with thirty or more small square boxes which, bedded with straw, form a resting place for the show canines at night—was filled. The performer turned toward the menagerie and Shorty Alispaw, its superintendent. There a different welcome was waiting.

"Gosh!" said the little man. "Just what I've been looking for! First day this season there haven't been a dozen dogs hanging around, waiting to be picked up. Always happens, just when you need 'em worst. I've got to have a companion for that Pat kangaroo. Lucy, his mate, died this morning."

So a bargain was made that the new dog should be the companion of Pat, the kangaroo, from evening until after parade time in the mornings, when it was to go into the keeping, for the afternoon hours, of the performer who had rescued it from starvation. Into the kangaroo cage went the little woolly mongrel, to bark in excited fashion for a few moments, then to edge forward in gingerly survey of the timid, grieving thing, which by this time had retreated to the farthest part of its cage. There was an exchange of dog and kangaroo courtesies, and evidently a few greetings in the universal language of animaldom. Late that night, when Shorty inspected the boarding up of the various dens, there lay Pat and Dingy, as he had been christened, fast asleep. Friendship had been effected, and the life of a kangaroo saved. For a time, at least. But tragedy was in the offing.

A Freak Attachment

The next day the performer came for her dog, to take it to the dressing tent, and there to pet and feed it, while in the menagerie a kangaroo watched in timid excited fashion for its return. Night came, and the dog was restored to the den, to hurry to its strange cage mate and frolic about it, while the kangaroo gave a greeting equally effusive. It was the beginning of a routine which progressed to such an extent that there came the time when the performer had only to release the dog from its chain in the dressing tent and turn to her work of packing, safe in the knowledge that Dingy would take a straight line for the menagerie and the kangaroo cage, there to stand and bark until some attendant opened the door and lifted him within. Then it happened.

One night the circus reeled and tossed and struggled in the midst of a storm. Peaks lowered, workers struggling about in mud to their knees, horses hook-roped to every wagon, work elephants wallowing through the mire, the big show strove its best to free itself from the stickiness of a soft lot and hurry on to make good the next-day promises of the billboards a hundred and fifty miles away. In the menagerie the last of the dens was being boarded up, when an attendant suddenly paused, looked within, then hurried for the superintendent.

"Dingy ain't showed up yet," he announced. "Ain't seen nothin' of him, an' Pat's jumpin' around his cage an' barkin'—all excited. It's way past time for Dingy, an' I guess he knows it."

Alispaw gave an order.

"Tear over to the dressing tent, quick. Maybe Miss Laird didn't turn him loose."

Dingy Shows Up

But the menagerie boy returned with the report that Dingy had started from the dressing tent at his usual hour, apparently on his customary bee line for the kangaroo cage. There was only one explanation—the dog had decided upon a different life and had deserted the show. Up went the boards of the kangaroo cage, the animal leaping excitedly about within, emitting its queer frightened bark—sure evidence that it, too, knew something was wrong. All the way to the runs it continued to thump about, to cry out, but there was no remedy. Dingy was gone.

An hour later, at the elephant cars, Shorty Alispaw, muddy, bedraggled, tired, was watching the loading of the last bull. There came the dim view of a moving figure in the darkness, then the voice of the menagerie boy.

"Got your spotlight, boss?" he asked. "I got Dingy here. Found him down at the main runs—crawled all the way, I guess. Smashed up."

There came the gleam of electricity—then a long moment of silence. Dingy had not run away. Instead, in the muddiness and darkness of the circus lot he evidently had floundered in the course of a plunging, struggling team. Half of his left side and of his left hind leg, was literally torn away. Evidently the menagerie had departed when he had summoned the strength to reach the place where it had rested that day. But he had followed, crawling for nearly a mile, to the circus runs.

Dingy died that night. Pat died three weeks later, refusing the companionship of another dog, refusing food, even water. Animal grief, so menagerie men will tell you, is the most intense grief in all the world.

Nor do animals easily forget their cage mates, especially dogs. In the Selig Zoo, in Los Angeles, are a lioness and a dog living in the same cage—against every effort of the keepers. They were born on the same day, several years ago, and each later became motherless. In an effort to maintain the life of each through companionship, they were placed together and grew to maturity. Then there came the fear that

A Circus Dog Wagon and Corral

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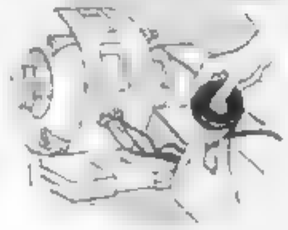

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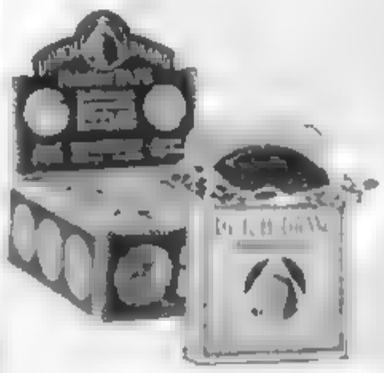

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A special weave of fine pliable straw [illegible] the brim of the Knox "Comfit" makes it soft and flexible wherever it touches your head.

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canine and feline nature would assert themselves, with a consequent battle and death. So efforts were made to separate the pair.

They took the dog away, far into another part of the gardens, and there gave it luxuries it never had known before. But the dog did not want luxuries; it wanted only that lion. In the lion's den a tawny beast roared and bellowed and beat itself against the bars in a fury of excitement. Even the distance of the width of the gardens could not really separate them. The dog could hear the roaring of the lion, and answered in staccato barks and in howlings. The lioness caught the call and answered in turn. Day and night it was the same.

The menagerie men put them together again, waited a week and attempted it once more. In vain. Then for a space of three months they tried a scheme of separation, for an hour at a time, then two hours, then three—with success apparently before them. But when the first separation of a night came the old remonstrance began again, and was continued. They were partners, that lioness and that dog; and partners they are today, their battle won, cage mates forever as far as the menagerie men are concerned. And the dog appears perfectly happy. It has no desires for the usual pleasures of a dog—running and playing mean nothing to it. It has a cage nature, a cage appearance—if such a thing can be—and it cares for nothing except the company of its leonine companion.

But to return to the circus and its dogs, and its methods of gaining possession of them. One hears much of the boy who runs away to join the circus—a thing which rarely happens, for circuses are business institutions. In the first place, they don't want young boys. They need persons grown to sufficient strength to possess the necessary muscle to endure the hardships and work of a circus lot—and that strength doesn't come until a boy is old enough to go about where he chooses. One hears little of the dogs which run away with a circus, and yet there is a set formula about the menagerie, a question asked almost daily: "Shall we watch for a mutt today?" Because there is hardly a day in which some dog does not attempt to join out, and through his own efforts alone seek to attach himself to the show. For all of it there is a reason. If there is one thing that a dog loves it is horses. If there is another it is the sound of a band. And if there is a third it is a general air of excitement and hurly-burly. The next time the circus comes to town watch the band wagons of the parade. You'll find in the wake, at the sides and at the rear a collection of from one to twenty dogs, trotting happily along, tongues lolling from open jaws, tails aloft, step as springy as that of a high-school horse in the ring. The circus represents to a dog a sort of heaven where things go exactly the way he wants them to go, and he deliberately chooses the show as a permanent place of abode, and insists upon his choice until the circus allows him his wishes.

Breaking Into Circusdom

The dog who goes to the circus undergoes a period of apprenticeship which lasts for days, and for hundreds of miles of travel. The likely dog usually follows the parade to the circus grounds, there to loaf about under the cages or trail some particular hostler or menagerie man until that person takes cognizance of him. Which doesn't happen until night comes, the circus has traveled to the train—and the dog is still in evidence.

If the circus is "full up" the dog stays behind. But if there is an opening for a good faithful dog that likes the show life there is a gruff command just as the "high ball" signal sounds, then a scramble as the dog is tossed to one of the flat cars, there to find a bed as best he may beneath a wagon or upon a pile of canvas. Thus he spends his first night, in the open upon a jolting flat car, with every possible opportunity to think it all over and decide whether or not he really wants this rough-and-tumble existence. The next morning, when the circus goes to the lot—and if he goes with it—he may be fed or he may not. Usually not. If that dog wants the circus life sufficiently he'll find a way to exist and still to remain. When night comes again, if he is a weakling he'll not be present at the loading run, having found an easier existence. But in nine cases out of ten there he'll be, whining and begging to be put aboard again. When the third night comes he usually finds a way of jumping aboard himself, and when he shows up on the fourth morning, satisfied and happy, there is a gruff verdict—and a new occupant for the dog wagon. He has won his place as a circus dog, just as any candidate wins a position, through merit and being the dog fitted for the place.

So much for the dog which voluntarily joins out. The other type—the one which comes to the circus as a result of a circus demand—is perhaps a far more fortunate creature, even though he doesn't know it. For he has been saved from death; his place of collection is the dog pound.

Only the mutt, the mongrel, the dog which by his actions, his appearance and his mannerisms displays plainly that he is only a stray, and worthless as far as dogs go, is allowed to join out in the usual fashion. The circus doesn't care for lawsuits or to be attached in the next town for having stolen the pedigreed pet of some mourning dog owner. The result is that a dog with a collar or one which appears too sleek or well fed is not welcome about a circus lot. The friendship of the hostler, the performer or the menagerie man is not for him. It is too dangerous; and besides, there is an easier way—the dog pound.

There the circus man goes to look over the collection of animals which have been picked up on the streets and for which the time limit for redemption has passed. For certain acts there must be certain dogs. For pad work—where the dog seizes the clown by the seat of the trousers, or does a strong-jaw act all his own, by being pulled to the top of the tent while hanging by his teeth to a leather pad—there must be the bulldog, preferably a large-sized, not too highly bred dog of the Boston bull type. For the races there must be Russian wolf hounds. For hind-leg walking there must be the collie or the spitz. For general, all-around performing excellence there are the fox terriers. And around the circus you'll find many a pedigreed dog of these various species, but rarely a dog with a pedigree. Their pasts are hidden; owner and ancestor. The poundkeeper usually forms the wall between.

A Tough Apprenticeship

Nor is the dog which comes to the circus a circus dog immediately upon his arrival. Instead, for a week or so, he is a dejected individual, snarled at, mistreated by the rest of the pack, tied to his own picket pin, apart from the remainder at feeding time, jailed in his compartment of the dog wagon when the rest are liberated. And all for the reason that there is nothing so clannish as the dog pack of a circus. Someway the members of that pack seem to realize that they are occupants of a different life; apart from the common, ordinary dog which only knows a home and a master. A circus dog never fights singly. He has the whole pack to back him—the wolf instinct strongly to the fore. And when a town dog crosses the trail of a circus dog it is usually a battle to the death.

Therefore until the regulation pack becomes accustomed to the new arrival he is nothing but a hated towner, regarded with the strange sense of enmity which runs all the way through the circus world—and the attitude of the town world toward it. Day after day, however, the other dogs see the newcomer taken into the ring during the interim between the matinée and the night show, for training. Gradually there comes the understanding that he, too, is a circus dog; then the growling and snarling cease. No longer does he stand apart at his picket pin. He is a part of the pack, as ready as any of the rest to set upon and kill any towner dog that comes his way.

And once a circus dog, always a circus dog, for the wanderlust instinct never dies, even though it may lead into strange channels; once, in fact, to a story of dogdom that has had few equals even in fiction—the narrative of Nosey, and an instinct of the spring, when circus love comes strongest, that even turned her to a thing of the wild, never to reach civilization again. Somewhere now, in the wild country of Northwestern Colorado, where the mountainous rises stretch mile on mile, where there are still bears to be found in the berry patches at autumn and the deer and elk crash through the underbrush about the great rock slides, is Nosey, no longer a dog as dogs go, but ——

Perhaps the story is best from the beginning. No one except a circus man really understands the importance of a dog to an elephant herd. It means as much as a steam gauge to a boiler or a steering wheel

(Continued on Page 212)

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(Continued from Page 210)

to an automobile. If there is anything in the world that an elephant loves it is to become frightened. The old story of the mouse and the elephant is true—and the thing of things with which to shake an elephant absolutely from his foundations is a dog. Perhaps it is a natural antipathy, perhaps it is the fact that dogs have a habit of going where they choose and because elephants are so big and cumbersome that they cannot readily see behind them, hence are more easily frightened by something woolly suddenly darting between their legs or appearing from apparently nowhere under their trunks.

However, a dog is the elephant's Nemesis, and to the wise circus man the only cure is the disease itself. Hence every menagerie has several nondescripts whose sole job is to be constantly about the elephants, and by their presence to reassure the great beasts and keep them reminded that the things which are moving about them are only dogs and not some fearsome things to start them on a panic. And at the loading runs, of all places, are those dogs necessary; otherwise a dog fight or the appearance of any street mongrel might start a stampede that would wreck a town.

It happened one night on a big show, shortly before the close of the season in 1916—the town was a small place in Texas—that the menagerie superintendent noticed something small and yellow stealthily following the elephant herd from the grounds to the loading runs, there to evade the protective sallies of the old elephant dog, and darting first toward one elephant man, then another, in an effort to gain at least momentary notice. But the show was full up on dogs; the menagerie superintendent had given orders only that morning that no more were to be taken on. Besides, the bull men saw that the intruder was undoubtedly of good stock, a half-grown female of the Chow breed; and circus men, as has been mentioned before, are skittish of pedigreed volunteers. So they merely shunted the dog aside, and with gruff commands drove her from the runways when she sought to evade them and crawl into the elephant car. Finally the doors were closed, the tired elephant men went to their bunks, and the little waif was left in darkness.

But luck played with her. She remained beside the elephant car, waiting, whining. A passing razorback, or car loader, halted, reflected a moment, decided that one of the show's elephant dogs had been forgotten in the loading, and tossed her upon a flat car. The next morning surprised elephant men noticed her again on the lot a hundred miles from their starting point of the night before, loitering at the edge of the canvas, peeking through when the wind raised the side walls, then at times seeking to come within, only to be driven away by the old elephant dog, watchful of every passing canine. That night she again waited in the darkness, and the next morning—how, no one knows—she once more made her appearance on a show grounds, seventy-five miles farther on.

Nosey Gets a Job

It was too much persistence even for a circus that didn't need an extra dog. The elephant men halted now and then in their work to give her a pat of encouragement. Even the old elephant dog relented and, watchful, a bit suspicious in his hospitality, allowed her to come within the menagerie tent and sit for a few moments at the head of the picket line. A week later Nosey had won her place with the show, for the rest of the season, at least.

"Nosey," because she had nosed her way into the circus, nosed her way into the cookhouse, where she inveigled the busy chefs and hurrying flunkies to toss her enough food to sustain life, nosed her way past the guardianship of the elephant dog and into the affections of the menagerie men. For the rest of the season and the winter, at least, she was installed as a fixture, and when the show went into quarters at Denver Nosey went also, a happy inmate of the animal house, content to bed herself down in an unobtrusive corner, to live upon the droppings from the chopping blocks as the menagerie men cut the daily food of the lions, tigers and other cats, content with anything just that she might be near the things she loved—the inmates of the animal house. And through the winter the world was hers. Then spring came.

There was no room for Nosey this season. The animal superintendent scratched his head, considered long, then telephoned a doctor who lived in a suburb, some ten miles from town. She'd have a good time there. The doctor drove to winter quarters, took Nosey into his arms and his heart, and departed. The show went forth to the road.

A month passed. Then came a sorrowful letter from Denver. The dog had disappeared from her new home. Shortly afterward a policeman had reported that he had been forced to kill a dog of her description because of the evidences of rabies. Around the menagerie the word passed—Nosey was dead.

On went the show, to its sallies into the North, its quick spurts into the moneyed territories in the East, the long trail through the small towns of the Death Trail on its way to the coast, and finally into the Far South for the end of its season.

Once more the railroad yards of Denver were cluttered with wagons and horses and tableaux, scarred from the mud and tribulations of bad lots and long hauls. It was November again; the circus was home for the long months of winter and the hurried activities of refurnishing, that it might be ready for the road when the bluebirds sang again. And with the arrival of the first wagon at winter quarters ——

A gaunt, half-starved thing darted from her position at the animal-house door, closed and locked until the menagerie superintendent should arrive. She weaved in wild circles, rushing to the horses, then darting away again, running to the door of the animal house, whining, scratching, then swerving away once more; a beast which acted as one crazed, circling and twisting in a perfect hysteria of excitement. The long line of elephants came up the snowy street; the dog yowled and barked, rushed to the animal men, then whirled away again. The bull line was halted. Word was rushed to the superintendent.

"There's a mad dog in the yard there! Better bump it off before it stampedes these here bulls."

A Dog That Wasn't Mad

The superintendent reached into a wagon box for his revolver, then carefully went forward. The dog sighted him, barked joyously, then once more began those excitement-crazed circles, a gaunt weakened thing which swirled again and again, at last to drop from sheer exhaustion. The revolver was raised. The superintendent stepped forward — closer — closer — then halted!

"Nosey!" he called in a surprised tone; and strength came once more to the weakened dog.

She turned; then crawling she made her way to him, to lick his hands, cry and whine her happiness, then with wavering steps to turn again toward the menagerie-house door. The superintendent whirled.

"Bring on those bulls!" he shouted. "There isn't anything wrong with this dog except that it's half starved."

The door of the animal house was unlocked. In shot the dog, to make the rounds of the place, to investigate everything with quick sniffings, even to refuse food in her excitement, and at last to flop exhausted upon a pile of hay at the end of the picket line.

When visiting neighbors, welcoming the circus home again, came that afternoon to winter quarters, they told the true story of Nosey—the story of a shadowy canine which had appeared three months before at winter quarters, which had refused every approach of friendship lest she again be taken from the place she loved, which had haunted the place day and night, gaining her food as best she might, evading every living thing until she had become known to the whole neighborhood as the phantom dog. The policeman had made a mistake in his description; Nosey had merely gone back to her circus, content to starve if need be in waiting for its return.

There was no question about her place with the show now. She was the circus favorite, with the big bull herd as her especial charge. There even came the time when jealousy arose between her and Mutt, the regular elephant dog, a duel which was fought out. Then Mutt decided to take up another position in the menagerie, leaving Nosey in supreme command.

And she ran that elephant herd as a general would command an army. She went with them to the cars at night, she saw that they were loaded, then crawled in with them—the herd mascot. She watched them during the day as a nurse would watch

a baby; the first sally of a town dog toward them meant a slashing attack which invariably sent the intruder hurrying away happy to be anywhere except around elephants.

When circus visitors approached too close for their own safety, it was Nosey who, with a snarl, sent them back to a common-sense position.

A stampede happened; an elephant was lost. It was Nosey who found her, rushed back to the circus lot, found the superintendent, then led him to where the stray had been located. There came the time when Nosey even went into the ring with her big charges. Then came a change.

The superintendent and his wife decided to leave the circus and live upon a ranch, far in the Elkhorn Range, in Northwestern Colorado. Nosey with two other circus dogs was taken along. It was winter; the temperature went to thirty and forty below; Nosey apparently was content to remain in the warm ranch house and wait for spring, when undoubtedly there would be the circus again.

And when the warm days came, when the snow of the high range began to crust, making travel easy, Nosey would wander forth, look down into the warmer country below, then turn to her master and mistress in pitiful whining, as if to ask when they would troupe again, when the band would play once more. But there was only the work of the ranch—never the sound of music or the blatter of the midway. And one day Nosey was missing.

For two days they saw nothing of her. Then one morning the former superintendent, traveling the miles to the mail box on the main road, noticed a wary coyote pack, and with it something yellow and furry, unlike the rest. He called to her, and Nosey came forward, wagging her tail, apparently content to accompany him once more. For two days she remained at home; then once more disappeared; and this time for the summer.

They did not see her again until late the next fall, when, as though she never had been away, she trotted into the house, made the rounds of the place, nipped at the trousers leg of the former superintendent, ran out the door, came back, ran away again, and once more returned to seek to lead the man forth. At last he followed, with his wife, far over the hills to a hollow log where Nosey halted in proud maternity. Within, yowling and tumbling, were four half-breed coyote puppies.

They gathered up the babies and took them home, Nosey trotting happily beside them. But again it was only a momentary return to civilization. Once more she disappeared, taking her puppies with her, this time in finality. Up there in the Elkhorn a former menagerie superintendent and his wife set out food when the heavy snows come, and scan the hills when the coyotes shriek—but Nosey evidently has settled upon her own existence. Once a howling in the night, close to the house, a track in the snow—but that was all. Nosey has not been seen since the day she left with her puppies to troupe with the coyotes.

A. W. O. L. for Two Years

And quite the opposite to the story of Nosey is that of Mike, one of a trio of performing fox terriers with the Hagenbeck Wallace Circus in 1917. The day was unusually hot and sultry; every animal on the show was tired and logy; the trainers were as fatigued as the dogs. And in cracking his whip for the flash of the act, the terrier trainer miscalculated and caught Mike a terrific blow across the back and flanks.

The dog did not understand that it all was a mistake. He only knew that he had been punished when he did not deserve it. A yelp of pain, a dart from the ring, and he had disappeared from the circus lot, not to be found again. The show left town, a new dog was broken for the act, and Mike all but forgotten.

In 1919 the show returned to the stand where Mike had disappeared. The same dog boy was in charge of the wagon, the same trainer handling his trio of fox terriers. Late afternoon came, and with it a tramp fox terrier, dirty, bony and rough-coated, which trotted upon the circus lot with an air of easy familiarity, sniffed about the horse tents, investigated the dressing room, then found the way to the dog boy and sought by every possible form of dog language to make himself known. For a long time it all was a mystery, then the dog boy grinned.

"Hello, Mike!" he announced. "Decided to come back, huh?"

Mike it was! What was more, when they took him into the ring and gave him cues which he had not heard in two years he responded almost immediately, doing his flips, stretching for the bridge, and returning to his various stands and set-ups as though he never had been away. Mike is still on the job with the circus; more, so faithful is he that he is not confined at a picket line as are the other dogs. He has had his taste of the towner's world—and the circus is all he wants.

In fact, faithfulness seems to be the quality of qualities with dogs who join the circus. Several years ago George Brown, an English clown who with his performing fox terriers long has been a feature with all the big shows, was stricken with ptomaine poisoning and taken to a hospital. That afternoon one of his dogs, whose act consisted of being dressed in a miniature horse's head and tail and doing a high-school act around the hippodrome track, suddenly rebelled against the substitute clown who had taken Brown's place, and scurried under the side wall, horse's head and all. To the dressing tent he went, to dart in frenzied fashion up and down the aisles of trunks, searching for his master, then, before anyone could catch him, once more disappeared. That afternoon and night a frantic dog boy and all of Clown Alley searched in vain for George Brown's dog. The circus left town without him—and a frightened dog boy waited in trembling for the return of the clown. But when George Brown came back to the show, there was the dog under his arm!

Ragsy Adopts a Team of Horses

"I thought I had 'em," he announced joyfully. "It was two days after the show'd gone and I was able to sit up. Happened to look out the window—and there was a horse, about ten inches high, running around the hospital lawn, like he was trying to follow a trail. After I'd got my senses I whistled. Sure enough, it was the pup! Hadn't anything to eat or drink for two days—was just about gone when the nurse brought him in. Couldn't take anything, you know, on account of that horse's head over his own. Been following my trail all the time, I guess. Next time I get sick"—and George Brown blinked slightly—"those pups go with me!"

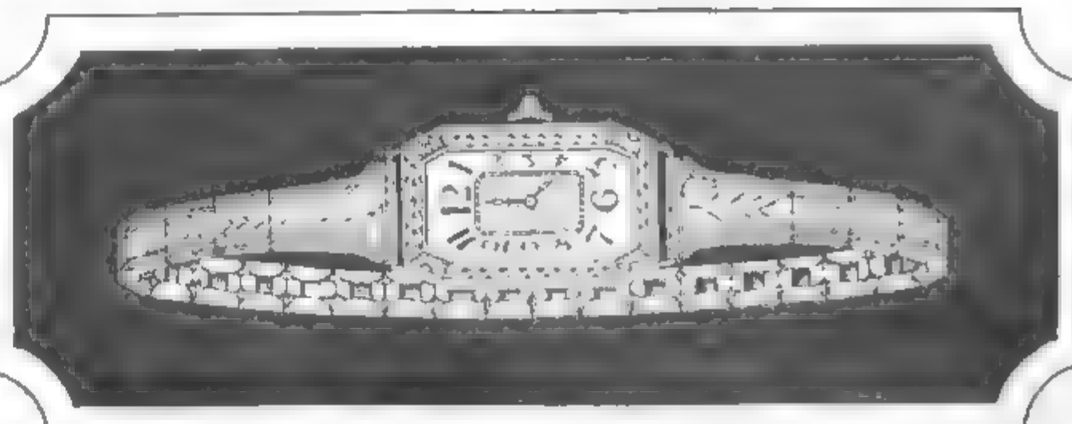
Nor is that instance any more marked than the one of Ragsy, who was nothing to the circus, yet everything. Ragsy belonged to a skinner, or teamster, and she had a place all her own in the life of the big show. Circus folk live in a small circle. The world is theirs to travel, yet the world really means nothing to them—the happenings of that little world all their own are the ones which really count, and every animal, every horse, every trifling incident in that little canvas world is a segment of their lives. And Ragsy played a big part.

She appeared one morning as the horse tents were being erected, one of the innumerable dog waifs which always are about the show grounds. A sorrel team seemed to attract her; she sat by it while the horses fed, then when they were taken forth to parade she went with them, trotting beside them as though she had done it all her life. A queer, misshapen little thing she was, of Skye-terrier origin, and with an ingratiating doggy manner which caused the driver to grin at her more than once and call a word of encouragement as the team started back to the circus grounds. Not that Ragsy needed it; she had turned with the team and when they rested again in the big horse tents, there was Ragsy beside them. That night when the wagons were loaded and the big team had made its two trips to the runs Ragsy was there also, at last to brush against the leg of the driver as he watched the loading of his stock and prepared to crawl into the deck of the horse car above them, his usual place of nightly abode.

He started away, the plea of the dog unnoticed, only to halt again. For she had whined and pawed at him. The big skinner paused in contemplation.

"All right," came at last. "Guess that there bunk's big enough for me 'n' you."

That night Ragsy snoozed contentedly; she had joined the circus along with her beloved sorrels. When dawn came she was there beside them again, not to leave them all day. Weeks passed. At last there came an inspiration to the driver, and he lifted the little Skye to the back of one of the



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sorrels, balancing her there for a time until she gained a footing.

"I'll just make a parade feature outen her," he grinned to his fellow skinners—and the idea worked! Ragsy fell off, but she was willing to try again; and again and again, until at last there came the time when bugle call for parade meant as much to the dog as to the performers. A jump to the double-trees, then to the tongue, another leap, and she was on the back of a wheel sorrel, there to balance herself during parade, while the crowds along the street gave credit to some circus trainer, and the skinner, high atop his seat on the band wagon, grinned in satisfaction. For he and Ragsy knew!

It became a matter of interest throughout the circus—that affection of Ragsy for those sorrels. When the big eight-horse team was taken to water there was Ragsy. When the night hauls came Ragsy was there too—at last to augment her parade performance by riding wherever the big team went. In mud or in rain, in storm or in sunshine, she never left the big team. Those horses belonged to Ragsy as much as to the circus

Ragsy Goes to Her Reward

One day there came a break in Ragsy's usual routine—that of watching the horses wherever they went, even if only across a street. The show was making a long jump, the stop for feeding and watering was to be a short one, and the skinner, fearful lest Ragsy be left behind when the high-ball signal sounded, decided that she must stay in the horse cars. The dog objected. There was only one thing to do, and with a halter rope the skinner tied her in a manger, then hurried forth to his work.

A half hour later he returned with his horses, started up the runway, halted, stared within, then rushed forward, to come forth a moment later, eyes averted, hands slowly knitting; a picture of mute sorrow. Another driver halted him. A nod over the shoulder, a voice gruffened to hide the choke of it.

"I killed her. Dead—in there. Strangled tryin' t' get out o' that manger."

They gathered from every part of the train, a community rallying to a tragedy commensurate to the size of its little world. An actor took off his hat, tossed a dollar into it and began to make the rounds. Within the car the skinner had wrapped the silent form of Ragsy in his coat and laid it tenderly in his bunk on the deck above, to rest there until such time as cessation from the labors of the circus might give him a chance to bury her. That night, the show at last placed upon the lot, the skinners gathered, silent, hesitant men, talking in a low tone as though they were in the presence of human death instead of that of only an animal. Someone fashioned a coffin. From the wardrobe wagon came silken and soft materials, overflow from the making of costumes; performers hurried from town with flowers—even to a blanket of roses—and beside the horse tents they put Ragsy away. And unless it has been destroyed by someone who does not know the circus heart, there still stands on a circus lot in Southern Texas a heavy bit of yellow pine, with rough words carved with a jackknife:

RaGsy
Killed Sep. 12-19.
SHe auRe Was FaithfulL.

Faith—and no reward save the glitter and noise and blaring of bands; the noise of the big top, the confusion of the midway—that, it seems, is all that the circus dog wants. And, too, that love seems to be in the heart of every dog; the parade is always a conglomeration of "houn's," traveling beside the clown band wagon or trotting beside the horses. Nor is it necessary that the show be an out-of-door affair—just so it is a circus.

Last winter I was called back into the show business for a brief session, that I might produce an indoor circus for a Denver lodge. It was to be a big affair, running to nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and it was necessary that the coming show, which was to be assembled from every part of the United States, have every bit of unusual publicity possible. A member of the general committee, Ted Syman, came forward with an idea.

"What's the matter with a hound-dog parade, made up from mutts all over the city?" he asked. "It'd give us a chance to carry publicity matter through the streets—kids with banners and all that sort of thing."

So the idea grew. There was to be a prize for the muttiest mutt dog in town. A restaurant keeper appeared with an offer to buy the dog for twenty-five dollars. As a further incentive to the boys of town, the owner and winner was to be allowed to appear at the head of the grand entry each night with his dog. Nobody thought anything of how the mutt himself would react; he was only a dog.

The parade was held. The mutt was selected, a woolly, squatty, pig-eyed nondescript, dirty with the smudges of alleys and coal holes—the muttiest mutt dog in town. The restaurant keeper bought him, for the advertisement of it, possession to be gained at the end of the circus week. The performance came.

Dirt and all, the dog was turned over to the clowns, four or five toy balloons attached to him, a banner tied to his waving tail, and the clowns arranged for an escort. The first entry came, and into the big ring trotted the mutt, his former boy owner beside him, the clowns trooping and frolicking about him, and the band blaring behind him. There were lights, music, the lilting step of horses, lumbering elephants; crowds, confusion. Soon we began to notice that the boy might be a bit late at Clown Alley for his nightly decorations, but never the dog. For it was the dog, we saw, that was gaining continued enjoyment out of it all. After the first few nights it all began to pall upon the boy, but not the dog. Twice a night he made the circuit of that ring, banner-bedecked tail waving in constant ecstasy, mouth open in excited panting, short legs bobbing, eyes gleaming. Twice a night for a week—then the circus came to a close.

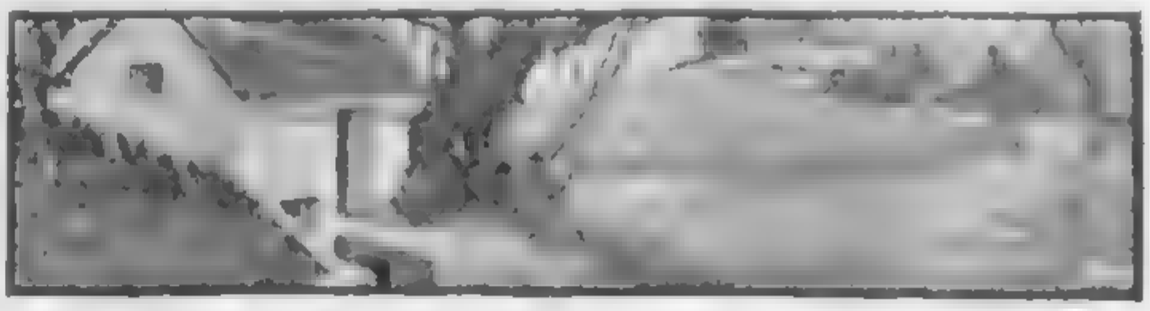
Performers hurried away to begin their regular circus engagements. Horses, performing animals, elephants and seals were loaded into railroad cars for their trip back to winter quarters. The restaurant keeper took his mutt and advertised it—for a day. Then the dog disappeared.

The Stage-Struck Mutt

But he did not go to the home of his former owner. Instead, one night, nearly a week after the show was over, I happened to pass the big doors of the darkened Civic Auditorium where the circus had been held. Something woolly and squat, settled tight against the door in waiting, attracted my attention. I approached, and called a name. It was the mutt.

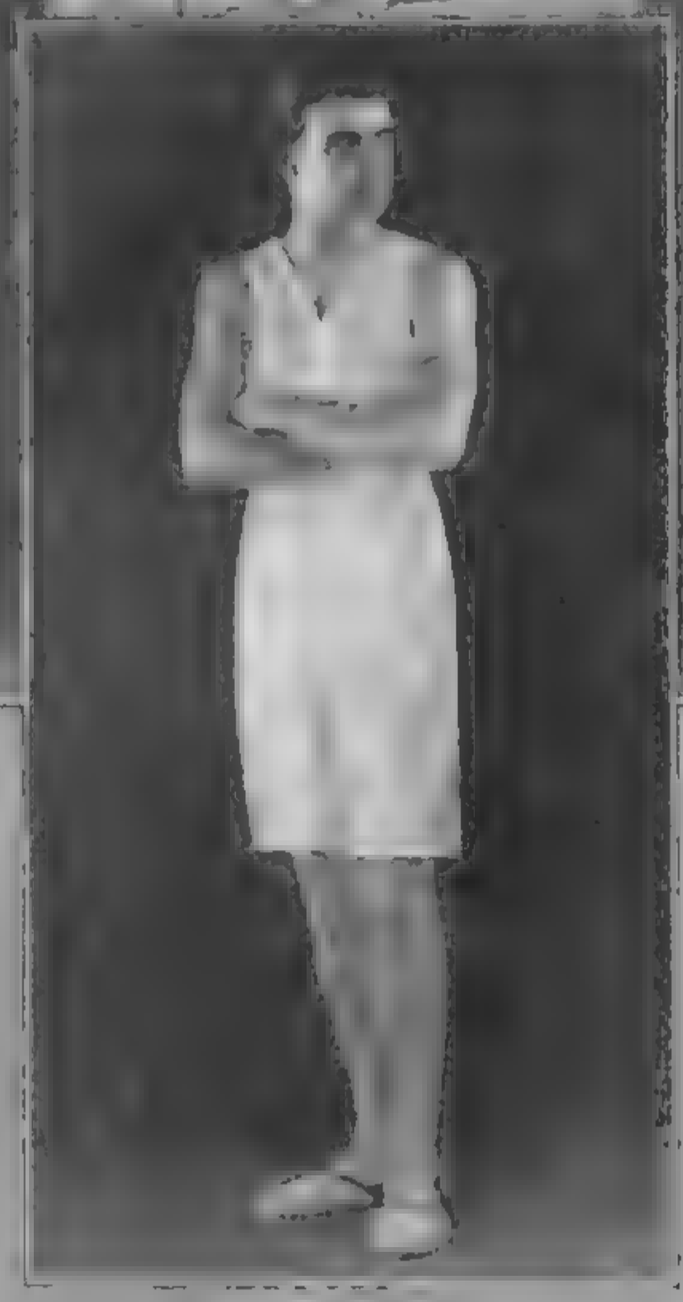
I petted him, and sought to call him away. In vain. I tried the door. It was unlocked. We went within, the mutt and myself—into the great, empty building, where only a few incandescents gleamed dully to light the path of the watchmen. The crowds were gone. The dressing rooms were empty. The band stand was devoid of brightly clothed musicians. The big sawdust hippodrome track, as well as the rings and stages, had disappeared. The circus was gone.

Slowly, as though in wonderment at a changed world, the mutt made the rounds. He sniffed at the empty spaces where once the horses had been quartered. He ran to where Snyder and Toto and Tillie, the performing elephants, once had swayed at their ring pins. They were gone. Downstairs he trotted—but the dressing rooms were empty and dark. At last, as if convinced, he looked up at me and whined. I opened the door. A moment of hesitation, then slowly, wabbling grudgingly upon those stubby little legs, he trotted away, farther and farther, at last to fade in the shadows. His day of glory was over.



MUNSING Wear

The illustration shows Munsingwear Style 841—a form fitting knitted garment with short sleeves and three-quarter length inseam—one of the most popular styles in the Munsingwear line—offered in cotton, lisle and mercerized fabrics of finest quality and very light in weight.



The illustration shows Munsingwear Style 902—a loose fitting woven garment with athletic neck—no sleeves—knee length. Offered in a large variety of sheer summer fabrics—in pajama checks—plain and plaid nainsooks—in fancy and striped madras, dimity and lawn, and in Jap silk.

The illustration shows Munsingwear Style 903, made with flat knit top and pajama check bottom—V neck, no sleeves, knee length,—Very popular with men who want a light weight knitted garment above the waist line and a sheer loose-fitting woven garment below the waist line.

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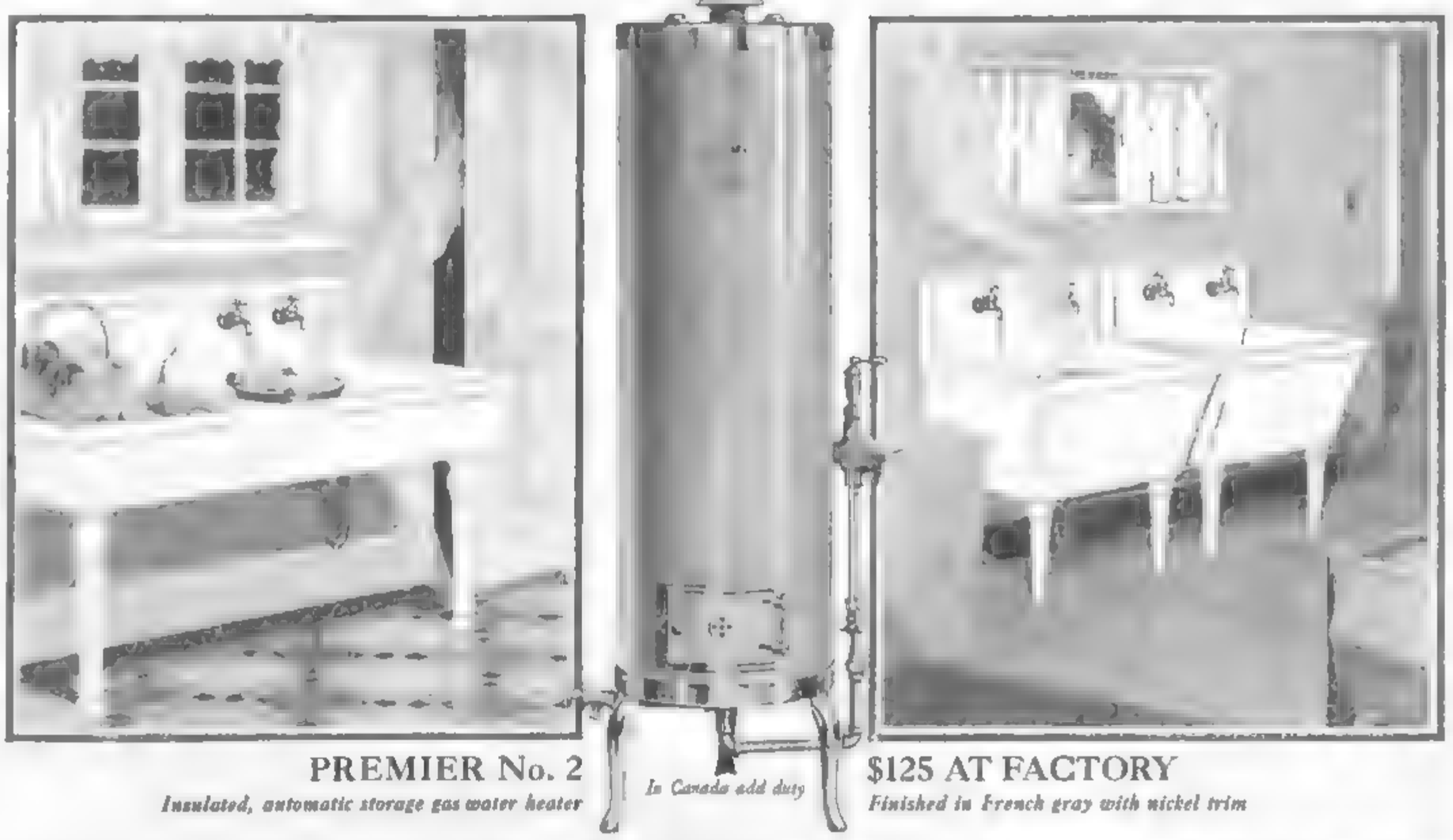

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Canadian Pacific *It Spans the World*

POISON GAS

(Continued from Page 23)

not one but several agreements openly arrived at during the Washington session.

France alone of the five nations declined to consider land armament reduction. As a result, that part of the agenda proposed by the United States under President Harding's Administration fell through. It was also France that held up the naval disarmament pact for nearly two years after it was first signed. Now it is France that has, in effect, knocked the treaty on gas into a cocked hat.

It was on February 6, 1922, that delegates representing the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan signed an agreement banning noxious gases and limiting the use of submarines in time of war. Article V of this pact reads as follows:

> The use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases, and all analogous liquids, materials or devices, having been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world, and a prohibition of such use having been declared in treaties to which a majority of the civilized powers are parties; the signatory powers, to the end that this prohibition shall be universally accepted as a part of international law binding alike the conscience and practice of nations, declare their assent to such prohibition, agree to be bound thereby as between themselves, and invite all other civilized nations to adhere thereto.

The resolution to bar poisonous gas was presented by Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State for the United States and chairman of the conference. Petitions urging its abolishment literally swamped the American delegates. They came from many sections of this country, and a few from abroad. Many were from women's organizations. Gen. John J. Pershing, one of the prime workers for abandonment of all forms of chemical warfare, headed the advisory committee which investigated the subject, and gave to the conference his opinion that gas is inhumane, because, while military forces can protect themselves against it, noncombatants cannot. Gas is impossible to control, he reported, and therefore endangers innocent women and children. In taking the position that he did, General Pershing ignored the ideas of Brig. Gen. Amos A. Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, and some others actively interested in the new weapon of Mars.

A Complicated Situation

It was in view of such statements as these that the delegates voted for gas disarmament. Three cardinal reasons were assigned for this action, namely:

Chemical warfare, particularly gas, is a cruel, unfair and improper use of science;

These methods involve unnecessary suffering in the destruction of combatants;

It is impossible to employ poisonous gases without imperiling the lives of civilians.

With regard to dates of ratification, the Secretary of State informs the writer that "according to a note dated August 7, 1922, from the Japanese embassy at Washington, the treaty was ratified by Japan on August 5, 1922, and that while the Department was advised on August 24, 1922, by the British embassy that the treaty had been ratified by the British Empire and Italy respectively, the Department is not informed of the two instruments of ratification. The treaty was ratified on the part of the United States on June 9, 1923."

The situation in respect to chemical warfare disarmament is further complicated by the action of the League of Nations in indorsing the use of gas and chemicals as permissible weapons in war. The League, too, appointed a special committee to inquire into the subject. In a report submitted to the League last November this form of warfare was declared to be humane. The committee did recommend, however, certain types of apparatus for nations to accept and reject.

If official comment and activities here and abroad are indicative of national policies, this particular international agreement, intended to make war less horrible, indeed enjoys a questionable status. Investigations, research, training, development and other preparations to use poisonous gases and other chemical agents on an elaborate scale in a future war go merrily on. The military, both here and abroad, generally regard any proposal to ban chemical warfare agents as impractical—a wild dream. The inference is that such a prohibition while it might exist on paper could not in actual practice. If we take the word of General Fries, chemical warfare will endure in the future despite all opposition. "It is too powerful, too humane and too easy to conceal during research and preparation for any enlightened people to consider giving it up," he explains.

General Debeney, the new chief of staff of the French Army and former director of the war college in that country, visualizes the next war as being fought chiefly with chemicals and electricity. He insists that there is no way to avoid this, and frankly admits that France is doing her part in preparing for the event. A memorandum issued by the British War Office reads in part: "So long as there is any danger of other nations continuing these methods of warfare, research and experiments in chemical warfare must be pursued." Gen. Sir Louis Jackson is confident that "chemical productions will have a great effect in future wars despite any pact to rule them out."

On the other hand, such statements only augment a popular cry for scientific disarmament. Savants are divided among themselves as to the wisdom of attempting to restrict scientific investigation to purely peacetime pursuits. Among those who favor limiting the use of chemicals, gas and other weapons of science is Dr. Augustus Trowbridge, head of the physics department of Princeton University, who was a member of General Pershing's staff in the World War and is thoroughly familiar with the application of modern science to warfare methods.

The Scientific Bogy

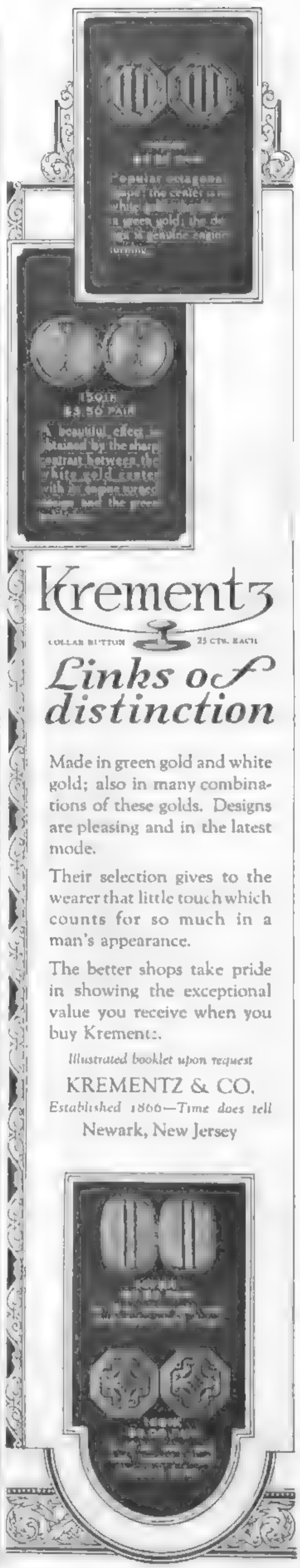
Unless scientific development along this line is curtailed, Sir Richard Gregory, British savant, thinks the day will come when armies and cities will be annihilated in short order. Sir Oliver Lodge sees vast unharnessed powers which man will some day employ in wholesale killing unless some means are found to thwart him.

People are making a bogy of science, in the opinion of Sir Edwin Lankester, another British scientist. "As far as civilization is concerned," he remarks, "there is no reason to worry about the next war. The last war was not nearly as destructive as the wars of medieval days, when half the population was wiped out by disease and famines that accompanied the conflicts." Dr. Edwin Conklin, of Princeton, holds that the development of scientific methods of waging battle are to be expected in the natural course of events. Only when international peace becomes a reality will nations be able to control the misuse of scientific discoveries, according to Prof. Edmund Newton Harvey, of the same university. He says: "We have learned by experience in the last war that nations with their backs to the wall, fighting against extermination, cannot be entirely controlled in their use of scientific devices by international rules. Still, I realize that the end of war may be a long way off, and until that Utopian state is achieved I am in favor of international agreement curtailing the use of scientific discoveries in war."

In reply to those who declare chemical warfare a degradation of science, General Fries retorts, "So is every kind of warfare!" He thinks it absurd to applaud a bayonet charge or terrific destruction by high explosives and exclaim against gas. The only argument against gas, in his opinion, is the argument against war.

"No agreement among nations can ban gas," he says; explaining: "If this were not true, then wars would be no more, since every war is due to a broken agreement. Researches into poisonous gases cannot be suppressed. Why? Because they can be carried out in out-of-the-way places where complete plans may be worked out to change existing industrial chemical plants into full-capacity poisonous-gas plants on a fortnight's notice, and who will be the wiser? No system of inspection can guarantee that a nation is not secretly making investigations into poisonous gases. One would practically have to know what is contained in every test tube in the world in order to know that no one was experimenting with gas. Therefore no nation can safely give up this, no matter how many other nations care to do so."

Development, in this country, of poison gas, aircraft and other new weapons has led



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many persons to propose another and larger international conference for the avowed purpose of restricting scientific research to peaceful channels by mutual consent of all world powers. However, in view of the status of the gas and other treaties, Secretary Hughes, speaking for the Administration, says the time is not ripe for calling such a session. It is a fact that ever since the World War military men, scientists, medical authorities and an agitated public have debated the humanitarian aspects of chemical warfare without reconciling the two conflicting viewpoints. "Evidence" and expressions of opinion emanating from both sides have only served to befuddle the situation more hopelessly. General Fries voices the sentiment of one faction when he declares that "Opposition to chemical warfare is so incomprehensible as to be explained only by ignorance." The opposition retaliates by producing statements and statistics in an attempt to disprove this and other of his contentions.

The fact remains that the Army's Chemical Warfare Service and its great plant at Edgewood, Maryland, are still functioning. Representing a wartime investment of $35,563,000, Edgewood Arsenal is ready and waiting for any emergency which may arise. There officers and enlisted men representing all branches of the service are instructed in the latest and most approved methods of dealing death in a scientific manner. The arsenal chemists are experimenting with and developing gas and other warfare agents about which the public knows but little. Of course this work is conducted more or less secretly under the guise of defense and research work.

Impossible Supergases

But this country is not alone in these activities; similar establishments are being operated under far more effective concealment in foreign countries. New and yet more toxic gases are being developed along with improved apparatus for releasing them. It was not so long ago that it was rumored that a mysterious and superdeadly gas had been produced at Edgewood. But to quote General Fries: "There have been many stories of supergases invented in America and elsewhere that even in small quantities would wipe out whole armies. No such gas was produced in the war. No such gas will be produced. A gas may be discovered that will penetrate existing masks, and unless mask development be such as to stop the gas the result will be disastrous to the army encountering it. It is the business of the Chemical Warfare Service to prevent just such conditions. If we can't we are lost."

However, there is no reason why some nation, unknown to the others, cannot develop a gas or other chemical agent more deadly than any known in the last war. It is suspected—nay, admitted—that these weapons have been considerably improved upon since that memorable struggle. Unlike other activities, a veil of secrecy hides most of this work. There is little doubt but that the system of espionage enables most countries to keep tabs on one another, but it will not be until the next war that the world will know how far research has progressed.

Each nation is afraid of being caught unprepared, and for that reason the race is on to perfect a weapon that will give its possessor an advantage over the others.

During the war chemical warfare was so shrouded in mystery that the public knew little about it. When certain facts did come out in its aftermath there was agitation to discard noxious gases. So great was the extent of the movement in this country that it almost succeeded in legislating the Chemical Warfare Service out of existence. Under the leadership of General Fries an active propaganda or campaign of enlightenment was undertaken, and the result was that the new branch of service was continued.

Veterans' organizations and others have charged that gas has left its victims with all sorts of body disorders—from consumption to kidney trouble—or has laid them open to attacks by disease. Hospital statistics and the statements of physicians have been produced in support of and against these claims. "Gas is far from being the most horrible form of warfare invented," says General Fries, "provided both sides are prepared defensively and offensively." He admits that against an unprepared army it is the deadliest weapon man has ever tried in war. He continues: "Medical records show that out of every 100 men gassed only 1.87 per cent die, and very few are permanently injured, startling as this may seem in comparison with the widely published statements concerning the horribleness of gas. The lung appears to have the same facility for curing injuries from gas as the skin has for curing itself against cuts and bruises. But what about high explosives? Out of every 100 casualties from all forms of warfare other than gas, 23.4 per cent die, while from one to two more are maimed, blinded or disfigured for life. Thus the percentage of deaths and permanent injuries from gas is only one-twelfth as great as that of other forms of warfare. That is to say, if a man gets gassed on the battlefield he has twelve times as many chances to get well as if he is struck by bullets or high explosives."

On the other hand, opponents point out certain discrepancies in his statements. In one article in Chemical Warfare, for instance, he said that gas "is only from one-fifth to one-tenth as deadly as bullets and high explosives." Official records compiled by the Surgeon General's office show that of the 240,506 A. E. F. battle casualties admitted to hospitals, 74,573 were due to gas. Out of the total of 14,348 hospital deaths, 1194 died from the effects of gassing. The total American deaths on the battlefield numbered 33,711. It is only conjectural how many of these were gas cases. It is estimated that the "breath of death" caused 27.3 per cent of all the casualties in the war. General Fries takes occasion to point out that one-half of the American battle casualties occurred in the Argonne, where the Germans used practically no gas.

Quoting Chemical Warfare: "A large number of the after effects [of gas] are functional in character, as disordered heart action, breathlessness, pain in the chest, spasmodic coughing and vomiting. For these conditions lapse of time, treatment by graduated exercises, will effect a cure. There is no evidence that exposure to gas will predispose to any other disease than tuberculosis, and even here the infection is more probably rekindled than actually caused." Be that as it may, many recipients of disability pay from the Veterans' Bureau and cases still continued in government hospitals are living testimonials of what gas does—so the ex-service men say. So today, five years and six months after the signing of the Armistice, this phase of the question is still being debated and there is still no end in sight.

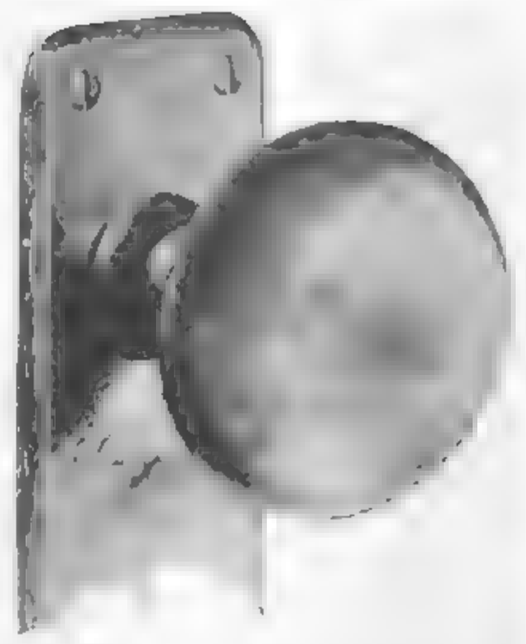
A Lost Opportunity

Comparatively few people are aware that at The Hague Conference in 1899 the United States refused to be a party to an agreement not to use noxious gases in war. The late Admiral Mahan, representing this country, vigorously opposed exclusion of toxic gases from the list of permissible material. He stated at the time that the attitude of his Government was that gas is no more inhumane than other forms of warfare. This contention was supported by the German delegate, and so, with the exceptions of the United States and Germany, the assembled nations pledged themselves not to use poisonous gases in war. A year later, however, Germany, too, signed the pact, but, as the world knows, broke it fifteen years later "through necessity."

After her repulse on the Western Front in 1914, Germany found the road to Calais blocked by the French and British. She was at her wit's end to extricate herself from this hole. Here she made a scrap of paper of another treaty by resorting to the "breath of death." Many assertions have been made that the German military had been experimenting with gas before the war, but later investigation shows that it was civilian chemists who first recommended the use of gas. It was only because of the emergency that the imperial staff consented. On April 22, 1915, a chlorine attack was launched against British and Canadian troops before Ypres. For forty-five minutes cylinders released their deadly fumes against the enemy. The effect was more startling than the German chemists themselves had hoped for or expected.

Though the Germans were not aware of it at the time, there were eight thousand casualties in the British and Canadian forces from the fumes. Every Allied gun was rendered inactive in that particular part of the front. The road to Calais, Dunkirk and Boulogne was open—but the Germans did not know it, and so did not

(Continued on Page 220)



This is a piece of imitation hardware. When new, it looked like real Brass. A little use and the steel base was exposed. Rust and dissatisfaction followed

Tell the Dealer You Want *Real* Brass

Not "Brassed" Hardware

Rust-stained metal, such as locks, door-knobs, mail-boxes, key-plates, casters, trunk hardware, lighting fixtures (some 35,000 articles all told), which you see all about you, is a warning to every purchaser of hardware or of furniture and equipment with metal fittings.

When new, most of these metal objects *look* like real Brass, sure enough. But the Brass is only skin deep (about 15/10,000ths of an inch) and a little handling or exposure reduces this "imitation" hardware to a rust-streaked, pocked and blotchy mass.

When buying any of the 35,000 metal articles used in and on the home or business building—any metal object that looks like Brass—be sure it is not merely "brassed".

Tell the dealer you want *real Brass*—not the plated imitation.

Iron and steel are indispensable for a vast number of purposes—in many of which Brass and Copper would, of course, be just as much out of place as are iron and steel in such things as door-knobs, outside hinges, trunk hardware or any of the 35,000 articles which should be made of Brass or Bronze.

This is the original Brass knocker on the front door of the old Washington homestead at Mount Vernon As ... as new after almost two centuries

Copper, Brass and Bronze are cheaper because you pay for them only ONCE.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway • New York

Write for free copies of our literature on Hardware.

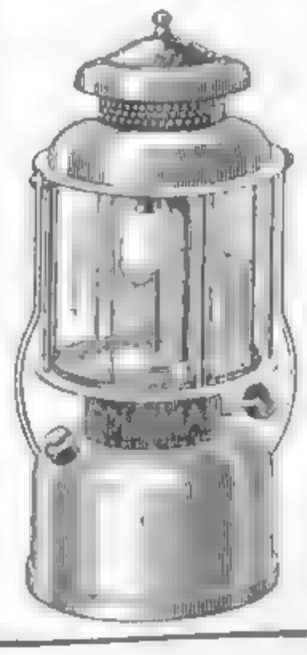
Says *"Right Now"* to the "When-do-we-eat" Crowd!

A hungry herd of healthy campers! Appetites as big as all outdoors! An everlasting chorus of "When do we eat?"—and the COLEMAN Camp Stove answers, "Right now!"

That's what this new and better stove does. Cooks real food and plenty of it—quick! Full cooking heat in less than 2 minutes. Has all the conveniences of a kitchen range—it bakes, boils, toasts; fries, broils, roasts—cooks anything you want in tasty fashion—and with speed! Biscuits? Sure! Bake 'em right in the COLEMAN oven in a few minutes!

The COLEMAN Camp Stove is all complete—everything is provided for quicker, easier, better cooking in camp or on the trail. The COLEMAN leads with *ALL* these *better* features:—Quick-Hot-Blast Generation; Built-In Pump; Built-In Wind-Baffle, Drum Heater, Warming Cabinet and Baking Oven; Swinging Fuel Tank—always connected. Everything all together in one compact unit. Set it up or take it down in a jiffy. Folds and carries like a suit case. Just the stove for touring, camping, week-end outing and summer cottage or mountain cabin use. Fuel is common motor gasoline.

The Famous Quick-Lite Lantern
Handiest and best light for campers, tourists, fishermen and hunters. Brighter than 20 old-style oil lanterns. Has mica chimney—wind-proof, rain-proof, bug-proof. Ready for any job in any weather. Be sure to include a Quick-Lite Lantern in your camp equipment! Price $7.50; West of Rockies, $8.00.



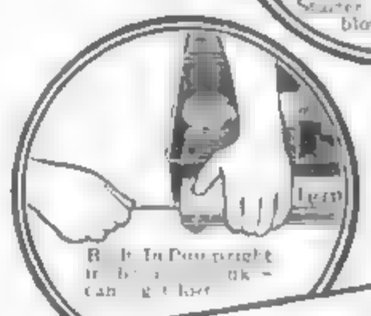
See It In Action—Hardware Stores, Auto Accessory and Sporting Goods Dealers and Department Stores are being supplied as rapidly as possible. Price $13.50 in U. S. A. Go to your nearest dealer and see the Coleman Camp Stove in action—then get one! If your dealer is temporarily out of stoves, write us, sending his name and address and we will see that you are supplied promptly.

Use the Coupon—See the COLEMAN on a real camping trip. Send the coupon for our beautiful rotogravure folder showing remarkable pictures of the COLEMAN in actual use. When you get it and look it over you'll begin to think of your vacation trip.

Dealers: 250 of the leading Hardware, Sporting Goods and Motor Equipment Jobbers in the United States and Canada are now ready to supply you with Coleman Camp Stoves.

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., Factory and General Offices **Wichita, Kansas**

U. S. Branches: Philadelphia—Chicago—Los Angeles. Canadian Factory: Toronto, Ontario
Coleman Quick-Lite Co., Ltd., No. 3 Gerrard Place, London W. 1., England
Australian Office, 395 Collins St., Melbourne



THE COLEMAN LAMP CO. Dept P-1
(Send to nearest office)
Please send me large Rotogravure Folder showing how to get good eats quick with the Coleman Camp Stove on an actual trip.

Name _____

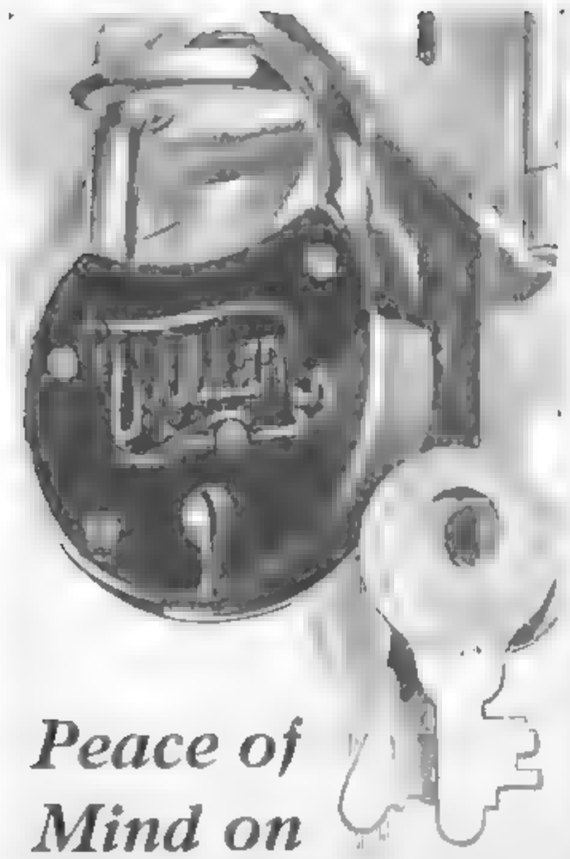
Street Address _____

Town or City _____ State _____

The Best Camping Goods Dealer here is

_____
Name of store on above line

Coleman Camp Stove



Peace of Mind on a million doors

A MILLION! Far more than that. For a million is only a single month's total of new Miller Locks starting on their long career of service.

And a Miller Padlock has an uncanny hold on life. It hangs on for a mighty long time. That's the reason it is sometimes called a "hanging-lock".

And it holds tight, with a grip that no ordinary means can loosen, other than the right key.

That is why on each of the million or more doors where these trustworthy locks stand guard, there is that peace of mind which only the knowledge of full security can bring.

Miller Padlocks are made in many types to suit every padlocking need—and at prices from twenty-five cents up to several dollars each.

20,000 stores sell them.

Above is illustrated Miller No. 21, a steel padlock enamelled black with malleable iron shackle, nickel-plated. Shackle locks at both ends providing double security. One of the best low priced padlocks made.

MILLER LOCK COMPANY
Established 1871
Padlocks—Night Latches—Cabinet Locks
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

MILLER
LOCKS

(Continued from Page 218)

press their advantage. That lost them the war, in the opinion of many military experts. In the first place Germany tried out the gas half-heartedly; as a last resort, in other words. In the second place she erred vitally in using gas on a small scale. Had she waited until she had sufficient chlorine to gas the Allies upon every suitable front she might have won the war in one huge gas attack, admit those who profess to know. Twice the Germans failed to follow up gas attacks which thoroughly disorganized opposing troops.

Germany's early successes with gas lay in its surprise and terrifying effect as well as in the casualties produced. But she showed her hand early in the war, and the Allies were more than a match for her in using this same weapon toward its close. It might well be said that gas killed the germ in Germany. At first the Allies had no adequate protection. In the emergency British and French women worked night and day turning out the famous black-veil respirators. These were nothing more than strands of cheesecloth which could be tied over the face, the center containing cotton wadding impregnated with chemicals to be held over the nose.

Later came the uncomfortable hypo-helmet—a hoodlike covering for the head, treated with chemicals and fitted with eyepieces. This was kept in position by buttoning the coat collar of the tunic about it. This was such poor protection and so torturing in the heat of action that many soldiers preferred to cast it aside and be gassed. Soon followed the familiar box respirator. Various layers of chemicals in a canister absorbed the poisonous qualities from the gas. All breathing had to be done through the mouth; cruel nose clips and a mouthpiece saw to that.

Near the close of the war, masks were perfected which permitted breathing in the normal manner. More recently the United States Army is said to have developed a supermask in which the wearer can even carry on a conversation.

Mustard Gas

Offense set the pace for defense. The dreaded mustard gas was introduced by the Germans at Ypres in July, 1917. Called ypente by the French and technically known as dichlorethylsulphide, it was regarded as the king of gases. It is estimated that this gas caused 80 per cent of the gas casualties among the British and Americans. Mustard gas was discovered in 1886 by Victor Mayer, a German chemist. It is interesting to note that an English chemist recommended the use of this gas in the war a year before the Germans began using it.

Gas, being heavier than air, hugs the ground, permeating dugouts, trenches, woods and depressions—the very places that are safest from bullets and high explosives. However, the Allies soon found out that all that was necessary to get rid of gas was to ventilate such spots thoroughly. Fires were more efficient than fans in this respect. Mustard gas changed all this. "M. O." is really not a gas at all, but an oil that spatters on the ground when a shell explodes. It is very persistent and will contaminate the spot for days. Troops can pass over a mustard-gas infected area when the ground is frozen or on very chilly nights, but under the influence of the sun the area is very dangerous. Mustard gas has a garlichke odor. If it doesn't kill by affecting the lungs it will cause burns on any part of the body with which it comes into contact. These burns never seem to heal. They are usually coated with paraffin to protect their rawness.

Luckily for the Allies, Germany was not able to produce mustard gas in great quantities; she exhausted her supply in the spring drive of 1918. At the time of the Armistice, Edgewood Arsenal was producing more of this gas in one day than England and France were in a month.

"Chemical warfare" covers gas, smoke and incendiary materials. These can be divided into four groups. In Group I, for example, is chlorine, a gas also valuable to industry. This is a greenish yellow vapor having the odor of bleaching lime. In the same group is phosgene, a colorless gas with an odor of moldy apples. This was likewise very much used in the World War. Both chlorine and phosgene are lung irritants, with death rapid or delayed, depending on concentration. The third gas in this group is hydrocyanic acid gas, colorless, odorless and a nerve poison. It produces sudden death in heavy concentrations, but acts as a stimulant if diluted.

This was the gas used recently to execute a Chinese murderer in Nevada, the first state to employ the "breath of death" as a form of capital punishment. Under the laws of Nevada a condemned person can choose between gas, the noose or a firing squad. Nevada is the only state legally to use gas. According to General Fries, "Death by either carbon monoxide or hydrocyanic gas is instantaneous, painless and comes without a struggle," but eyewitnesses at the execution of Gee Jon say it took six minutes to put the man to death. Although the affair was an experiment and may be compared to early bungles with the electric chair, it has served to rouse certain organizations which are now adding their voices to the general clamor for gas disarmament in all particulars.

Based on their effects, gases are often referred to as lethal (deadly); vesicant (burning); lachrymatory (affecting the eyes); and irritant (affecting the nose, throat and lungs). Sometimes they are divided into three general groups—persistent, nonpersistent and irritant.

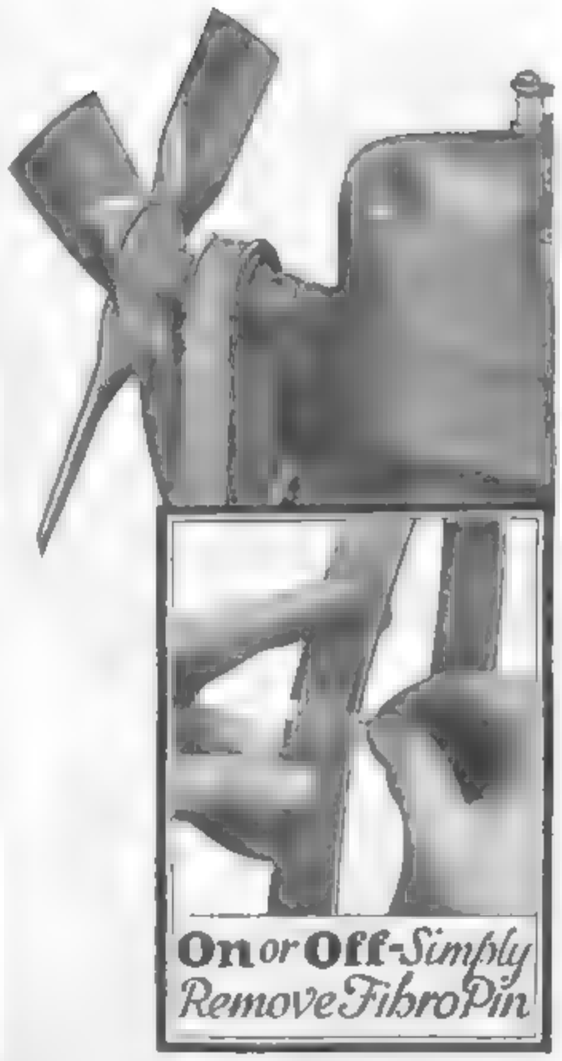
Methods of Projection

There are several methods of projecting these materials: 1. In artillery shell. 2. In cylinders operated by pet cocks. 3. In Livens projectors—hollow tubes buried in the ground, each holding a charge of sixteen pounds of gas or explosives, and fired electrically in series. However, once a battery of these projectors was fired it was necessary to dig them out as a result of the recoil. This was seldom possible in view of the grueling fire which the enemy was sure to center on the spot by way of retaliation. Furthermore, because of its immobility this weapon will be of comparatively little value in future wars unless it is radically improved. Its range is limited to eighteen hundred yards. 4. In Stokes mortars—tubes still smaller in diameter, mounted on bipods and elevated at an angle of 45 degrees. These have a better range. There is no breech; the shell, equipped with time fuse, detonator cartridge and propellant rings, is dropped into the muzzle. Gravity pulls it to the bottom, where it strikes an anvil which in turn explodes the cartridge that gives it its initial impetus. The Stokes mortar is a very serviceable weapon and with it a rapid fire can be maintained, an average of four and five shells being kept in the air at the same time. It is especially valuable in wiping out machine-gun nests. It is now provided with a carriage for easy and quick transportation. The Livens projector and Stokes mortar are both British inventions. 5. In grenades, both hand and rifle. 6. Smoke candles. 7. Aircraft.

During the World War, strange to say, there was not an authenticated instance of gas being dropped from an airplane, balloon or airship. Fear of reprisals rather than the knowledge that gas so released would claim innocent women and children, probably kept either side from taking the initiative. The tactical uses and the proper gases for this purpose are now being studied out, and there is every indication that in the next war gas attacks from the air on land and sea will play an important rôle.

The much-advertised flame throwers proved a dismal failure in the last war and will probably continue to be a failure. They are not effective and are far from being the terrifying thing they were pictured to be. They are on a par with the dragonlike fire siphons used in the fifth century. Their range is short, their fiery blast is limited, and the weight of the material is out of proportion to any effect they may have on the morale of the enemy. Besides, rarely does a watchful enemy permit small parties armed with this cumbersome equipment to approach within an effective range.

Contrary to the prevailing idea, utilizing chemical agents in battle is no new thing. Mention is made of their use in 429 B.C. by the Spartans against the cities of Delium and Platæa, in ancient Greece. In the wars of the Athenians and Spartans it was common practice to melt pitch, charcoal and sulphur and allow the fumes to be carried by the wind against the enemy, or to aid their dispersion with bellows. About 360 B.C. blazing material was thrown in pots from besieged towns. This led to the introduction of incendiary arrows. The early Greeks and Romans used chemical weapons with considerable success. Though the famous Greek fire is said to have been invented by Callinicus about 660 A.D., it was



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A Clipper laced fan belt is easily installed without removing any parts. The joint is smooth and strong and the lacing takes but a few minutes.

Garages equipped with this tool need not stock a large and varied assortment of fan belts; a few rolls of belting in popular widths equip them to belt a great number of cars. Belt hooks come carded and conveniently boxed. Clipper Belt Hooks are 100% *staggered*. No two hook points enter the belt directly opposite each other.

Motorists: Carry an extra Clipper laced fan belt for emergencies.

Write for descriptive circular and name of your nearest jobber.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

$2.50 in U. S. A. $3.50 in Canada

The Junior Vise Lacer laces same sizes as Junior Clipper No 1, but requires a vise.

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$13.75 in Canada

The Junior Clipper No. 1 laces belts up to 2 inches wide and 3-16 inches thick. Substantially built, simple in construction and operation. Perpetually guaranteed against breakage and defects.

Clipper Belt Lacer

Quality Belt Lacing

$78,300 OFFERED for IDEAS

Many of the most important discoveries and inventions were made by people who were in no way connected with the industries they benefited, and so did not assume "it can't be done"—Bell, Morse, Whitney, Goodyear and scores of others are examples.

To seek out the latent ability possessed by every man, woman and child, Popular Mechanics Magazine has obtained the cooperation of leading manufacturers who now offer tangible, cash rewards totaling $78,300 for Ideas. A partial list of these includes:

W. D. Allen Mfg. Co., Chicago
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Jahn & Ollier Engraving Co., Chicago
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Full particulars of these offers appear for the first time in

Popular Mechanics Magazine
FOR JUNE
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probably known earlier. A similar substance was used by the Byzantine Greeks against the Saracens in 672 A.D. and was later employed against the Christians in the Crusades. A crude form of chemical warfare was waged in the Middle Ages.

It is a fact that no weapon once proved successful in war has ever been abandoned. Chemical warfare seems to be passing through the same experience that older weapons have gone through. For instance, when the crossbow was introduced during the twelfth century Christians were horrified. "Too fatal and too cruel," they cried. Pope Innocent III prohibited its use in battle between Christians, but sanctioned its use against non-Christians. In the time of Good Queen Bess there was a popular aversion to the improved artillery, and gunpowder was characterized as being "contrary to humanity and calculated to extinguish military bravery." When the English first employed small arms to advantage in the war with France the latter condemned them as "cowardly and base knaves who would never have dared to meet true soldiers face to face." In our own country when Gatling invented the machine gun that bears his name there was so much opposition that he took his idea to foreign nations.

In 1855, during the Crimean War, Lord Dundonald, an admiral in the British Navy, suggested the use of sulphur and other materials to drive the Russians from Sebastopol. He intended to vaporize the sulphur with great fires of coke. But England, though admitting the plan was feasible, rejected it as being "too horrible," and even ordered the papers containing the suggestion to be destroyed.

Peacetime Uses

Several forms of chemical warfare were employed during the Civil War. During the siege of Charleston wood saturated with sulphur was burned under the parapets in the hope that favorable winds would carry the fumes and drive out the defenders. On another occasion thirty-six shells containing Greek fire were dropped into the town under cover of darkness, causing General Beauregard to write the Federal commander, General Gillmore, as follows:

> Your firing a number of the most destructive missiles ever used in war into the midst of a city taken unawares and filled with sleeping women and children will give you a bad eminence in history.

When the United States entered the World War it paid scant attention to gas offense or defense until prodded into action by the British and French, who had been made to realize its importance through bitter experience. For a long time the United States was content to leave the matter in the hands of the Medical Corps, but finally a separate corps was organized to deal with the situation. Early gas training met objection and obstacles from the Regulars, who regarded chemical warfare somewhat as an overrated novelty. How the Chemical Warfare Service finally overcame this prejudice and materially aided in vanquishing the enemy must go down in military annals as the remarkable accomplishment of a few farsighted individuals.

Poisonous gases can be and are now being devoted to a variety of peacetime uses. As in the past, certain gases are invaluable to many industries. Many sweet-smelling perfumes are obtained from war gases; other gases are used in the manufacture of dyestuffs, drugs and so on. Still others are being experimented with in protecting fruit trees from frosts and cold. The "breath of death" has been used with some success in exterminating rats, mice, prairie dogs, rabbits and other pests. The Chemical Warfare Service is now experimenting with various combinations of gases in an effort to cope with the yet invincible boll weevil, the bane of the cotton grower.

The Gas Pistol

Certain gases are being utilized in fighting disease. Chlorine, particularly, is being tested as a remedy for heavy colds. Though some medical authorities do not favor anything that will overexert the lungs of tuberculosis patients, it has been suggested that some fumes might be used to advantage in exercising and otherwise strengthening the lungs to deflect the inroads of the white plague.

Several large banks have equipped their safes with gas jackets. These outer shells contain lachrymatory fumes which must be pierced in forcing an entrance into the safe. Once released these gases will temporarily render an evildoer helpless and so insure his capture. They will do him no permanent damage, simply resulting in a copious and blinding flow of tears. The police of Philadelphia and other large cities are now supplied with bombs containing tear or sneezing gases to be employed against mobs, rioters and desperate individuals. There have been numerous instances where deranged persons have been subdued in this manner.

A recent invention is a gas pistol which, though having the appearance of an ordinary revolver, shoots gas. With it an effective though small concentration can be maintained without exposing the marksman. Wartime gas masks proved impractical for use in confined spaces in which carbon monoxide is generated, and so were of no service to fire departments, forest-fire fighters, mine-rescue crews and others, but a new mask developed by the Army is said to meet these special requirements.

Wife. George, if You Realized How Disgusting You Looked Going About the House in Your Shirt Sleeves and Without a Collar, You'd be More Considerate!

The Final Touch of Charm

The Secret — Pearls

WHAT delight pearls bring to every woman! Their touch of distinction completes the newest frock. The knowledge of their aid to beauty . . . . no other gem is so completely woman's, no other can bring such assurance.

And among smartly gowned women Deltah Pearls are much in vogue . . . . you see them everywhere. Their exceptional fidelity, in reproducing each tiny curve and dimple of the Oriental, has created a sensation.

Leading jewelers are now offering these celebrated gems, imported direct from our Paris and Geneva laboratories. The very latest designs in varying lengths from chokers to three-strand ropes are ready for your selection—clasped in gold, platinum or diamonds — prices range from the modest, inexpensive strings to elaborate, costly strings.

Deltah Pearls are for sale throughout the country by leading jewelers, men who take pride in giving their customers the best. Please inspect these matchless gems. Become acquainted with their absolute superiority To know Deltahs is to prefer them.

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PEARLS

A NOTED style authority and fashion editor has just prepared an interesting little book, "The Charm of Pearls."

This tells of the latest [illegible] of the wearing of pearls [illegible] and artistic methods [illegible] by prominent women of society and the stage

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Take a few hundred dollars to your nearest railway, steamship or travel agent and tell him to book you from your home town to Honolulu—you're going to see for yourself *this summer* if the songs, stories and pictures about Hawaii are true

$300 or $400 pays for the round trip direct from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C., or Victoria, B. C. That also permits you to "hit the high spots" on the principal islands, spending two or three weeks there. At least one big liner casts off every week for the 5 to 8 days' calm voyage

A cool spot in the Pacific

Pack some medium-weight wraps in your luggage—you may need them. Mercury in Hawaii can't seem to climb above 88°—hasn't, anyway, for 30 years

As an American you'll need no passport. You will still be in the United States—hear your own language, sleep on good clean beds and read the world's news via Associated Press in island papers while eating your breakfast papaya or dinner avocado

Phone for a laundress and she'll arrive in a flivver—but she'll leave her sandals at the door. Golf, and you may tee off into a rainbow. Play tennis, motor, hike, fish from a sampan, ride the surf at Waikiki. Gaze on Volcano Kilauea's everlasting fires in Hawaii National Park.

Why wait? The native diving boys pictured here, the brown-hued lei girls and the Royal Hawaiian Band will be at the Honolulu pier to bid you an exotic unforgetable Aloha—meaning Welcome! Now, if you're still in doubt, ask anyone who has ever visited Hawaii

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COLLAR PACKET a new & different idea for semi-softs 3 for $1

for complete information ask EARL & WILSON Troy N.Y.

THE MAKING OF A STOCK BROKER

(Continued from Page 5)

my Uncle Henry assured him, and my father chimed in with "You certainly are," for the stranger certainly was a robust specimen of humanity. They were sure he was somebody who had worked for my grandfather. Nearly every lumberjack in the state had, at one time or another. They could not have named this one to save their lives.

"I thought I'd like to see the old place again," the stranger went on. "I made up my mind that Dan Ryan wasn't going to be in Boston and not run up to see his friends here before he went back."

"And where are you making your home, Dan?" my father asked. Dan Ryan, he remembered, had hauled logs for the squire years before.

"I live in Michigan," said Dan. He had followed the timber. It was all he knew. "I did pretty well with my white pine. By the way, you've never done much with that land the squire bought out there, have you?"

"No."

"Are you going to?" he asked. And my Uncle Henry, Maine-like, answered his question with another.

"Would you like to?" he asked.

"I wouldn't mind. How will you trade?" said Dan.

"We have got to see our sisters," said my father. "Suppose you make us an offer?"

Well, Dan did. My father and Uncle Henry went home and talked to my aunts. They knew only the approximate acreage and the price my grandfather had paid for the land. They had never cruised it and didn't know how much it would cut. But they did know these were panic times and getting worse day by day. There probably was a future, but they thought a heap about the present, and Michigan was a mighty long way from Maine, and cash was cash. So the family council decided to accept Dan's offer, which showed a small profit on what my grandfather had paid.

Ashamed to Tell His Profits

When my Uncle Henry and my father got back to the office they found Dan there waiting for them. He was passing away the time talking to a couple of old-timers he had scared up somewhere.

"Well, boys, and what did the girls say?" he asked.

"We'll sell," they answered.

Dan Ryan promptly sat down and made out a check on a Boston bank for the amount.

"Do you know anything about the lands, Dan?" asked my father.

"No more than you," he answered.

"Do you mean to say you've never been there?"

"Never."

"Don't you want to look them over first and see what's there?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Why should I? I knew the squire, worked twelve years for him, and I'll tell you this: Anything your father was willing to buy at any time, I'm willing to take over at any time. If those lands were good enough for him to buy and pay for, they are good enough for me to buy and pay for. That's all there is to it. I live there and you don't, so it's no trouble for me to buy 'em."

Well, he got the lands and went back to Michigan. In 1892 or 1893—I think it was during the World's Fair—I was in Chicago with my father. I was only a boy, but I remember meeting Ryan. We ran across him in the lobby of the hotel. My father introduced me to the old chap, and he said I looked like the squire, his old boss.

My father had heard off and on, indirectly, about Ryan, and knew he had done very well in the lumber business, as so many Michigan men had. At one time Michigan lumber supplied the newspapers with picturesque millionaires, just as oil and steel and munitions did at other periods.

"I hear things have gone very well with you, Dan."

"Fine, my boy! Fine!" cheerfully answered Ryan.

"How did those lands we sold you turn out?"

"Fine, my boy! Fine!"

"Did pretty well with them, eh?" said my father.

"I told you the squire knew timberlands," said Ryan. "He was a mighty smart man, he was."

My father laughed, and Ryan said, "Oh, you and Henry are smart too. Didn't mean it that way." My father laughed all the more, and then he asked, "Dan, just how much did you make out of that deal?"

Dan hesitated.

"Don't you want to tell?" asked my father.

"It isn't that I don't want to, but that I am ashamed to."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes, I haven't the nerve to tell you."

"Go on! How much was it?"

And Ryan said, "I figure I made better than twenty million dollars out of it."

"What?" yelled my father.

"I told you I was ashamed to tell you," said Dan, so apologetically that my father got to laughing once more.

School and College Life

What do you think of that story? Well, there is still another chapter: Our branch office in Detroit is in the Ryan Building, one of the finest edifices in the West. Squire Wing's grandson, who is a stockbroker in New York, is today paying tribute to the grandson of the Maine teamster who hauled logs for him—and followed the timber clear into Michigan.

And before I get off this timber talk, I'll tell you another incident. Only last year our firm sold to our customers fifteen million dollars of bonds of the Penobscot Pulp and Paper Company, and these bonds were secured by some thousands of acres of timberlands, which were put in at ten dollars an acre—an absurdly low price, in order to make the bonds a safe investment. Well, that land was land that my grandfather bought for ten cents an acre, and later was sold at a profit by the squire's sons.

It was sold again, in the shape of bonds, by the squire's grandson, at a difference of ten thousand per cent. I suspect such a thing could only happen in America.

When my father went to California to engage in the business of dealing in timberlands I went with him. We were out on the Coast about ten years. What I chiefly remember of our life there is that I was desperately homesick all the time. That is the fact. The meaning or significance of the fact I do not know; but, when the family moved East again and we lived in the house my grandfather built, I felt contented. It was Maine. Possibly the love of it was in my blood. And yet, when the time came and I went to work, I did not feel homesick away from the selfsame Maine.

I was sent to Andover, and afterward to Cambridge. I think I told you I was the seventh generation of the Wing family to go to Harvard. While I was at prep school it was my father's desire that I should be a lawyer. He himself had studied law, though he never practiced it. It was his belief that, no matter what business a man went into, a knowledge of law was bound to be helpful. Moreover, ours was a law family. One of his cousins was on the supreme bench, and relatives of my mother had achieved distinction in the practice of the profession. Two Wings and two Kents were among the leaders of the Boston bar, so that if I chose the law I'd only be running true to family form. But, before the end of my sophomore year at Harvard, I was quite sure in my own mind that I would not follow in my father's steps. I did not wish to study law. Also the timberland business had no appeal to me.

I loved Maine, all of it—mountains, lakes, rivers and coast. But I loved it as a place to have my vacation in. I had been homesick away from it, but I didn't see anything there at which I wanted to make a living. My home was there, but I knew that my office wasn't. I loved the woods, but I didn't think I had the temperament needed to make a success of the family trade, at which so much money had been made by my grandfather and my father, and particularly by Ryan, of Michigan.

(Continued on Page 224)

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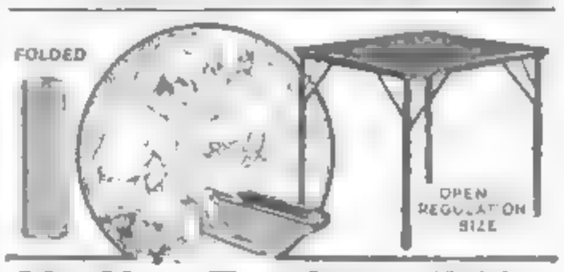

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The Interstate Co., 2340 E. 9th Pl., Cleveland, O.
(References Midland Bank, Cleveland)

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"CREO-DIPT" stamped on a bundle of shingles indicates highest quality.

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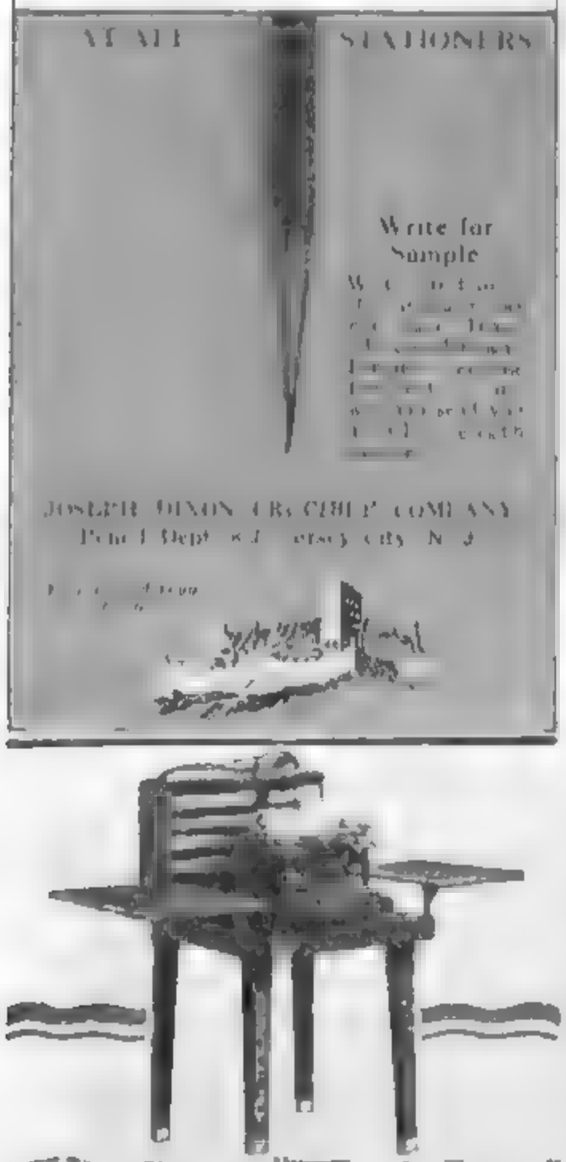

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THE TOLEDO METAL FURNITURE CO.
1820 Hastings St. Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 222)

You see, it takes about three months to put through a deal in timberlands. A fellow has to go out and explore them, cruise them, look up titles and a lot of other things that take time. In my own business I get quick action. I can buy and sell a million dollars' worth of stock in less than three minutes. And as for the law, I just didn't like it. There wasn't anything about it that beckoned to me. The philosophy of the law, the spirit of it, whatever there is about it that appeals so strongly to so many fine minds, never hit me. And when I finished my sophomore year I told my father I was sorry to disappoint him, but I wouldn't study law. It was not so much because I was wise enough to know that I didn't have a legal mind, as because I had the gumption to know that I never would make a success of a business that I did not like.

We had a nice friendly talk about it. I admitted that a man might and should make a good job of whatever he has to do, but I contended that if he has a chance to pick his job he should pick one he likes. I couldn't see, at twenty, that business was different from anything else. No man can be a really good baseball player if he hates baseball. How is a fellow going to get to the top except by doing his best, and how can a man's best be brought out in the pursuit of an uncongenial occupation? The less friction you have to overcome the farther a given amount of energy will carry you. I have since noticed it in my office. You see, we make it a point of keeping a pretty close tab on our help, because as our business grows we have to fill important positions. We naturally desire to fill them from our ranks; from men we know all about, men that we have proved.

Well, it is not so much the boy who has brains as the one who has the business instinct that makes a successful business man. And that boy finds in business pretty much the same sort of pleasure that a born golfer does in playing his game. All our employes are competent or they wouldn't hold their jobs, but we find that some of our boys do not hate to get to the office early, and do not begin to get ready to leave half an hour before quitting time.

Personally I have found business a game. I don't take my business home with me at night but I am never sorry to go back to it in the morning. I have kept up my tennis and my swimming, and go to football and baseball games as enthusiastically as I ever did. But no game that I play compares for interest and thrills with my business.

Fine Human Contacts

After all, it is really fascinating. Stop a moment and think what the business of such a house as ours is. To begin with, it is a business of businesses—that is, we must deal with all kinds of business. We bring out, I mean we market, stocks of steel and iron and coal and copper and oil companies, of automobile companies and patent-medicine companies, food-products companies, chewing-gum companies, perfumery companies. We deal in foreign bonds, in railroad and industrial bonds, in state, county and municipal bonds; and each and every time we have to know exactly what we are dealing in. We are specialists in one business, and that business is everybody's business. As I said before, Wall Street's business is the business of all business—the whole world's business.

And then there are the human contacts. We are daily doing business for and with most interesting people—with men who have made a go of their business, who have the traits and can tell the life stories that go with success winning in a big way. Whether they are young or old, college graduates or common-school pupils, whether their parents were cultured people or roughnecks, these men had that within them that made them outdistance the vast majority in the race toward preëminence. These big men with and for whom my firm deals—whether we buy or sell securities on the Stock Exchange at the established commission, or handle an entire issue of bonds, or sell a hundred-thousand-share block of treasury stock—are the men who have known enough to do the right thing the majority of times in their own lines.

It is our business as up-to-date commission brokers to enable other fellows to do business. Last week we floated a bond issue for a steel company. Those bonds were sold to our regular customers; that is, to the public—to individual investors and institutions, to capitalists and wage earners, to insurance companies and savings banks. They were sold by us at a profit—that is, at a small but fair commission—to provide money wherewith to enlarge the plant and increase the volume of business and the number of employes. With this money, more money will be made by the steel company, and the bond buyer will get his interest—his share in the profits of a steel business.

Now even a political demagogue must admit that our share in the deal was above blame. We do not have to be insulted because we assure the public that those bonds are safe and sound. We believe them to be that. We took pains to make sure of it. We had experts study the company, the business, the personnel, the history, the future—all the clinical data obtainable. Leaving aside all questions of ethics, putting it on the most sordid and selfish of grounds, it is obvious that it behooves us to be careful. It is only when and if our customers make money that we make money for ourselves. If our customers lose because of our dishonesty or our negligence or our incompetence, how long will they stay customers of ours? Isn't it reasonable to suppose that we try to keep our customers satisfied and that there is only one way to do that?

A reputable stock-brokerage firm is like any other reputable firm of intelligent business men. We aim to stay in business a long time. There are crooks and fly-by-nights in Wall Street. But so are there crooks in every street of every city of every country in the world. There are bucketeers, and shyster lawyers, and quack doctors, and food adulterators, and grafting politicians. But the public continues to pick on Wall Street from force of habit, because of what used to be.

Where Do They Come From?

After all, what is Wall Street? The place to which enterprising and thrifty people—the best business brains of a great business nation—go to buy and sell securities and commodities, to raise capital in order to do more business than they've been doing—that is, to be enabled to grow, to lead, to build railroads and operate them, and erect steel plants, and drill oil wells and refine petroleum, and develop mines, and produce more and better and cheaper automobiles, and generate cheaper electrical power. Without Wall Street—not the Wall Street of fiction or of the cheap politicians, but of reality—this country would not be where it is industrially, nor would its people be so well off. I admit freely that Wall Street is also the place whither the public goes during booms to gamble, to get something for nothing. There is always the desire to risk surplus dollars, to increase quickly an inadequate stake. You can't prevent speculation by law, very easily. There isn't and cannot be any business in which there is not some speculation.

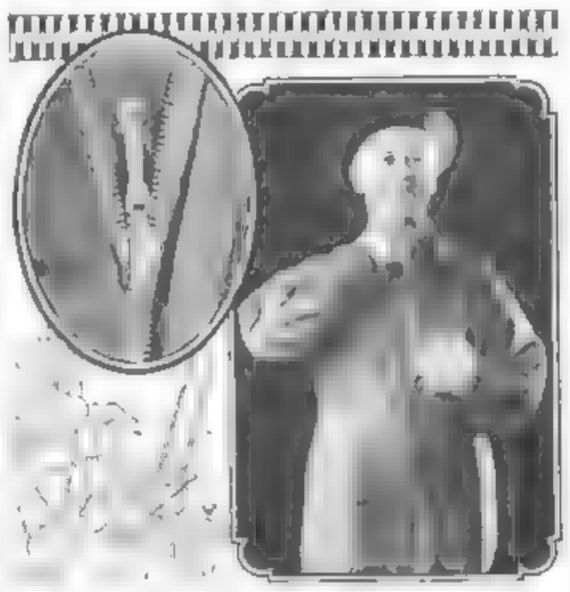
I don't imagine there is any need for me to enter into a long dissertation on the economic function of the Stock Exchange, is there? The investments of a nation are the measure of its prosperity, and our comforts depend upon our prosperity. Wall Street is where you must go for your investments, under the present system of corporations. It is no more immoral to go there to buy securities than to go to Pittsburgh if you want to buy steel or coke.

And have you ever asked yourself who constitutes Wall Street or where the majority of Wall Street men were born? What makes them so different, in the popular mind, from the rank and file of humans engaged in work in other places?

Wall Street, I take it, embraces that district where you find not only the members of the Stock, Cotton, Produce and other exchanges, but the greatest banks in the United States, and the individuals or firms that make a practice of supplying or obtaining money for all kinds of businesses.

Where do most of the Wall Street men come from? They come from every state in the Union. The other day on the Stock Exchange a friend of mine, to settle a dispute, took the trouble to compile a list of the partners of the leading Stock Exchange houses. We found that nine-tenths of them came from outside New York. In my own firm the partners came from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maryland, Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana. Not one out of the twelve partners is a New Yorker. We do a very large business, perhaps one-twentieth of the total done on the Stock Exchange,

Jiffy Suit



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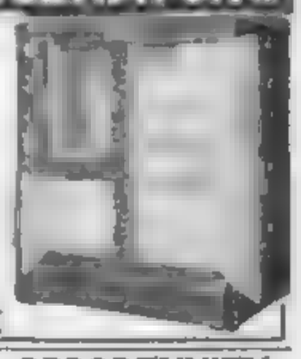

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You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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that is the feeling you can have by wearing Dr. Simm's Arch and Ankle Supporters

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A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Garden, Small Farm and Orchard

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and I take it we are typically Wall Street. The typical Wall Street man is therefore typically American, just as the business of a stockbroker is national rather than a New York City business.

I am sorry I digressed. Coming back to my career, all I can say is that I was not a good student at college. My classmates insist that I was a brilliant success at discovering snap courses ahead of other modest spirits. I took Semitic XII, but that was what every body did; about five hundred of us. But I investigated and picked on II story IV in the Divinity School as highly desirable. There were only twelve divinity students taking that when I discovered its advantages. The next year three hundred and fifty-seven were taking it. One of my classmates who is now a competitor tells everybody that I always was good at finding bargains for my trade.

But I always was interested in political economy. In my day there weren't any courses in modern business and finance. It would have helped me a great deal if I had taken such a course. Still I managed to get my degree, and the absence of scholastic laurels didn't distress me to the point of insomnia.

I may say here that I have found that my college studies in political economy and history have more than once helped me in my business as a stockbroker. I deal daily with economic conditions, but also with human activities and personalities. I have applied the lessons of history to my business. Different names, different dates; same human beings, same situations. Where my own experience did not give me the parallel, the experience of humanity—history—did.

When I graduated I was much better off than I suspected in the matter of business assets. I had had to do with many undergraduate activities outside of the curriculum. I had formed friendships that were to prove valuable to me simply by providing me with a list of names of men who knew me intimately and therefore could not question my integrity or my good intentions. These college friends, after four years of companionship, gave me the habit of establishing certain human contacts which I have never lost.

The attitude of the normal decent college man toward his college and toward his classmates is an attitude that it will pay him to maintain in adult life toward his work and his fellow workers, whatever may be his particular line of business. It has been my hobby to try to make stockbrokers feel toward the Stock Exchange and toward their fellow members the way I feel toward Harvard and toward my class. I do not wish to indulge in either sentimentality or propaganda, but I think you will agree with me when I say that it is a good way to feel.

Looking for a Job

I received my degree and went home. It occurred to me I ought to have a vacation that would do me good physically. It would be a good foundation for the coming business of making a living. I induced my cousin to go with me on a trip I had long wished to make. We took a twenty-foot canoe and an outfit, and we started by ourselves. No guides, no prepared itinerary. We paddled up the west branch of the Penobscot and across Lake Churchill and Eagle Lake, down the Allegas into the St. John, and back to New Brunswick. We lived like Indians. I did the chores and he did the cooking. He was a good cook. I was better on chores. The artistic touch was beyond me.

It was a wonderful outing and it did us lots of good. When I got back home I found a letter asking me to go down to Cambridge and take charge of the football tickets and the finances for the fall games. The job was worth a hundred dollars in cash and the privilege of helping the college. You see, I had had some experience at it, and I want to tell you that running the games and allotting the tickets is some job.

I got through with the last game late in November. Instead of returning home I decided to get a job in Boston. I wrote to my father. I did not ask either his consent or his advice, I simply told him what my intentions were. He rather expected it, because I had told him I would not stay in Bangor and he had told me that I could do whatever I thought best. He didn't offer me any suggestions because we always understood each other. He had an abiding faith in the family gumption and in the Wing spirit of hustle. I may say that, in all the years I was away from home working, he never failed to visit me in the spring and in the full.

I started my job hunting on the thirtieth of November. I began by walking out of the hotel without any destination in mind, my only definite intention being to keep my eyes open. That way I would spot the job.

What I did see was the outside of Boston business offices, and I want to tell you that even the outside of a house looks quite different to you when your business is with the inside of it. The office buildings became buildings in which my own office might possibly be. It gave me a personal interest in every number; it might be my address. I suppose I hoped something would happen. I know I kept on quite hopefully.

I was walking down State Street when I met Howard Abbott, one of my classmates.

You know how it is. While at college your experiences are experiences common to all your intimates. Your interests are their interests; their concern is also yours. This was the first fall in four years that Howard and I had not spent October and November together. What had happened to him and to me since commencement was news to me and to him, instead of the usual family affair.

Of course Howard wanted to tell me and to listen, and I wished to do as much.

Spider's Hard Luck

He told me first. After leaving college he got a job in an office and worked there all summer. Then, as luck would have it, he had to get sick and be ordered to leave Boston. It began with a cold he couldn't shake off, and then the specialist said it was tuberculosis and ordered Howard to the Adirondacks.

"Pretty tough luck," he finished, "to lose all that time." He meant the time to be spent in getting well. Isn't youth a wonderful thing for logic?

"It sure is," I said.

"They were mighty nice about it," he went on, meaning his employers. "But of course, I can't expect them to hold the job open until I am ready to come back. It may be a year or ——" He stopped, because he couldn't bring himself to say "two." He didn't wish to think that he would be ill that long, so he just didn't. Silence helped.

"That's pretty hard luck, Spider," I told him, thinking of his illness. Then, thinking of my wellness, I asked, "What sort of a job was it?" I knew it must be pretty good to hurt him so much to leave it.

"In a broker's office," he said gloomily. What he was giving up nobody would know!

I simply couldn't commiserate with him on his misfortune in one breath and in the next ask him to appoint me his successor. That was like sealing his doom, like closing the door to his return to Boston, cured. At the same time I was job hunting. But it was too bad it was Howard's job.

However, fate was kind; Howard himself considerately saved me the trouble of overexercising my ingenuity or prolonging the negotiations for inheriting scrupulously, by asking me, "And what are you doing, Jack?"

"Looking for a job," I answered, and looked as I felt, blue. "Any job," I finished.

"You can have mine," he said, with a generous eagerness that showed what a brick the Spider was. It struck me instantly that it is always the Sir Philip Sidneys who are taken prematurely. Death is apt to be not only cruel but unintelligent.

"How do you know they will give it to me?" I asked.

"I only told them this morning that I was quitting. They'll give it to you, all right. Why not?" He looked at me pugnaciously—a true friend!

"But I don't know anything about the broker's business," I pointed out, not too aggressively.

"Neither did I," he said.

And I felt I should never acquire so much knowledge so quickly. The Spider doubtless had a knack for brokerage.

"Oh, I am willing to try. When could we find out if I'll do?" I asked.

"Right now. Come on." And he linked his arm in mine and took me to the broker's office, just as pleased as he could be. His face was one smile and he chattered away—ominously enough—of the good times we had had at college. He was living already in the past, this boy of twenty. Poor old Spider!

He took me to the office of Devlin, Litchfield & Co. They were in Post Office Square.

The Spider escorted me into the office as though I were the Prince of Wales. It

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Style No. 460 (illustrated) is a fitting example. Of brown "Vode" Kid on the "Hoover" last, with oak sole and Goodyear-Wingfoot heel—it is a model of shapeliness, durability, economy and ease.

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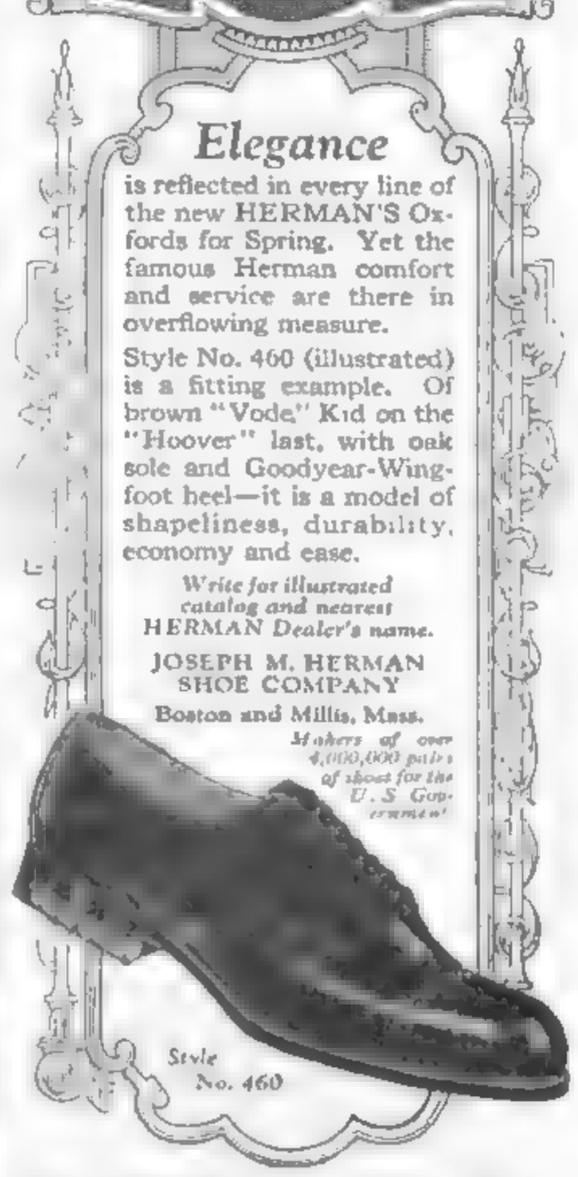

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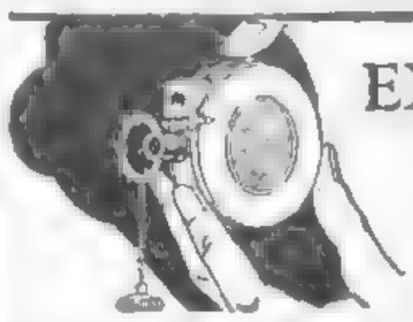

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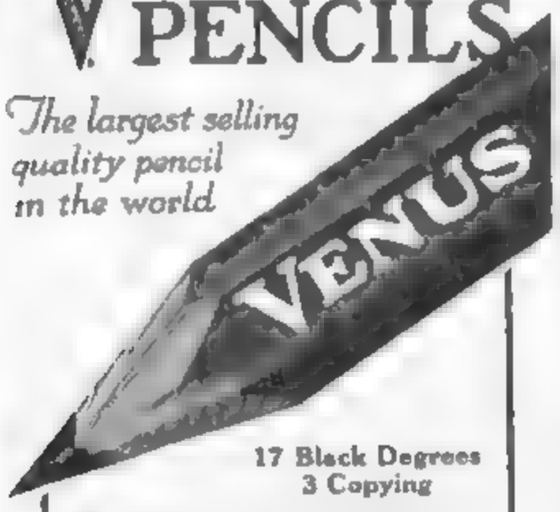

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wasn't much of an office, small and rather dingy, for the firm was not then particularly active, but for me it had all the importance of an epochal first step.

He introduced me to old Devlin as one of his classmates, for whom he could conscientiously vouch as being worth at least three of him. I was much the faster worker and the most accurate of all the class. I felt cheap and office-boyish while the Spider was perjuring himself like a gentleman for his classmate. Also I felt somewhat conscious of the sad fact that I had come upon my career face to face without adequate previous preparation. But all old Devlin did was to look at Howard and nod, and then look at me without visible signs of emotion.

Finally he said, hesitatingly, "And you want to go to work?"

"Yes, sir!" I answered. I was willing to prove it with everything I had.

"Well," he said, "we don't pay beginners much. All we give is three dollars a week."

"That is satisfactory," I assured him. "I'll take it." I was more interested in the job than in the pay.

"When do you wish to start?" Devlin asked me.

"I am ready to start right now," I said.

"Well," he nodded almost as if he were congratulating me on a piece of rare good luck, "right now is as good a time as any. Howard, suppose you take him and show him what his duties are."

"I'll be glad to show him, sir," said the Spider. And after a pause: "I'll say good-by again, Mr. Devlin."

Mr. Devlin stood up to shake hands with the Spider.

"Good-by, Howard, and good luck to you, my boy. I am sure the change of climate is going to do wonders for you. Stick it out now. Good luck to you. And come back to us, Howard."

The old man seemed fond of his three-dollar-a-week ex-clerk. It didn't strike me as odd. Why shouldn't his boss like Howard Abbott?

The Spider took me into the other room and introduced me to a bookkeeper and a couple of clerks, and then proceeded to outline to me the duties of the dog. That's what the job was—office boy. I gathered that the Spider had cheerfully done whatever he was asked to do. One of the advantages of an education is that you do what you agree to do. The gentleman doesn't refuse to do, if necessary, what a roughneck would say he wasn't hired to do.

The Spider left me with a smile on his face, pleased as Punch that he had secured for me his job. It was like keeping the fortune in the family—that three-dollar-a-week job.

The first thing I actually did in that office was to clean the inkwells. Then I went about picking up things. When I left for the day I felt that I was on the road to a man's job, for already I had decided that the brokerage business was as good as any that I could go into. I did not know in detail precisely what it consisted of, but the background was satisfactory and the kind of merchandise it dealt in suited me. And the curious thing was that I was as right, for all my ignorance of the business, as I was later on when I knew more about it. I suppose it is natural for a boy who wants to work to like his first job—at least during the first day. It is the occasion of the donning of the long trousers rather than admiration for their fit that he is thinking about. The thrill means a lot.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in a fortnight.

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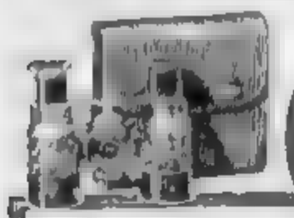

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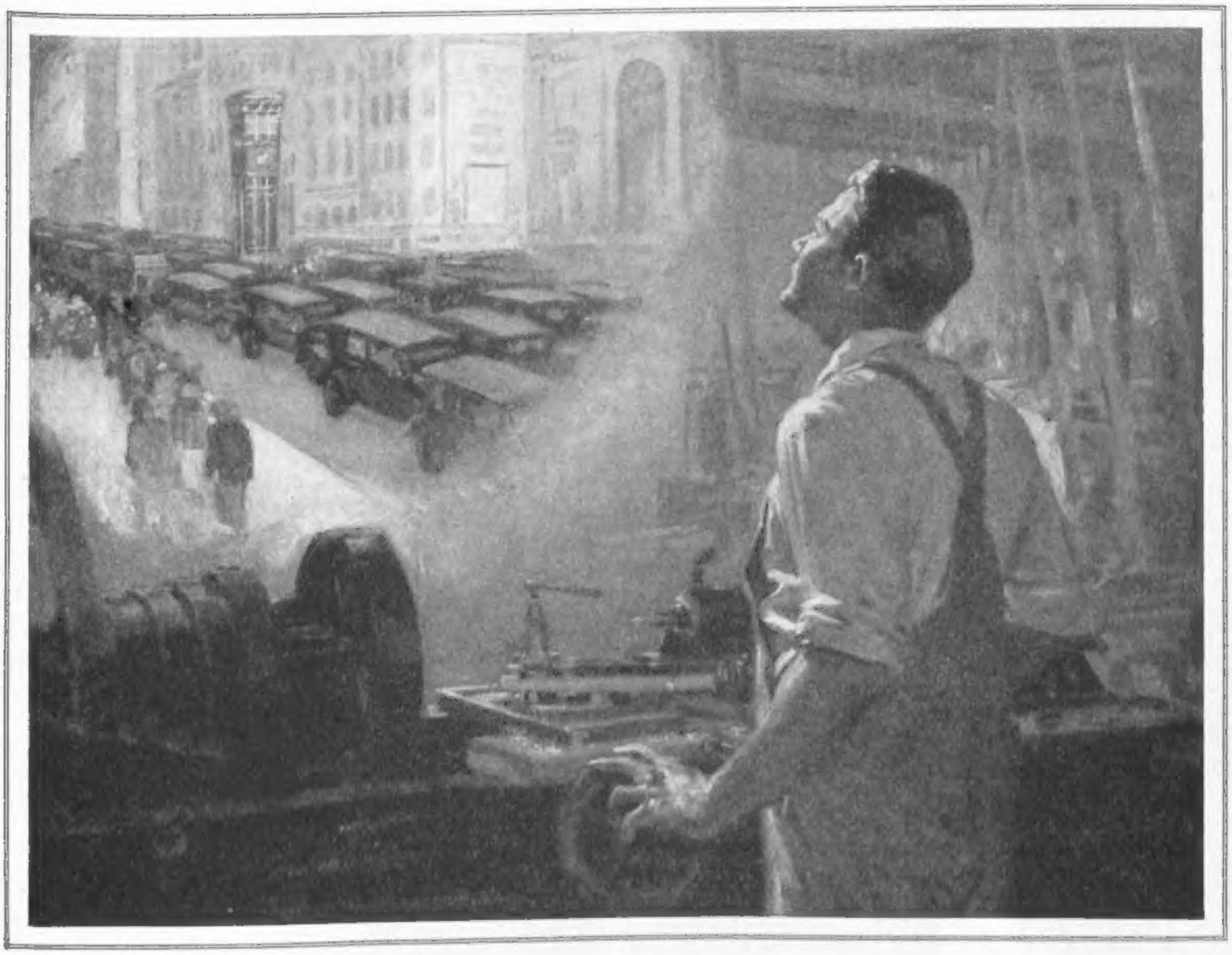

AND THE DREAM CAME TRUE!

The story of the amazing growth of the automobile industry and the men who helped to make that growth possible

THE swift development of the automobile is one of the amazing romances of American industry. The impractical toy of thirty short years ago has become the most indispensable means of modern transportation. The pioneers of the early nineties have lived to see their "horseless carriages" flow in unbroken streams along the highways of the world.

In 1899, only 3700 automobiles were made in the United States. In 1923, more than four million passenger cars and trucks were produced, swelling the total number of cars in active service to more than fifteen million—one for every seventh person in this country.

This is the romance of growth.

But there is another—the romance of men who have helped to build the industry—the romance of urgently needed skill caught in spare hours at night and applied by day.

A new opportunity loomed large on the horizon of business. At the bench, at the drawing board, in the shop, in the office and on the farm, there were men who could vision a whole new means of transportation and, in its development, thrilling futures of achievement for themselves.

The vital need was technical training. But where were they to obtain it? They could not leave their work to go to school—the school that was to help them must come to them.

And it came! It made their spare time the hours of study. It provided practical textbooks. It brought them by mail, wherever they might be, the kindly understanding counsel of experienced teachers. It cleared up at night the problems of the day. It encouraged; it inspired.

It was inevitable that as the automobile industry grew, such men should grow with it, in capacity and responsibility. Ambition and perseverance—*plus the trained mind*—marked them for success. To-day many of these men are the recognized leaders of the industry. Some of them are listed in the panel at the right. The positions they hold are an indication, *first*, of the character of the men themselves; *second*, of the character of the training they received when they laid the foundation of their careers.

No other educational institution has trained or is training so many men for success in the automobile field as the International Correspondence Schools. Not only has it made possible satisfying careers for thousands of individuals, but it has made at the same time a definite, constructive contribution to the development of the automobile industry.

These prominent automobile executives were once students of the International Correspondence Schools

JESSE G. VINCENT
Vice-President of Engineering, Packard Motor Car Company. Designer of the Packard "Twin-Six" and co-inventor of the Liberty Airplane Motor.

WALTER P. CHRYSLER
Formerly President and General Manager of the Buick Motor Company; First Vice-President in Charge of Production, General Motors Corporation. Now Chairman of the Board of the Chrysler and Maxwell Motor Corporations.

E. V. (Eddie) RICKENBACKER
America's flying ace. Vice-President and Director of Sales, Rickenbacker Motor Car Company.

J. V. WHITBECK
President of the Cleveland Automobile Co.

HIRAM WALKER
Chief Engineer, Chandler Motor Car Co.

HERMAN T. KRAFT
Chief Aeronautical Engineer, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

E. J. HALL
Vice-President and General Manager, Hall-Scott Motor Car Company. Co-inventor of the Liberty Airplane Motor.

J. R. HALL
Vice-President and Factory Manager, Chandler Motor Car Company.

JOHN MOORE
Chief Engineer, Lexington Motor Company, and designer of the Ansted Engine.

OTTO LOESCHE
Chief of the Experimental Department, Lexington Motor Company. Mr. Loesche machined and built the first model of the Ansted Engine invented by Mr. Moore.

W. O. WEBSTER
Formerly Mechanical Engineer, Maxwell Motor Company. Now Works Engineer, C. R. Wilson Body Company.

WELLINGTON R. GRAHAM
Chief Engineer, Kelland Motor Car Co., designer of the Kelland Electric Truck.

MAX H. THOMS
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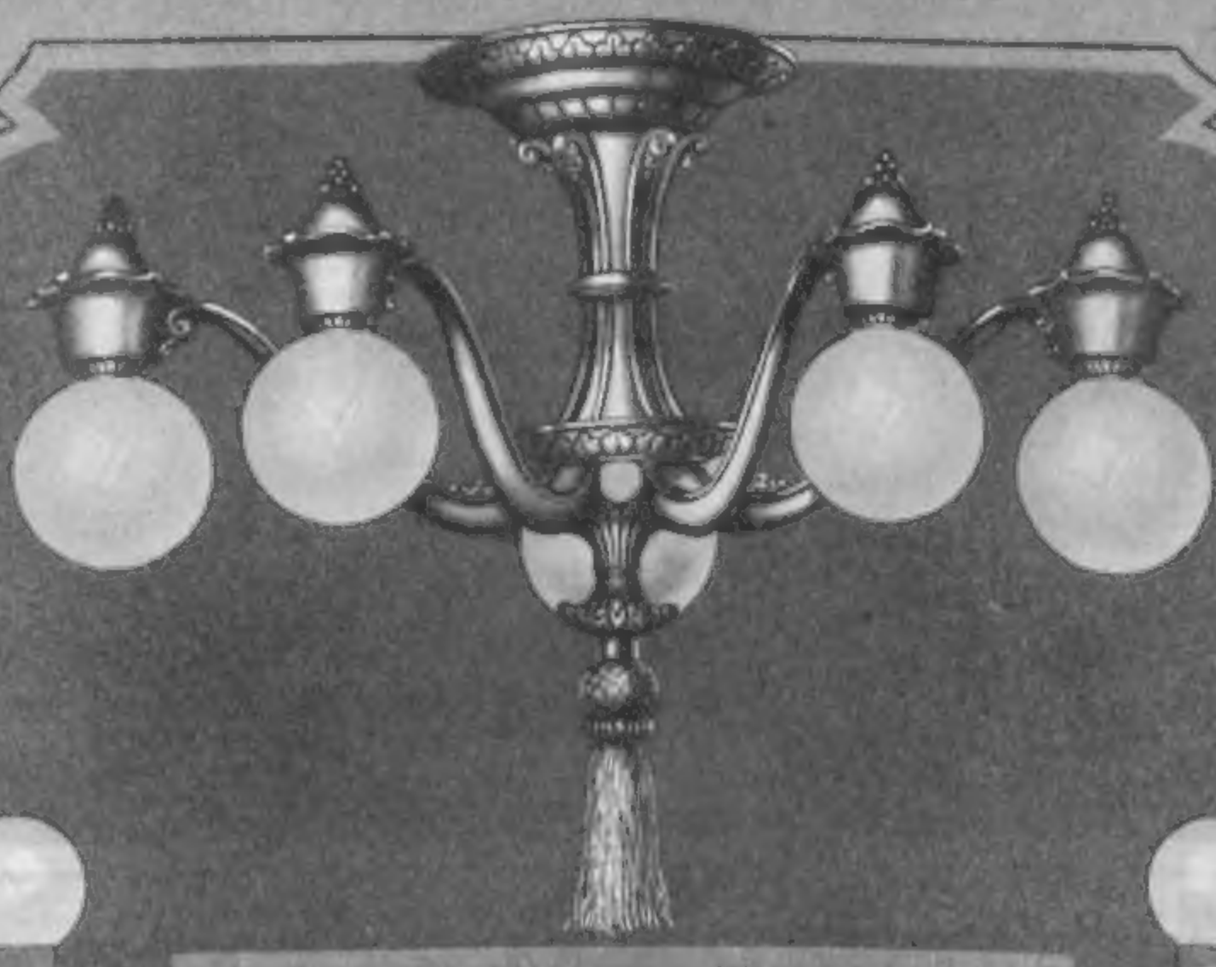

"Fixtures" or "Fitments"?

Why do we call them lighting "fitments"? Simply because the term "fixture" is inappropriate. The lighting equipment of a home should no more be considered a "fixture" than the furniture, carpets and draperies, which are changed from time to time to conform to changing styles in interior decoration. It is a simple matter to replace out-of-date fixtures with modern Riddle Fitments and enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that your lighting equipment is above reproach.

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Retail Stores Need Bright, Smart Floors

IF old man Common Sense were to choose your floors, a good-looking, inherently clean and dignified floor of linoleum would get his decision. Why shouldn't it?

Common Sense would consider the job that a floor has to do. The floor of a store must look well, clean easily, wear long, and the first cost should not be too high.

Picture to yourself a linoleum floor, as compared with the ordinary dull, dingy, cheerless floor. Picture a floor of Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum in brown, gray, green, soft blue; or a marbled tile floor.

Picture such a floor lying flat as a table-top and clean as a pin, a practically one-piece floor that not only lends dignity to the smart shop or store but is springy and pleasant to every customer that walks on it.

Could Common Sense *fail* to choose such a floor, particularly when it actually requires less time and trouble to keep fresh and new-looking than any floor you could choose?

Linoleum Floors require little care

Take a look at the floor you now have in your store. Once it was bright and new. Now the finish is gone. The best you can do is to sweep it each night, but it never looks so fresh and clean as the rest of the fixtures in your shop. Put down a linoleum floor. Wax it thoroughly until the wax hardens and takes on a polish.

Then each night your janitor will go over it with a dust-mop that has been moistened with liquid wax. The mop takes up all surface dust, wipes away footmarks, renews the polish; and the next morning when you enter your place of business a clean, shining, speckless floor greets you—a floor to be proud of.

Talk to a linoleum merchant

Right on your street, perhaps, there is a fellow-merchant who sells Armstrong's Linoleum. Ask him to bring up some samples of designs and colorings that would look well in your place of business. He will tell you how your linoleum should be laid and cared for. In some cities there are linoleum maintenance services that, for a contract price, will wax and polish your floor at regular intervals.

Write for our free booklet

If you are interested in better floors and lower costs of maintaining floors in store, office, restaurant, theater, bank, or any type of public or semi-public building, write for our 48-page book, "Business Floors." This book contains colorplates of the different patterns of Armstrong's Linoleum preferred for business floors. It contains advice on the care of linoleum, photographs of linoleum installations, and directions for laying Armstrong's Linoleum over concrete or wood.

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For safety, sanitation and saving of time and labor use Old Dutch every day. It doesn't hurt the hands.